GEIER LIBRARY - BERKSHIRE SCHOOL
820.8 POT ELI
Potter, George Elizabethan verse and prose [illegible]
3 GLBS 00019095 4

THE LIBRARY
BERKSHIRE SCHOOL

820.8
PO

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/bwb_UC-288-868

# ELIZABETHAN VERSE AND PROSE

(*Non-dramatic*)

SELECTED AND EDITED
BY
GEORGE REUBEN POTTER
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1928,

BY

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

*October, 1936.*

SET UP AND ELECTROTYPED BY T. MOREY & SON

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

# PREFACE

COLLECTIONS and anthologies may perhaps be necessary evils; but they are at least necessary. Hence the present volume. There are, to be sure, several good collections of Elizabethan drama, and at least two (Schelling's and Ault's) of the short lyrics; but for the longer poems and for all the prose of the age, the reader or student has been compelled to consult a large number of separate books, many of which are out of print or expensive, and some of which may not be in smaller public or college libraries. This collection attempts to provide in a single volume enough material for some study of Elizabethan non-dramatic literature.

In selecting the material, I have tried consistently to subordinate consistency and emphasize practical usefulness. So far as seemed possible, whole poems and whole books or chapters of prose have been included, rather than fragments. But to follow out this principle completely would mean excluding much valuable material; and where excerpts or abridgements seemed advantageous, they have been included. Again, I have in general tried to include as much as possible of the representative verse and prose. But to carry out this principle consistently would mean including at least one book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, all of the *Amoretti*, perhaps one or two of Spenser's other minor poems, and all of Shakespeare's non-dramatic poetry—which would crowd out a great deal of other material less easily available in inexpensive editions. I have therefore refused to give Spenser and Shakespeare their due; and for the same reason have omitted Lodge's *Rosalind*, which cannot be abridged without complete loss of effectiveness, and is easily and cheaply obtainable. To be fully representative of the period, then, this volume should be supplemented by an edition of Spenser, one of Shakespeare's non-dramatic verse, and (though the last is less important) one of Lodge's *Rosalind*. The selections from Sidney's *Arcadia* and Lyly's *Euphues* give, however, examples of the types of writing in *Rosalind;* and enough of Spenser and Shakespeare has been included to make possible some study of their relations to the period even from this volume alone.

An attempt is made to include both the literature of highest intrinsic merit and the literature of most historical interest. The first principle is obvious; the second explains the presence of passages from Gosson's *School of Abuse* and Spenser's tract on Ireland, and the atrocious sonnets by Barnes and Griffin, which are typical examples of Elizabethan sonnets at their worst.

The *terminus ad quem* of the collection is, in general, 1610; but in the case of poets whose best work begins before that date and extends after it (poets like Jonson and Donne, for example), the terminus is the death of the poet. When a writer's verse comes in the period and his chief prose comes later (as is the case with Donne), only that writer's prose which illustrates his early manner is included.

The punctuation has been modernized; a process which, I think, is especially advisable considering the obviously great influence of Elizabethan typesetters upon the punctuation of the original editions. The spelling has been modernized also, except where the older spelling represents a decided difference in pronunciation.

A section of explanatory notes is at the end of the text.

My obligations to other editors of Elizabethan texts are deep and multifarious. Many of them I have tried to acknowledge in the notes. But I should be guilty of ingratitude if I did not mention here also such books as: Foxwell's edition of Wyatt; Padelford's edition of Surrey; the Cambridge and Oxford editions of Spenser; the Variorum and Yale editions of Shakespeare; Chambers's and Grierson's editions of Donne, especially the latter; Cunningham's edition of Jonson; Bond's edition of Lyly; Cook's edition of Sidney's *Defence of*

*Poesy;* McKerrow's edition of Nashe; Scott's edition of Bacon's *Essays;* Wright's and Cook's editions of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning;* Nott's and McKerrow's editions of Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook;* Bullen's, Braithwaite's, Schelling's, and Ault's collections of Elizabethan verse; and the numerous reprints and editions edited by Arber and by Grosart.

It is a pleasure to express my gratitude to Professor R. P. Utter of the University of California, Professor K. P. Harrington of Wesleyan University, and Professor B. M. Hollowell of Nebraska Wesleyan, for suggestions and criticism; to Professor I. M. Linforth of the University of California for his friendly aid and criticism in connection with most of the Greek and Latin quotations in the selections; and finally to Professor J. L. Lowes of Harvard, to whom I owe many an idea in selecting material for this volume, and whose teaching both started my interest in the field and continually influences my attitude toward the Elizabethans.

August, 1928.

G. R. P.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## VERSE


SIR THOMAS WYATT — PAGE

*Sonnets*

"The long love that in my thought doth harber" . . . 3
"Farewell, Love, and all thy laws forever" . . . 3
"I find no peace, and all my war is done" . . . 3
"My galley chargëd with forgetfulness" . . . 3
"Like to these unmeasurable mountains" . . . 3
"Divers doth use, as I have heard and know" . . . 4
"Unstable dream, according to the place" . . . 4

*Miscellaneous Poems*

"Madame, withouten many words" . . . 4
"My lute, awake! Perform the last" . . . 4
"And wilt thou leave me thus?" . . . 5
"Forget not yet the tried intent" . . . 5
"Blame not my lute, for he must sound" . . . 5
"Alas, madame, for stealing of a kiss" . . . 6
"The furious gonne, in his raging ire" . . . 6
"A face that should content me wonders well" . . . 6
*Satire, addressed to John Poins* . . . 6
"What should I say" . . . 8

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

"The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings" . . . 9
"Love, that doth reign and live within my thought" . . . 9
"From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race" . . . 9
"The sun hath twice brought forth the tender green" . . . 9
"Brittle beauty, that nature made so frail" . . . 10
"Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest" . . . 10
"Martial, the things for to attain" . . . 11
From the translation of the *Aeneid*, Book 2 . . . 11

THOMAS, LORD VAUX

*The Aged Lover Renounceth Love* . . . 13

THOMAS TUSSER

From *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*

*The Ladder to Thrift* . . . 14
*A Description of the Properties of Winds all the Times of the Year* . . . 14
*Christmas Husbandly Fare* . . . 15

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

From *The Steel Glass*

Passage on the plowman, and *Epilogus* . . . 16

From *The Posies*

*The Lullaby of a Lover* . . . 17
*The Introduction to the Psalm of De Profundis* . . . 17
*De Profundis* . . . 17

THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

The Induction to *The Mirror for Magistrates* . . . 19

PAGE

RICHARD EDWARDS
*Amantium Irae Amoris Redintegratio est* . . . . . 28

BARNABE GOOGE
*Out of Sight, Out of Mind* . . . . . 29

EDWARD DEVERE, EARL OF OXFORD
*Fair Fools* . . . . . 30
"What shepherd can express". . . . . 30

NICHOLAS BRETON
"In the merry month of May" . . . . . 31
"Who can live in heart so glad" . . . . . 31
"On a hill there grows a flower" . . . . . 32

SIR EDWARD DYER
"My mind to me a kingdom is" . . . . . 33

EDMUND SPENSER
From *The Shepherds' Calendar:* August . . . . . 34
*Amoretti:* Sonnets 1, 3, 5, 8, 9, 16, 18, 26, 33, 34, 42, 46, 63, 64, 67, 70, 75, 79, 80, 81, 84 . . . 37
*Epithalamion* . . . . . 41
*Prothalamion* . . . . . 47

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
*Astrophel and Stella:* Sonnets complete . . . . . 50
*Astrophel and Stella:* Songs 4, 8, 11 . . . . . 73
Song from *Arcadia* . . . . . 75
"Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread" . . . . . 75
"Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare" . . . . . 75
"Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust" . . . . . 76
"Who hath his fancy pleased" . . . . . 76

SIR FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE
*Of his Cynthia* . . . . . 77
*Caelica:* Sonnet 16 . . . . . 77
*Chorus Sacerdotum*, from *Mustapha* . . . . . 77
From *Poems of Monarchy:* stanza 513 . . . . . 78

JOHN LYLY
*Apelles' Song*, from *Campaspe* . . . . . 79
"What bird so sings, yet so does wail?" from *Campaspe* . . . . . 79
*Pan's Song*, from *Midas* . . . . . 79
"Sing to Apollo, god of day" from *Midas* . . . . . 79
*The Third Song by Fairies*, from *Endymion* . . . . . 79

WILLIAM WARNER
From *Albion's England:* Book 3, Chapter 17 . . . . . 80

CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE
*Verses written in the Tower the Night before his Execution, 1586* . . . . . 83

THOMAS LODGE
*Phyllis:* Sonnet 13 . . . . . 84
"The earth, late choked with showers" . . . . . 84
*Rosalind's Madrigal*, from *Rosalind* . . . . . 84
*Rosalind's Description*, from *Rosalind* . . . . . 85

GEORGE PEELE
"Fair and fair, and twice so fair," from *The Arraignment of Paris* . . . . . 86
*Bethsabe's Song*, from *David and Bethsabe* . . . . . 86
"Whenas the rye reach to the chin," from *The Old Wive's Tale* . . . . . 86
"His golden locks time hath to silver turned" . . . . . 86

ROBERT GREENE PAGE
*Maesia's Song*, from *Farewell to Folly* . . . 88
*Philomela's Ode that she sung in her Arbor*, from *Philomela, the Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale* . . 88
*The Shepherd's Wife's Song*, from *Greene's Mourning Garment* . . . 88
*Menaphon's Song*, from *Menaphon* . . . 89
*Sephestia's Song to her Child*, from *Menaphon* . . . 89

THOMAS NASHE
Songs from *Summer's Last Will and Testament*
"Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king" . . . 91
"Autumn hath all the summer's fruitful treasure" . . . 91
"Adieu, farewell, earth's bliss" . . . 91

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love* . . . 92
From *Hero and Leander*
First Sestiad, abridged . . . 92
Passage from the Second Sestiad . . . 96

GILES FLETCHER (THE ELDER)
*Licia:* Sonnet 47 . . . 98
*An Ode:* "Love, I repent me that I thought" . . . 98

THOMAS WATSON
"If Jove himself be subject unto Love" . . . 99

HUMPHREY GIFFORD
*A Delectable Dream* . . . 100

HENRY CONSTABLE
"Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly" . . . 102
*To Sir Philip Sidney's Soul* . . . 102

MICHAEL DRAYTON
*Sonnets, to Idea*
Introductory sonnet, from edition of 1594: *To the Dear Child of the Muses and his ever kind Maecenas, Master Anthony Cooke, Esquire* . . . 103
From edition of 1599: Sonnet 2, *To the Reader of his Poems*, and Sonnets 3, 22, 43 . . . 103
From edition of 1602: Sonnet 12, *To Lunacy*, and Sonnets 27, 41 . . . 104
From edition of 1619: Sonnets 1, 6, 61 . . . 104
*To his Coy Love: A Canzonet* . . . 105
"Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way," from *The Shepherds' Garland* . . . 105
"Near to the silver Trent," from *The Shepherds' Sirena* . . . 106
*Nymphidia, the Court of Fairy* . . . 107
*Ode: To the Virginian Voyage* . . . 115
*Ode: To the Cambro-Britons and their Harp, his Ballad of Agincourt* . . . 115
*To my most dearly-loved Friend Henry Reynolds, Esquire, of Poets and Poesy* . . . 117
From *Polyolbion:* the Nineteenth Song . . . 119

SAMUEL DANIEL
Sonnets to Delia: 11, 25, 30, 39, 41, 54, 55 . . . 128
"Love is a sickness full of woes," from *Hymen's Triumph* . . . 129
*To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland* . . . 129
*The Complaint of Rosamond*, abridged . . . 131
From *The History of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster:* seven stanzas from beginning of Book 1 . . . 140
*Musophilus: containing a general defence of all learning* . . . 141

ANTHONY MUNDAY
"Beauty sat bathing by a spring" . . . 155

BARNABY BARNES
*Parthenophil and Parthenophe:* Sonnets 31, 66 . . . 156

PAGE

BARTHOLOMEW GRIFFIN
*Fidessa, more Chaste than Kind:* Sonnets 16, 23, 62 . . . . . 157

WILLIAM PERCY
*Coelia:* Sonnet 15, *Echo*, and Sonnet 19 . . . . . 158

JOSHUA SYLVESTER
"Were I as base as is the lowly plain" . . . . . 159
*The Fruits of a Clear Conscience* . . . . . 159

ANONYMOUS LYRICS, AND LYRICS OF UNCERTAIN AUTHORSHIP
"Back and side go bare, go bare" (Still? or Stevenson?) . . . . . 160
*Maids and Widows* (Anon.) . . . . . 160
"Am not I in blessëd case" (Anon.) . . . . . 161
*Love me little, Love me long* (Anon.) . . . . . 161
"Fain would I have a pretty thing" (Anon.) . . . . . 161
*A New Courtly Sonnet of the Lady Greensleeves* (Anon.) . . . . . 162
*A Nosegay always sweet* (William Hunnis?) . . . . . 163
"While that the sun with his beams hot" (Anon.) . . . . . 164
"Beauty, alas, where wast thou born" (Lodge? or Greene?) . . . . . 165
"My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not" (Barnfield?) . . . . . 165
"Brown is my love, but graceful" (Anon.) . . . . . 165
"Come, little babe, come, silly soul" (Nicholas Breton?) . . . . . 165
"I saw my lady weep" (Anon.) . . . . . 166
"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?" (Dekker?) . . . . . 166
"Golden slumbers kiss your eyes" (Dekker?) . . . . . 166
*Phyllida's Love-call to her Corydon, and his Replying* (Anon.) . . . . . 167
*A Nymph's Disdain of Love* (Anon.) . . . . . 167
"Crabbëd Age and Youth" (Shakespeare?) . . . . . 168
"Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle" (Shakespeare?) . . . . . 168
"The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale" (Marston?) . . . . . 168
"How should I your true love know" (Anon.) . . . . . 168
"To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day" (Anon.) . . . . . 169
"And will a' not come again?" (Shakespeare?) . . . . . 169
*Willow, Willow, Willow* (Anon.) . . . . . 169
*Phillida Flouts me* (Anon.) . . . . . 170
"Absence, hear thou my protestation" (Donne?) . . . . . 171
"Weep you no more, sad fountains" (Anon.) . . . . . 171
"My love in her attire doth show her wit" (Anon.) . . . . . 172
"Sister, awake! Close not your eyes" (Anon.) . . . . . 172
*The Silver Swan* (Anon.) . . . . . 172
"There is a lady sweet and kind" (Anon.) . . . . . 172
"We be three poor mariners" (Anon.) . . . . . 172

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
*Venus and Adonis*, abridged . . . . . 173
Lucrece's complaint to Time, from *The Rape of Lucrece* . . . . . 185
Sonnets: 2, 12, 18, 25, 29, 30, 33, 35, 55, 60, 64, 66, 71, 73, 87, 98, 106, 110, 116, 130, 138, 144 . 186
Songs from the plays
From *Love's Labor's Lost*
"If she be made of white and red" . . . . . 190
"When daisies pied and violets blue" . . . . . 190
"When icicles hang by the wall" . . . . . 191
From *Two Gentlemen of Verona*
"Who is Silvia? What is she" . . . . . 191
From *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*
"Over hill, over dale" . . . . . 191
"You spotted snakes with double tongue" . . . . . 191
"Now the hungry lion roars" . . . . . 191
From *The Merchant of Venice*

PAGE

"Tell me where is fancy bred" . . . . . 192
From *Much Ado about Nothing*
"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more" . . . . . 192
"Pardon, goddess of the night" . . . . . 192
From *As You Like It*
"Under the greenwood tree" . . . . . 192
"Blow, blow, thou winter wind!" . . . . . 192
"What shall he have that killed the deer?" . . . . . 192
"It was a lover and his lass" . . . . . 192
From *Twelfth Night*
"O mistress mine, where are you roaming?" . . . . . 193
"Come away, come away, death" . . . . . 193
"I am gone, sir" . . . . . 193
"When that I was and a little tiny boy" . . . . . 193
From *Measure for Measure*
"Take, oh take those lips away" . . . . . 194
From *Macbeth*
"Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed" . . . . . 194
From *Antony and Cleopatra*
"Come, thou monarch of the vine" . . . . . 194
From *Cymbeline*
"Hark, hark! The lark at heaven's gate sings" . . . . . 194
"Fear no more the heat o' the sun" . . . . . 194
From *The Winter's Tale*
"When daffodils begin to peer" . . . . . 194
"Lawn as white as driven snow" . . . . . 195
From *The Tempest*
"Come unto these yellow sands" . . . . . 195
"Full fathom five thy father lies" . . . . . 195
"Where the bee sucks, there suck I" . . . . . 195

SIR FRANCIS BACON
"The world's a bubble, and the life of man" . . . . . 196

GEORGE CHAPMAN
From the translation of Homer's *Iliad:* the Third Book . . . . . 197
From the translation of Homer's *Odyssey:* passage from the Twelfth Book . . . . . 206

THOMAS CAMPION
From *A Book of Airs, 1601*
1. "My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love" . . . . . 209
3. "I care not for these ladies" . . . . . 209
6. "When to her lute Corinna sings" . . . . . 209
12. "Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white" . . . . . 209
15. "When the god of merry love" . . . . . 210
18. "The man of life upright" . . . . . 210
19. "Hark, all you ladies that do sleep" . . . . . 210
20. "When thou must home to shades of underground" . . . . . 210
From *Two Books of Airs*
Book 1
1. "Author of light, revive my dying sprite" . . . . . 211
11. "Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore" . . . . . 211
14. "As by the streams of Babylon" . . . . . 211
20. "Jack and Joan they think no ill" . . . . . 211
Book 2
7. "Give beauty all her right" . . . . . 212
From *The Third and Fourth Book of Airs*
Book 3
12. "Now winter nights enlarge" . . . . . 212
18. "Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air" . . . . . 212

PAGE

20. "Fire, fire, fire, fire!" . . . . . 212
27. "Never love unless you can" . . . . . 213

Book 4

7. "There is a garden in her face" . . . . . 213
Verses from *Observations in the Art of English Poesie:* "Rose-cheeked Laura, come" . . . 213

JOHN DONNE

*Song* ("Go and catch a falling star") . . . . . 214
*The Indifferent.* . . . . . 214
*The Flea* . . . . . 214
*The Good-Morrow* . . . . . 215
*Woman's Constancy* . . . . . 215
*Love's Infiniteness* . . . . . 215
*The Canonization* . . . . . 216
*The Dream* . . . . . 216
*Love's Deity* . . . . . 217
*Song* ("Sweetest love, I do not go") . . . . . 217
*Community* . . . . . 217
*Love's Exchange* . . . . . 218
*Love's Alchemy* . . . . . 218
*The Bait* . . . . . 219
*The Computation* . . . . . 219
*The Apparition* . . . . . 219
*A Valediction: forbidding Mourning* . . . . . 219
*The Funeral* . . . . . 220
*The Relic* . . . . . 220
*The Ecstasy* . . . . . 220
*Holy Sonnets:* 1, 5, 9, 14 . . . . . 221
*A Hymn to God the Father* . . . . . 222
*Hymn to God, my God, in my Sickness* . . . . . 222
*Upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's Crudities* . . . . . 223
*Satire III* . . . . . 224
*Elegy 5 (His Picture)* . . . . . 225
*Elegy 7* . . . . . 226
*Elegy 9 (The Autumnal)* . . . . . 226
*Elegy on the Death of Lady Markham* . . . . . 227
*To Mr. S. B.* . . . . . 228

JOSEPH HALL

*Virgidemiarum: Satires*

Book I

*Prologue* . . . . . 229
*Satire 3* . . . . . 229
*Satire 6* . . . . . 230

Book III

*Satire 1* . . . . . 230

JOHN MARSTON

From *The Scourge of Villainy*

*In Lectores prorsus indignos* . . . . . 232

THOMAS DEKKER

*The first three-man's song,* from *The Shoemaker's Holiday* ("Oh the month of May, the merry month of May") . . . . . 234
*The second three-man's song,* from *The Shoemaker's Holiday* ("Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain") . . . . . 234
"Fortune smiles, cry holiday!" From *Old Fortunatus* . . . . . 234

RICHARD BARNFIELD

"As it fell upon a day" . . . . . 235

THOMAS HEYWOOD PAGE
"Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day," from *The Rape of Lucrece* . . . . . 236
"Ye little birds that sit and sing," from *The Fair Maid of the Exchange* . . . . . 236

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
*The Shepherd's Description of Love* . . . . . 237
Reply to Marlowe's *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love* . . . . . 237
*Sir Walter Raleigh's Pilgrimage* . . . . . 237
*"As you came from the holy land"* . . . . . 238
*The Lie* . . . . . 239
*Sir Walter Raleigh the Night before his Death* . . . . . 239
*Sir. W. Raleigh on the Snuff of a Candle the Night before he died* . . . . . 239

BEN JONSON
*Epigrams*
22. *On my first Daughter* . . . . . 240
23. *To John Donne* . . . . . 240
40. *On Margaret Ratcliffe* . . . . . 240
45. *On my first Son* . . . . . 240
94. *To Lucy, Countess of Bedford, with Master Donne's Satires* . . . . . 240
96. *To John Donne* . . . . . 241
101. *Inviting a Friend to Supper* . . . . . 241
120. *An Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy, a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel* . . . . . 241
124. *Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H.* . . . . . 242
*The Forest*
5. *Song—to Celia* ("Come, my Celia, let us prove") . . . . . 242
6. *To the same* ("Kiss me, sweet. The wary lover") . . . . . 242
7. *Song—That Women are but Men's Shadows* . . . . . 242
9. *Song—to Celia* ("Drink to me only with thine eyes") . . . . . 243
11. *Epode* . . . . . 243
15. *To Heaven* . . . . . 244
*Underwoods: Consisting of Divers Poems.*
*A Celebration of Charis: in ten lyric Pieces*
1. *His Excuse for Loving* . . . . . 244
2. *How he saw her* . . . . . 245
3. *What he suffered* . . . . . 245
4. *Her Triumph* . . . . . 245
5. *His Discourse with Cupid* . . . . . 246
6. *Claiming a Second Kiss by Desert* . . . . . 246
7. *Begging Another, on Color of Mending the Former* . . . . . 246
8. *Urging her of a Promise* . . . . . 247
9. *Her Man Described by her own Dictamen* . . . . . 247
10. *Another Lady's Exception, Present at the Hearing* . . . . . 248
*Miscellaneous Poems*
6. *The Hour-Glass* . . . . . 248
7. *My Picture, Left in Scotland* . . . . . 248
11. *On the Portrait of Shakespeare: To the Reader* . . . . . 248
12. *To the Memory of my Beloved Master William Shakespeare, and What he hath Left us* . . 248
41. *An Ode to Himself* ("Where dost thou careless lie") . . . . . 249
48. *A Fit of Rhyme against Rhyme* . . . . . 250
62. *An Execration upon Vulcan* . . . . . 250
66. *An Epistle, answering to One that asked to be Sealed of the Tribe of Ben* . . . . . 253
*A Pindaric Ode: To the Immortal Memory and Friendship of that Noble Pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison* . . . . . 254
*Song*, from *Epicoene, or the Silent Woman* ("Still to be neat, still to be dressed") . . . . 256
*Hymn to Diana*, from *Cynthia's Revels* . . . . . 256
*Ode: To Himself* ("Come, leave the loathëd stage") . . . . . 256
*Third Charm*, from *The Masque of Queens* ("The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad") . . 257
*Leges Conviviales* . . . . . 257
(*Rules for the Tavern Academy*—translation of *Leges Conviviales*) . . . . . 258
*Verses placed over the Door at the Entrance into the Apollo* . . . . . 259

## PROSE

PAGE

SIR THOMAS HOBY
From his translation of Baldassare Castiglione's *The Courtier* (*Il Cortegiano*)
Passage from the First Book . . . . . 263
Bembo's discourse on Platonic love, in the Fourth Book . . . . . 265

JOHN FOXE
From *The Acts and Monuments of the Church* ("Foxe's Book of Martyrs")
*The words and behavior of the Lady Jane* [Grey] *upon the scaffold* . . . . . 277
Account of the life and martyrdom of John Bradford, abridged . . . . . 277
*The behavior of Dr. Ridley and Master Latimer, at the time of their death, which was the sixteenth of October, 1555* . . . . . 280

ROGER ASCHAM
From *Toxophilus*
Preface: *To All Gentlemen and Yeomen of England* . . . . . 284
Passages from the First and the Second Books . . . . . 286
From *The Schoolmaster*
*A Preface to the Reader* . . . . . 289
*The First Book for the Youth* . . . . . 292

JOHN LYLY
*Euphues: the Anatomy of Wit*, abridged . . . . . 319
From *Euphues and his England*
*To the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England, John Lyly wisheth what they would* . . . . 349
*To the Gentlemen Readers* . . . . . 351

STEPHEN GOSSON
From *The School of Abuse:* dedication, and selected passages . . . . . 352

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
From *Arcadia*
Dedication . . . . . 356
Book 1, Chapter 1 . . . . . 356
Book 1, Chapter 2 . . . . . 360
Book 1, Chapter 3 . . . . . 362
Book 1, Chapter 4 . . . . . 366
Book 1, Chapter 12, abridged . . . . . 369
Book 1, Chapter 13, abridged . . . . . 369
Book 3, Chapter 8 . . . . . 373
*The Defence of Poesy* . . . . . 375

EDMUND SPENSER
From *A View of the State of Ireland:* passage concerning the Irish bards . . . . . 401

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
*A Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of Açores this last Summer betwixt the "Revenge," one of her Majesty's Ships, and an Armada of the King of Spain* . . . . . 403

ROBERT GREENE
From *A Notable Discovery of Cosenage: The Art of Cony-Catching*, abridged . . . . . 411
From *A Groat's Worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance:* section addressed "To those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays" . . . 415
From *The Repentance of Robert Greene Master of Arts: The Life and Death of Robert Greene Master of Arts* . . . . . 417
Greene's letter to his wife written near his death . . . . . 420

THOMAS NASHE
From *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil:* passages in defence of poetry and in defence of plays . . . . . 421
From *The Unfortunate Traveler, or the Life of Jack Wilton:* first episode, and passage concerning Jack's travels with the Earl of Surrey . . . . . 426

THOMAS DELONEY
PAGE
From *The Gentle Craft: Saint Hugh*, slightly abridged . . . . . 435

RICHARD HOOKER
From *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity:* the First Book, Sections 1, 2, 3 . . . . . 443

THE VOYAGERS
From Richard Hakluyt's *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffics, and Discoveries of the English Nation*
*Sir John Hawkins's Second Voyage to the West Indies*, abridged . . . . . 450
From *Purchas His Pilgrims*
Book 3, Chapter 5, *The Third Voyage* [of William Barents] *northward to the Kingdoms of Cathaia and China, in Anno 1596*, abridged . . . . . 464
From *Sir Francis Drake Revived, calling upon this dull and effeminate Age to follow his noble Steps for Gold and Silver:* accounts of an unsuccessful and a successful expedition against the Spaniards, for treasure, on the isthmus of Panama . . . . . 480

TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE
The Gospel of Matthew, Chapter 5, according to:
Tyndale's translation, 1534 . . . . . 488
Great Bible, 1539 . . . . . 489
Geneva Bible, 1560 . . . . . 490
Bishops' Bible, 1572 . . . . . 492
Rheims-Douay translation, 1582 . . . . . 493
Authorized (King James) version, 1611 . . . . . 495

SIR THOMAS NORTH
From his translation of Don Anthony of Guevara's *The Dial of Princes*
Book 3, Chapter 48: *That princes and noble men ought to remember that they are mortal and must die, where are sundry notable consolations against the fear of death* . . . . . 497
From his translation of Plutarch's *The Lives of the noble Grecians and Romans*
Passages from *The Life of Marcus Antonius*, concerning Antonius and Cleopatra . . . . 499

JOHN DONNE
From *Paradoxes and Problems*
*Paradoxes*
1. *A Defence of Women's Inconstancy* . . . . . 507
8. *That Nature is our Worst Guide* . . . . . 508
10. *That a Wise Man is Known by much Laughing* . . . . . 509
*Problems*
2. *Why Puritans make long Sermons?* . . . . . 510
6. *Why hath the common Opinion afforded Women Souls?* . . . . . 510
14. *Why doth not Gold soil the Fingers?* . . . . . 510
17. *Why are Statesmen most Incredulous?* . . . . . 510

SIR FRANCIS BACON
From *Essays or Counsels, Civil and Moral*
1. *Of Truth* . . . . . 512
2. *Of Death* . . . . . 513
4. *Of Revenge* . . . . . 514
5. *Of Adversity* . . . . . 514
6. *Of Simulation and Dissimulation* . . . . . 515
8. *Of Marriage and Single Life* . . . . . 516
10. *Of Love* . . . . . 517
11. *Of Great Place* . . . . . 518
12. *Of Boldness* . . . . . 519
16. *Of Atheism* . . . . . 520
17. *Of Superstition* . . . . . 522
23. *Of Wisdom for a Man's Self* . . . . . 522
27. *Of Friendship* . . . . . 523
33. *Of Plantations* . . . . . 526

PAGE

37. *Of Masques and Triumphs* . . . . . 527
43. *Of Beauty* . . . . . 528
46. *Of Gardens* . . . . . 529
50. *Of Studies* . . . . . 532
From *The Proficience and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human:* part of Book 1, and passages from Book 2 . . . . . 532
Letter to Lord Burghley, written in 1592 . . . . . 545

JOHN FLORIO
From the Translation of Montaigne's *Essays*
Book 1, Chapter 25: *Of the Institution and Education of Children; to the Lady Diana of Foix, Countess of Gurson:* abridged . . . . . 547

THOMAS DEKKER
From *The Gull's Hornbook*
Chapter 6. *How a Gallant should behave himself in a Play-house* . . . . . 561
Chapter 7. *How a Gallant should behave himself in a Tavern* . . . . . 563
Chapter 8. *How a Gallant is to behave himself passing through the City, at all Hours of the Night, and how to pass by any Watch* . . . . . 565

EXPLANATORY NOTES . . . . . 569

INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF VERSE . . . . . 609

INDEX OF AUTHORS . . . . . 615

# ELIZABETHAN VERSE

# SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503?–1542)[1]

## SONNETS

THE long love that in my thought doth harber,
And in mine heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face presseth with bold pretence,
And therein campeth spreding his banner.
She that me learneth to love and suffer,
And wills that my trust and lustes negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,
With his hardiness taketh displeasure.
Wherewithal unto the heart's forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
And there him hideth and not appeareth.
What may I do when my master feareth,
But in the field with him to live and die?
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

---

FAREWELL, Love, and all thy laws forever,
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more;
Senec and Plato call me from thy lore,
To perfect wealth my wit for to endeaver.
In blind error when I did persever,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Hath taught me to set in trifles no store
And, scape forth, since liberty is lever.
Therefore farewell, go trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority;
With idle youth go use thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts.
For hitherto though I have lost all my time,
Me lusteth no longer rotten boughs to climb.

---

I FIND no peace and all my war is done,
I fear and hope, I burn and freeze like ice,
I fly above the wind, yet can I not arise,
And naught I have and all the world I season;
That looseth nor locketh holdeth me in prison,
And holdeth me not; yet can I 'scape nowise;
Nor letteth me live nor die at my devise,
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eyen I see; and without tongue I plain;
I desire to perish, and yet I ask health;
I love another, and thus I hate myself;
I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.
Likewise displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

---

MY galley chargëd with forgetfulness
Thorough sharp seas, in winter nights doth pass
'Tween rock and rock; and eke mine enemy, alas,
That is my lord, steereth with cruelness.
And every oar a thought in readiness,
As though that death were light in such a case.
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness.
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
Hath done the wearied cords great hinderance,
Wrethed with error and eke with ignorance.
The stars be hid that led me to this pain,
Drownëd is reason that should me comfort,
And I remain despairing of the port.

---

LIKE to these unmeasurable mountains,
Is my painful life the burdon of ire;
For of great height be they, and high is my desire;

[1] See explanatory notes.

And I of tears, and they be full of fountains;
Under craggy rocks they have full barren plains,
Hard thoughts in me my woeful mind doth tire;
Small fruit and many leaves their tops do attire,
Small effect with great trust in me remains.
The boisterous winds oft their high boughs do blast,
Hot sighs from me continually be shed;
Cattle in them, and in me love is fed;
Immovable am I, and they are full steadfast;
Of that restless birds they have the tune and note,
And I always plaints that pass thorough my throat.

---

Divers doth use, as I have heard and know,
When that to change their ladies do begin,
To moan and wail, and never for to lin,
Hoping thereby to 'pease their painful woe.
And some there be, that when it chanceth so
That women change, and hate where love hath been,
They call them false, and think with words to win
The hearts of them which otherwhere doth go.
But as for me, though that by chance indeed
Change hath out-worn the favor that I had,
I will not wail, lament, nor yet be sad,
Nor call her false that falsely did me feed;
But let it pass and think it is of kind,
That often change doth please a woman's mind.

---

Unstable dream, according to the place,
Be steadfast once, or else at least be true.
By tasted sweetness make me not to rue
The sudden loss of thy false feignëd grace.
By good respect, in such a dangerous case,
Thou broughtest not her into this tossing mew,
But madest my sprite live my care to renew,
My body in tempest her succor to embrace.
The body dead, the sprite had his desire.
Painless was the one; the other in delight.
Why then, alas, did it not keep it right,
Returning to leap into the fire?
And where it was at wish it could not remain;
Such mocks of dreams they turn to deadly pain.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Madame, withouten many words
Once, I am sure, ye will or no.
And if ye will, then leave your bordes,
And use your wit, and show it so,
And with a beck ye shall me call;
And if of one that burneth alway
Ye have any pity at all,
Answer him fair with yea or nay.
If it be yea, I shall be fain:
If it be nay, friends as before.
Ye shall another man obtain
And I mine own and yours no more.

---

My lute, awake! Perform the last
Labor that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun;
For when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Should we then sigh or sing or moan?
No! No! my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually
As she my suit and affection.
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts, thorough love's shot;
By whom, unkind, thou has them won,
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That makest but game on earnest pain.
Think not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lovers plain,
Although my lute and I have done.

Perchance thee lie withered and old
The winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon.
Thy wishes then dare not be told.
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon.
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute. This is the last
Labor that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun.
Now is this song both sung and past;
My lute, be still, for I have done.

---

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay, for shame,
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus!
Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath lovëd thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Nother for pain nor smart;
And wilt thou leave me thus!
Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus!
Say nay, say nay!

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant,
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know since when,
The suit, the service, none tell can,
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in denays,
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet, forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind, that never meant amiss;
Forget not yet.

Forget not then thine own approvëd,
The which so long hath thee so lovëd,
Whose steadfast faith yet never movëd;
Forget not this.

---

Blame not my lute, for he must sound
Of this and that as liketh me,
For lack of wit the lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me.
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speaks such words as touch thy change,
Blame not my lute.

My lute, alas, doth not offend,
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend,
To sing to them that heareth me.
Then, though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my lute.

My lute and strings may not deny
But as I strike they must obey.
Break not them then so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some wiser way;
And though the songs which I indite
To quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my lute.

Spite asketh spite and changing change,
And falsëd faith must needs be known.
The fault so great, the case so strange,
Of right it must abroad be blown.
Then since that by thine own desert
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my lute.

Blame but thyself that has misdone
And well deservëd to have blame.
Change thou thy way so evil begun
And then my lute shall sound that same.
But if till then my fingers play,
By thy desert, their wonted way,
Blame not my lute.

Farewell, unknown, for though thou brake
My strings in spite, with great disdain,
Yet have I found out for thy sake
Strings for to string my lute again.
And if perchance this sely rhyme
Do make thee blush at any time,
Blame not my lute.

---

Alas, madame, for stealing of a kiss
Have I so much your mind then offended?
Have I then done so grievously amiss
That by no means it may be amended?
Then revenge you; and the next way is this:
Another kiss shall have my life ended.
For to my mouth the first my heart did suck;
The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck.

---

The furious gonne, in his raging ire,
When that the bowl is rammëd in too sore
And that the flame cannot part from the fire,
Cracketh in sunder; and in the air doth roar
The shivered pieces. Right so doth my desire,
Whose flame increaseth from more to more.
Which to let out I dare not look nor speak;
So now hard force my heart doth all to-break.

---

A face that should content me wonders well
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold,
With gladsome cheer all grief for to expell.
With sober looks so would I that it should
Speak without words, such words as none can tell.
The tress also should be of crispëd gold;
With wit; and thus might chance I might be tied,
And knit again the knot that should not slide.

## SATIRE, ADDRESSED TO JOHN POINS

My mother's maids, when they did sew and spin,
They sang sometime a song of the field mouse;
That for because her livelihood was but thin

Would needs go seek her townish sister's house.
She thought herself endurëd too much pain;
The stormy blasts her cave so sore did souse.

That when the furrows swimmëd with the rain,
She must lie cold and wet in sorry plight,
And worse than that, bare meat there did remain

To comfort her when she her house had dight;
Sometime a barley-corn; sometime a bean;
For which she labored hard both day and night

In harvest time, whilest she might go and glean.
And where store was stroyëd with the flood
Then, welaway! for she undone was clean.

Then was she fain to take, in stead of food.
Sleep, if she might her hunger to beguile,
"My sister," quod she, "hath a living good,

And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.
In cold and storm she lieth warm and dry
In bed of down; the dirt doth not defile

Her tender foot; she laboreth not as I.
Richly she feedeth, and at the rich man's cost,
And for her meat she needs not crave nor cry.

By sea, by land, of the delicates the most
Her cater seeks, and spareth for no peril.
She feedeth on boilëd, baken meat, and roast,

And hath thereof neither charge nor travail.
And when she list, the liquor of the grape
Doth glad her heart, till that her belly swell."

And at this journey she maketh but a jape.
So forth she goeth, trusting of all this wealth,
With her sister her part so for to shape,

That if she might keep herself in health,
To live a lady, while her life doth last.
And to the door now is she come by stealth,

And with her foot anon she scrapeth full fast.
Th'other for fear durst not well scarce appear,
Of every noise so was the wretch aghast.

At last she askëd softly who was there.
And in her language, as well as she could,
"Peep," quod the other, "sister, I am here."

"Peace!" quod the townish mouse. "Why speakest thou so loud?"
And by the hand she took her fair and well.
"Welcome," quod she, "my sister, by the Rood!"

She feasted her that joy it was to tell
The fare they had. They drank the wine so clear;
And as to purpose, now and then it fell,

She cheered her with: "How, sister, what cheer?"
Amidst this joy befel a sorry chance,
That, welaway! the stranger bought full dear

The fare she had; for as she looked askance,
Under a stool she spied two steaming eyes
In a round head with sharp ears. In France

Was never mouse so feard, for though unwise
Had not y-seenë such a beast before,
Yet had nature taught her after her guise

To know her foe, and dread him evermore.
The towney mouse fled, she knew whither to go;
The other had no shift, but wonders sore,

Feard of her life; at home she wished her tho,
And to the door, alas, as she did skip,
The heaven it would, lo! and eke her chance was so,

At the threshold her sely foot did trip,
And ere she might recover it again,
The traitor cat had caught her by the hip,

And made her there against her will remain,
That had forgotten her poor surety and rest
For seeming wealth wherein she thought to reign.

Alas! my Poins, how men do seek the best
And find the worst, by error as they stray;
And no marvel; when sight is so oppressed,

And blind the guide; anon, out of the way
Goeth guide and all, in seeking quiet life.
O wretched minds! there is no gold that may

Grant that ye seek; no war, no peace, no strife.
No, no, all though thy head were hooped with gold,
Sergeant with mace, haubert, sword, nor knife,

Cannot repulse the care that follow should.
Each kind of life hath with him his disease.
Live in delight even as thy lust would,

And thou shalt find, when lust doth most thee please,
It irketh straight, and by itself doth fade.
A small thing it is that may thy mind appease.

None of ye all there is, that is so mad
To seek grapes upon brambles or briers;
Nor none, I trow, that hath his wit so bad

To set his hay for conies over rivers;
Nor ye see not a drag-net for an hare;
And yet the thing that most is your desire

Ye do mis-seek with more travail and care.
Make plain thine heart, that it be not knotted
With hope or dread; and see thy will be bare

From all affects, whom vice hath ever spotted.
Thyself content with that is thee assignëd,
And use it well that is to thee allotted.

Then seek no more out of thyself to find
The thing that thou hast sought so long before;
For thou shalt feel it sitting in thy mind,

Mad if ye list to continue your sore.
Let present pass, and gape on time to come,
And deep yourself in travail more and more.

Henceforth, my Poins, this shall be all and sum.
These wretched fools shall have naught else of me;
But to the great God and to his high doom

None other pain pray I for them to be,
But when the rage doth lead them from the right,
That looking backward, Virtue they may see

Even as she is, so goodly fair and bright.
And, whilst they clasp their lusts in arms across,
Grant them, good Lord, as thou mayst of thy might,
To fret inward for losing such a loss.

---

WHAT should I say,
Since faith is dead,
And truth away
From you is fled,
Should I be led
With doubleness?
Nay, nay, mistress!

I promisëd you,
And you promisëd me,
To be as true
As I would be.
But since I see
Your double heart,
Farewell my part!

Though for to take
It is not my mind,
But to forsake,
* * * * * *[1]
And as I find
So will I trust.
Farewell, unjust!

Can ye say nay?
But you said
That I alway
Should be obeyed.
And thus betrayed
Or that I wist,
Farewell, unkissed.

[1] Line missing in MS.

# HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY
## (1517?–1547)

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes float with new repairëd scale;
The adder all her slough away she slings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
The busy bee her honey now she minges.
Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

---

LOVE, that doth reign and live within my thought,
And built his seat within my captive breast,
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
But she that taught me love and suffer pain,
My doubtful hope and eke my hot desire
With shamefast look to shadow and refrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
And coward Love, then, to the heart apace
Taketh his flight, where he doth lurk and plain
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pain;
Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove.
Sweet is the death that taketh end by love.

FROM Tuscan came my lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat;
The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Chambar's cliffs, did give her lively heat;
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire an earl, her dame of princes' blood;
From tender years in Britain she doth rest,
With a king's child, where she tastes costly food;
Honsdon did first present her to mine eyen;
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight;
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Beauty of kind, her virtues from above,
Happy is he that may obtain her love.

---

THE sun hath twice brought forth the tender green,
And clad the earth in lively lustiness,
Once have the winds the trees despoilëd clean,
And now again begins their cruelness,
Since I have hid under my breast the harm
That never shall recover healthfulness.
The winter's hurt recovers with the warm;
The parchëd green restorëd is with shade.
What warmth, alas! may serve for to disarm
The frozen heart, that my inflame hath made?
What cold again is able to restore
My fresh green years, that wither thus and fade?
Alas! I see nothing to hurt so sore
But time sometime reduceth a return;
Yet time my harm increaseth more and more,

And seems to have my cure always in scorn.
Strange kind of death, in life that I do try:
At hand to melt, far off in flame to burn,
And like as time list to my cure apply,
So doth each place my comfort clean refuse.
Each thing alive that sees the heaven with eye,
With cloak of night may cover and excuse
Himself from travail of the day's unrest,
Save I, alas! against all others' use,
That then stir up the torment of my breast,
To curse each star as causer of my fate.
And when the sun hath eke the dark repressed
And brought the day, yet doth nothing abate
The travail of my endless smart and pain;
For then, as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more covertly to plain,
And me withdraw from every haunted place,
Lest in my cheer my chance should 'pear too plain;
And with my mind I measure, pace by pace,
To seek that place where I myself had lost,
That day that I was tangled in that lace,
In seeming slack that knitteth ever most.
But never yet the travail of my thought
Of better state could catch a cause to boast,
For if I find, sometime that I have sought,
Those stars by whom I trusted of the port,
My sails do fall, and I advance right naught;
As anchored fast, my sprites do all resort
To stand agazed, and sink in more and more:
The deadly harm which she doth take in sport.
Lo! if I seek, how I do find my sore!
And if I fly, I carry with me still
The venomed shaft which doth his force restore
By haste of flight. And I may plain my fill
Unto myself, unless this careful song
Print in your heart some parcel of my will;
For I, alas! in silence all too long,
Of mine old hurt yet feel the wound but green.
Rue on my life, or else your cruel wrong
Shall well appear, and by my death be seen.

---

Brittle beauty, that nature made so frail,
Whereof the gift is small, and short the season,
Flowering today, tomorrow apt to fail,
Tickell treasure abhorrëd of reason,
Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail,
Costly in keeping, passed not worth two peason,
Slipper in sliding as is an ealës tail,
Hard to attain, once gotten not geason,
Jewel of jeopardy that peril doth assail,
False and untrue, enticëd oft to treason,
Enemy to youth: that most may I bewail.
Ah, bitter sweet! infecting as the poison,
Thou farest as fruit that with the frost is taken:
Today ready ripe, tomorrow all to-shaken.

---

Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest;
Whose heavenly gifts increasëd by disdain,
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast:
Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head where wisdom mysteries did frame;
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain
As on a stithe, where that some work of fame
Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage stern and mild; where both did grow,
Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice;
Amid great storms, whom grace assurëd so,
To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice.

A hand that taught what might be said in rhyme;
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit;
A mark, the which—unparfited, for time—
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tongue that served in foreign realms his king;
Whose courteous talk to virtue did enflame
Each noble heart; a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth, by travail, unto fame.

An eye whose judgment none affect could blind,
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With virtue fraught, reposëd, void of guile.

A heart where dread was never so impressed
To hide the thought that might the truth avance;
In neither fortune lost, nor yet repressed,
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.

A valiant corps, where force and beauty met,
Happy, alas! too happy, but for foes,
Livëd, and ran the race that nature set;
Of manhood's shape, where she the mold did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soul is fled;
Which left with such as covet Christ to know
Witness of faith that never shall be dead;
Sent for our health, but not receivëd so.

Thus, for our guilt, this jewel have we lost;
The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

---

MARTIAL, the things for to attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground; the quiet mind;
The equal friend; no grudge, nor strife;
No charge of rule nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;
The mean diet, no delicate fare;
Wisdom joined with simplicity;
The night dischargëd of all care,
Where wine may bear no sovereignty;
The chaste wife, wise, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Neither wish death, nor fear his might.

## FROM THE TRANSLATION OF THE *AENEID*

### BOOK 2

THEY whisted all, with fixëd face attent,
When prince Aeneas from the royal seat
Thus gan to speak: "O Queen! it is thy will
I should renew a woe cannot be told,
How that the Greeks did spoil and overthrow
The Phrygian wealth and wailful realm of Troy:
Those ruthful things that I myself beheld,
And whereof no small part fell to my share.
Which to express, who could refrain from tears;
What Myrmidon? Or yet what Dolopes?
What stern Ulysses' wagëd soldier?
And lo! moist night now from the welkin falls;
And stars declining counsel us to rest.
But since so great is thy delight to hear
Of our mishaps and Troyës last decay,
Though to record the same my mind abhors
And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin.
The Greeks' chieftains all irkëd with the war,
Wherein they wasted had so many years
And oft repulsed by fatal destiny,
A huge horse made, high raisëd like a hill,
By the divine science of Minerva;
Of cloven fir compacted were his ribs;
For their return a feignëd sacrifice,
The fame whereof so wandered it at point.
In the dark bulk they closed bodies of men
Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth
The hollow womb with armëd soldiers.
There stands in sight an isle, hight Tenedon,
Rich, and of fame, while Priam's kingdom stood;
Now but a bay, and road unsure for ship.
Hither them secretly the Greeks withdrew,
Shrouding themselves under the desert shore.
And weening we they had been fled and gone,
And with that wind had fet the land of Greece,
Troyë discharged her long continued dole.
The gates cast up, we issued out to play,
The Greekish camp desirous to behold,
The places void and the forsaken coasts.

Here Pyrrhus' band; there fierce Achilles pight;
Here rode their ships; there did their battles join.
Astonied, some the scatheful gift beheld,
Behight by vow unto the chaste Minerve,
All wondering at the hugeness of the horse.
And first of all Timoetes gan advise
Within the walls to lead and draw the same,
And place it eke amid the palace court;
Whether of guile, or Troyës fate it would.
Capys, with some of judgment more discreet,
Willed it to drown, or underset with flame
The suspect present of the Greek's deceit,
Or bore and gauge the hollow caves uncouth.
So diverse ran the giddy people's mind.
Lo! foremost of a rout that followed him,
Kindled Laocoön hasted from the tower,
Crying far off: "O wretched citizens,
What so great kind of frenzy fretteth you?
Deem ye the Greeks our enemies to be gone?
Or any Greekish gifts can you suppose
Devoid of guile? Is so Ulysses known?
Either the Greeks are in this timber hid,
Or this an engine is to annoy our walls,
To view our towers, and overwhelm our town.
Here lurks some craft. Good Troyans, give no trust
Unto this horse, for, whatsoever it be,
I dread the Greeks; yea! when they offer gifts!"
And with that word, with all his force a dart
He launcëd then into that crooked womb;
Which trembling stack, and shook within the side,
Wherewith the caves gan hollowly resound.
And, but for Fates and for our blind forecast,
The Greeks' device and guile had he descried;
Troy yet had stand, and Priam's towers so high.

# THOMAS, LORD VAUX (1510–1556)

## THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE

I LOATHE that I did love,
In youth that I thought sweet,
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not meet.

My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all be fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
Gray hairs upon my head.

For age with stealing steps
Hath clawed me with his crutch,
And lusty life away she leaps
As there had been none such.

My Muse doth not delight
Me as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.

For reason me denies
This youthly idle rhyme;
And day by day to me she cries,
"Leave off these toys in time."

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say, limping age will lodge him now
Where youth must give him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth bid me to provide
A pickaxe and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

Methinks I hear the clark
That knolls the carefull knell,
And bids me leave my woeful wark,
Ere nature me compel.

My keepers knit the knot
That youth did laugh to scorn,
Of me that clean shall be forgot
As I had not been born.

Thus must I youth give up,
Whose badge I long did wear;
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it bear.

Lo, here the barëd skull,
By whose bald sign I know
That stooping age away shall pull
Which youthful years did sow.

For beauty with her band
These crooked cares hath wrought,
And shippëd me into the land
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behind,
Have ye none other trust:
As ye of clay were cast by kind,
So shall ye waste to dust.

# THOMAS TUSSER (1524?–1580)

## FROM *FIVE HUNDRED POINTS OF GOOD HUSBANDRY*

### The Ladder to Thrift

1. To take thy calling thankfully, and shun the path to beggary.
2. To grudge in youth no drudgery, to come by knowledge perfectly.
3. To count no travail slavery, that brings in penny saverly.
4. To follow profit earnestly but meddle not with pilfery.
5. To get by honest practisy, and keep thy gettings covertly.
6. To lash not out too lashingly, for fear of pinching penury.
7. To get good plot to occupy, and store and use it husbandly.
8. To show to landlord courtesy, and keep thy covenants orderly.
9. To hold that thine is lawfully, for stoutness or for flattery.
10. To wed good wife for company, and live in wedlock honestly.
11. To furnish house with householdry, and make provision skilfully.
12. To join to wife good family, and none to keep for bravery.
13. To suffer none live idlely, for fear of idle knavery.
14. To courage wife in huswifery, and use well doers gently.
15. To keep no more but needfully, and count excess unsavory.
16. To raise betimes the lubberly, both snorting Hob and Margery.
17. To walk thy pastures usually, to spy ill neighbors subtilly.
18. To hate revengement hastily, for losing love and amity.
19. To love thy neighbor neighborly, and show him no discourtesy.
20. To answer stranger civilly, but show him not thy secrecy.
21. To use no friend deceitfully, to offer no man villainy.
22. To learn how foe to pacify, but trust him not too trustily.
23. To keep thy touch substantially, and in thy word use constancy.
24. To make thy bands advisedly, and come not bound through surety.
25. To meddle not with usury, nor lend thy money foolishly.
26. To hate to live in infamy, through craft, and living shiftingly.
27. To shun all kind of treachery, for treason endeth horribly.
28. To learn to eschew ill company, and such as live dishonestly.
29. To banish house of blasphemy, lest crosses cross unluckily.
30. To stop mischance, through policy, for chancing too unhappily.
31. To bear thy crosses patiently, for worldly things are slippery.
32. To lay to keep from misery, age coming on so creepingly.
33. To pray to God continually, for aid against thine enemy.
34. To spend thy Sabbath holily, and help the needy poverty.
35. To live in conscience quietly, and keep thyself from malady.
36. To ease thy sickness speedily, ere help be past recovery.
37. To seek to God for remedy, for witches prove unluckily.

These be the steps unfeignedly, to climb to thrift by husbandry.
These steps both reach, and teach thee shall,
To come by thrift, to shift withal.

### A Description of the Properties of Winds All the Times of the Year

1. North winds send hail, south winds bring rain,
   East winds we bewail, west winds blow amain.

North-east is too cold, south-east not too warm,
North-west is too bold, south-west doth no harm.

2. The north is a noyer to grass of all suits,
The east a destroyer to herb and all fruits.
The south with his showers refresheth the corn,
The west to all flowers may not be forborne.

3. The west, as a father, all goodness doth bring,
The east, a forbearer, no manner of thing.
The south, as unkind, draweth sickness too near,
The north, as a friend, maketh all again clear.

4. With temperate wind we be blessëd of God,
With tempest we find we are beat with his rod.
All power we know to remain in his hand,
However wind blow, by sea or by land.

5. Though winds do rage, as winds were wood,
And cause spring tides to raise great flood,
And lofty ships leave anchor in mud,
Bereaving many of life and of blood;
Yet true it is, as cow chaws cud,
And trees at spring do yield forth bud,
Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

### Christmas Husbandly Fare

1. Good husband and huswife now chiefly be glad
Things handsome to have, as they ought to be had;
They both do provide against Christmas do come,
To welcome good neighbor, good cheer to have some.

2. Good bread and good drink, a good fire in the hall,
Brawn, pudding, and souse, and good mustard withal,

3. Beef, mutton, and pork, shred pies of the best,
Pig, veal, goose, and capon, and turkey well dressed,
Cheese, apples, and nuts, jolly carols to hear,
As then in the country is counted good cheer.

4. What cost to good husband is any of this?
Good household provision only it is.
Of other the like I do leave out a many,
That costeth the husbandman never a penny.

# GEORGE GASCOIGNE (1542–1577)

## FROM *THE STEEL GLASS*

[The Plowman]

Behold him, priests, and though he stink of sweat
Disdain him not; for shall I tell you what?
Such climb to heaven before the shaven crowns.
But how? Forsooth, with true humility.
Not that they hoard their grain when it is cheap,
Nor that they kill the calf to have the milk,
Nor that they set debate between their lords
By earing up the balks that part their bounds;
Nor for because they can both crouch and creep
(The guileful'st men that ever God yet made)
Whenas they mean most mischief and deceit,
Nor that they can cry out on landlords loud
And say they rack their rents an ace too high,
When they themselves do sell their landord's lamb
For greater price than ewe was wont be worth;
(I see you, Pierce, my glass was lately scoured.)
But for they feed, with fruits of their great pains,
Both king and knight, and priests in cloister pent;
Therefore I say that sooner some of them
Shall scale the walls which lead us up to heaven,
Than corn-fed beasts, whose belly is their god,
Although they preach of more perfection.

Epilogus

Alas, my lord, my haste was all too hot;
I shut my glass before you gazed your fill,
And at a glimpse my sely self have spied
A stranger troop than any yet were seen.
Behold, my lord, what monsters muster here,
With angel's face, and harmful hellish hearts,
With smiling looks, and deep deceitful thoughts,
With tender skins, and stony cruel minds,
With stealing steps, yet forward feet to fraud.
Behold, behold, they never stand content
With God, with kind, with any help of art,
But curl their locks with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their hair with sundry subtile sleights,
But paint and slick till fairest face be foul,
But bumbast, bolster, frizzle, and perfume.
They mar with musk the balm which nature made,
And dig for death in delicatest dishes.
The younger sort come piping on apace
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Till they have caught the birds for whom they brided.
The elder sort go stately stalking on,
And on their backs they bear both land and fee,
Castles and towers, revenues and receipts,
Lordships and manors, fines, yea, fermes and all.
What should these be? (Speak you, my lovely lord)
They be not men. For why? They have no beards.
They be not boys, which wear such side-long gowns.
They be no gods, for all their gallant gloss.
They be no devils, I trow, which seem so saintish.
What be they? Women? Masking in men's weeds?
With dutchkin doublets and with jerkins jagg'd,
With Spanish spangs, and ruffs fet out of France,
With high-copt hats and feathers flaunt-a-flaunt?
They be so, sure, even woe to men indeed.
Nay, then, my lord, let shut the glass apace,

High time it were for my poor Muse to wink,
Since all the hands, all paper, pen, and ink,
Which ever yet this wretched world possessed
Cannot describe this sex in colors due.
No, no, my lord, we gazëd have enough,
(And I too much, God pardon me therefor).
Better look off than look an ace too far;
And better mum than meddle overmuch.
But if my glass do like my lovely lord,
We will espy, some sunny summer's day,
To look again, and see some seemly sights.
Meanwhile my Muse right humbly doth beseech
That my good lord accept this venturous verse
Until my brains may better stuff devise.

## FROM *THE POSIES*

### The Lullaby of a Lover

Sing lullaby, as women do,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest,
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child,
And if I be not much beguiled,
Full many wanton babes have I,
Which must be stilled with lullaby.

First, lullaby, my youthful years,
It is now time to go to bed,
For crookëd age and hoary hairs
Have won the haven within my head.
With lullaby then, youth, be still,
With lullaby content thy will,
Since courage quails and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind.

Next, lullaby, my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glance apace.
For every glass may now suffice
To show the furrows in my face.
With lullaby then wink awhile,
With lullaby your looks beguile.
Let no fair face nor beauty bright
Entice you eft with vain delight.

And lullaby, my wanton will,
Let reason's rule now reign thy thought,
Since all too late I find by skill
How dear I have thy fancies bought.
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubts appease.
For trust to this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Eke lullaby, my loving boy,
My little Robin, take thy rest.
Since age is cold and nothing coy,
Keep close thy coin, for so is best.
With lullaby be thou content,
With lullaby thy lusts relent.
Let others pay which hath mo pence;
Thou art too poor for such expense.

Thus, lullaby, my youth, mine eyes,
My will, my ware, and all that was.
I can no mo delays devise,
But welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave,
With lullaby your dreams deceive,
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby.

### The Introduction to the Psalm of De Profundis

The skies gan scowl, o'ercast with misty clouds,
When, as I rode alone by London way,
Cloakless, unclad, thus did I sing and say:
"Behold," quoth I, "bright Titan how he shrouds
His head aback, and yields the rain his reach,
Till in his wrath Dan Jove have soused the soil,
And washed me, wretch, which in his travel toil.
But holla! Here doth rudeness me appeach,
Since Jove is lord and king of mighty power,
Which can command the sun to show his face,
And, when him list, to give the rain his place.
Why do not I my weary muses frame
(Although I be well sousëd in this shower),
To write some verse in honor of his name?"

### De Profundis

From depth of dole wherein my soul doth dwell,
From heavy heart which harbors in my breast,

From troubled sprite which seldom taketh rest,
From hope of heaven, from dread of darksome hell,
O gracious God, to thee I cry and yell.
My God, my Lord, my lovely Lord alone,
To thee I call, to thee I make my moan.
And thou, good God, vouchsafe in gree to take
This woeful plaint,
Wherein I faint.
Oh hear me then for thy great mercy's sake.

Oh bend thine ears attentively to hear,
Oh turn thine eyes, behold me how I wail;
Oh hearken, Lord, give ear for mine avail;
Oh mark in mind the burdens that I bear.
See how I sink in sorrows everywhere.
Behold and see what dolors I endure;
Give ear and mark what plaints I put in ure.
Bend willing ear, and pity therewithal
My wailing voice,
Which hath no choice
But evermore upon thy name to call.

If thou, good Lord, shouldest take thy rod in hand,
If thou regard what sins are daily done,
If thou take hold where we our works begun,
If thou decree in judgment for to stand,
And be extreme to see our 'scuses scanned;
If thou take note of every thing amiss,
And write in rolls how frail our nature is,
O glorious God, O King, O Prince of power,
What mortal wight
May then have light
To feel thy frown, if thou have list to lour?

But thou art good, and hast of mercy store;
Thou not delight'st to see a sinner fall;
Thou hearkenest first, before we come to call;
Thine ears are set wide open evermore;
Before we knock thou comest to the door.
Thou art more prest to hear a sinner cry
Than he is quick to climb to thee on high.
Thy mighty name be praisëd then alway,
Let faith and fear
True witness bear,
How fast they stand which on thy mercy stay.

I look for thee, my lovely Lord, therefore.
For thee I wait, for thee I tarry still;
Mine eyes do long to gaze on thee my fill.
For thee I watch, for thee I pry and pore.
My soul for thee attendeth evermore.
My soul doth thirst to take of thee a taste.
My soul desires with thee for to be placed.
And to thy word (which can no man deceive)
Mine only trust,
My love and lust
In confidence continually shall cleave.

Before the break or dawning of the day,
Before the light be seen in lofty skies,
Before the sun appear in pleasant wise,
Before the watch—before the watch, I say—
Before the ward that waits therefore alway,
My soul, my sense, my secret thought, my sprite,
My will, my wish, my joy, and my delight,
Unto the Lord that sits in heaven on high
With hasty wing
From me doth fling,
And striveth still unto the Lord to fly.

O Israel, O household of the Lord,
O Abraham's brats, O brood of blessëd seed,
O chosen sheep that love the Lord indeed,
O hungry hearts, feed still upon his word,
And put your trust in him with one accord.
For he hath mercy evermore at hand,
His fountains flow, his springs do never stand;
And plenteously he loveth to redeem
Such sinners all
As on him call,
And faithfully his mercies most esteem.

He will redeem our deadly drooping state,
He will bring home the sheep that go astray,
He will help them that hope in him alway,
He will appease our discord and debate,
He will soon save, though we repent us late.
He will be ours if we continue his,
He will bring bale to joy and perfect bliss.
He will redeem the flock of his elect,
From all that is
Or was amiss
Since Abraham's heirs did first his laws reject.

# THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET
## (1536–1608)

### THE INDUCTION TO *THE MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES*

The wrathful winter, 'proaching on apace,
With blustering blasts had all y-bared the treen,
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierced the tender green;
The mantles rent, wherein enwrappëd been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every bloom down blown.

The soil, that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoilëd of her beauty's hue,
And soote fresh flowers, wherewith the summer's queen
Had clad the earth, now Boreas' blasts down blew;
And small fowls, flocking, in their song did rue
The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced
In woeful wise bewailed the summer past.

Hawthorne had lost his motley livery,
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
And dropping down the tears abundantly;
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within; for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walked about.

When lo, the night with misty mantles spread,
Gan dark the day and dim the azure skies;
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bloody Mars, to will him not to rise,
While she herself approached in speedy wise;
And Virgo hiding her disdainful breast
With Thetis now had laid her down to rest.

Whiles Scorpio, dreading Sagittarius' dart,
Whose bow prest bent in fight the string had slipped,
Down slid into the ocean flood apart;
The Bear, that in the Irish seas had dipped
His grisly feet, with speed from thence he whipped;
For Thetis, hasting from the Virgin's bed,
Pursued the Bear, that ere she came was fled.

And Phaeton now, near reaching to his race
With glistering beams, gold-streaming where they bent,
Was prest to enter in his resting place.
Erythius, that in the cart first went,
Had even now attained his journey's stent,
And, fast declining, hid away his head,
While Titan couched him in his purple bed.

And pale Cynthea, with her borrowed light,
Beginning to supply her brother's place,
Was past the noonstead six degrees in sight,
When sparkling stars amid the heaven's face
With twinkling light shone on the earth apace,
That, while they brought about the nightës chair,
The dark had dimmed the day ere I was ware.

And sorrowing I to see the summer flowers,
The lively green, the lusty leas forlorn,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,
The fields so fade that flourished so beforn,
It taught me well, all earthly things be born
To die the death, for naught long time may last;
The summer's beauty yields to winter's blast.

Then looking upward to the heaven's leams,
With nightës stars thick powdered everywhere,

Which erst so glistened with the golden streams
That cheerful Phoebus spread down from his sphere,
Beholding dark oppressing day so near,
The sudden sight reducëd to my mind
The sundry changes that in earth we find.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes, and goes, more faster than we see
The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,
My busy mind presented unto me
Such fall of peers as in this realm had be;
That oft I wished some would their woes descrive,
To warn the rest whom fortune left alive.

And straight forth stalking with redoubled pace,
For that I saw the night drew on so fast,
In black all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forewast;
Forth from her eyen the crystal tears out brast;
And, sighing sore, her hands she wrung and fold,
Tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold.

Her body small, forewithered, and forespent,
As is the stalk that summer's drought oppressed;
Her welkëd face with woeful tears besprent;
Her color pale; and, as it seemed her best,
In woe and plaint reposëd was her rest;
And, as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

Her eyës swollen with flowing streams afloat;
Wherewith, her looks thrown up full piteously,
Her forceless hands together oft she smote,
With doleful shrieks that echoed in the sky;
Whose plaint such sighs did straight accompany
That, in my doom, was never man did see
A wight but half so woebegone as she.

I stood aghast, beholding all her plight,
'Tween dread and dolor, so distrained in heart
That, while my hairs upstarted with the sight,
The tears outstreamed for sorrow of her smart.
But, when I saw no end that could apart
The deadly dole which she so sore did make,
With doleful voice then thus to her I spake:

"Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be,
And stint in time to spill thyself with plaint.
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure, with sorrow thus attaint."
And, with that word of sorrow, all forefaint
She lookëd up, and, prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound, lo, thus she gan to say:

"Alas, I wretch, whom thus thou seest distrained
With wasting woes, that never shall aslake,
Sorrow I am, in endless torments pained
Among the Furies in the infernal lake,
Where Pluto, god of hell, so grisly black,
Doth hold his throne, and Lethe's deadly taste
Doth reave remembrance of each thing forepast.

"Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
And luckless lot for to bemoan of those
Whom fortune, in this maze of misery,
Of wretched chance, most woeful mirrors chose;
That, when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought most sure,
Thou mayst soon deem no earthly joy may dure."

Whose rueful voice no sooner had out brayed
Those woeful words wherewith she sorrowed so,
But out, alas, she shright, and never stayed,
Fell down, and all to-dashed herself for woe.
The cold pale dread my limbs gan overgo,
And I so sorrowed at her sorrows eft
That, what with grief and fear, my wits were reft.

I stretched myself, and straight my heart revives,
That dread and dolor erst did so appale;
Like him that with the fervent fever strives,
When sickness seeks his castle health to scale;
With gathered spirits so forced I fear to avale,
And, rearing her, with anguish all foredone,
My spirits returned, and then I thus begun:

"O Sorrow, alas, sith Sorrow is thy name,
And that to thee this drear doth well pertain,
In vain it were to seek to cease the same.
But, as a man himself with sorrow slain,
So I, alas, do comfort thee in pain,
That here in sorrow art foresunk so deep,
That at thy sight I can but sigh and weep."

I had no sooner spoken of a stike,
But that the storm so rumbled in her breast
As Aeolus could never roar the like;
And showers down rainëd from her eyen so fast,
That all bedrent the place, till at the last
Well easëd they the dolor of her mind,
As rage of rain doth 'suage the stormy wind.

For forth she pacëd in her fearful tale:
"Come, come," quoth she, "and see what I shall show,
Come, hear the plaining and the bitter bale
Of worthy men by Fortune overthrow.
Come thou, and see them rueing all in row,
They were but shades that erst in mind thou rolled.
Come, come with me, thine eyes shall them behold."

What could these words but make me more aghast,
To hear her tell whereon I mused whilere?
So was I mazed therewith, till, at the last,
Musing upon her words, and what they were,
All suddenly well lessoned was my fear;
For to my mind returnëd, how she telled
Both what she was, and where her won she held.

Whereby I knew that she a goddess was,
And therewithal resorted to my mind
My thought, that late presented me the glass
Of brittle state, of cares that here we find,
Of thousand woes to sely men assigned;
And how she now bid me come and behold,
To see with eye that erst in thought I rolled.

Flat down I fell, and with all reverence
Adorëd her, perceiving now that she,
A goddess sent by godly providence,
In earthly shape thus showed herself to me,
To wail and rue this world's untertainty;
And while I honored thus her god-head's might,
With plaining voice these words to me she shright:

"I shall thee guide first to the grisly lake,
And thence unto the blissful place of rest.
Where thou shalt see and hear the plaint they make
That whilom here bare swing among the best.
This shalt thou see, but great is the unrest
That thou must bide before thou canst attain
Unto the dreadful place where these remain."

And with these words as I upraisëd stood,
And gan to follow her that straight forth paced,
Ere I was ware, into a desert wood
We now were come; where, hand in hand embraced,
She led the way, and through the thick so traced,
As, but I had been guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortal wight.

But lo! while thus, amid the desert dark,
We passëd on with steps and pace unmeet,
A rumbling roar, confused with howl and bark
Of dogs, shook all the ground under our feet,
And struck the din within our ears so deep,
As half distraught unto the ground I fell,
Besought return, and not to visit hell.

But she forth-with uplifting me apace
Removed my dread, and with a steadfast mind
Bade me come on, for here was now the place,
The place where we our travel's end should find.
Wherewith I rose, and to the place assigned
Astoined I stalked; when straight we approachëd near
The dreadful place, that you will dread to hear.

An hideous hole all vast, withouten shape,
Of endless depth, o'erwhelmed with ragged stone,
With ugly mouth and grisly jaws doth gape,
And to our sight confounds itself in one.
Here entered we, and yeding forth, anon
An horrible loathly lake we might discern
As black as pitch, that clepëd is Averne.

A deadly gulf, where naught but rubbish grows,
With foul black swelth in thickened lumps that lies,
Which up in the air such stinking vapors throws,
That over there may fly no fowl but dies,
Choked with the pestilent savors that arise.
Hither we come, whence forth we still did pace,
In dreadful fear amid the dreadful place.

And first within the porch and jaws of hell
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent
To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirled on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain proffered here and there;
Benumbed of speech, and with a ghastly look
Searched every place, all pale and dead for fear,
His cap borne up with staring of his hair,
Stoined and amazed at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And next within the entry of this lake
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire;
But frets within so farforth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by Death, or venged by Death to be.

When fell Revenge with bloody foul pretence
Had showed herself as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met;
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Rueing, alas! upon the woeful plight
Of Misery, that next appeared in sight.

His face was lean, and somedeal pined away,
And eke his hands consumëd to the bone,
And what his body was I cannot say,
For on his carcass raiment had he none
Save clouts and patches, piecëd one by one.
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometimes some crumbs fell to his share,

Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he.
As on the which full daintily would he fare;
His drink the running stream, his cup the bare
Of his palm closed, his bed the hard cold ground.
To this poor life was Misery y-bound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld
With tender ruth on him and on his feres
In thoughtful cares, forth then our pace we held.
And, by and by, another shape appears,
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the breres,
His knuckles knobbed, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawëd hands, and hard y-tannëd skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,
When he is up and to his work y-run;
But let the night's black misty mantels rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath.
Small keep took he whom Fortune frownëd on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown; but as a living death,
So, dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fere was he,
And of our life in earth the better part;
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and oft that never be.
Without respect esteeming equally
King Croesus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assigned
To rest, when that the Sisters had untwined
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broken and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for naught his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forwast.
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek
And to be young again of Jove beseek!

But and the cruel fates so fixëd be
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayëd he:
That in such withered plight, and wretched pain
As Eld, accompanied with his loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit,
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it;
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but in the ground y-lain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to naught,
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seen him, sobbing, how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would have mused, and marveled much, whereon
This wretched Age should life desire so fain,
And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crook-backed he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed,
Went on three feet, and sometimes crept on four,
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
His scalp all pilled, and he with eld forlore;
His withered fist still knocking at Death's door,

Fumbling and driveling, as he draws his breath;
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed,
Sore sick in bed, her color all foregone,
Bereft of stomach, savor, and of taste,
Ne could she brook no meat, but broths alone;
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one
Abhorring her, her sickness past recure,
Detesting physic and all physic's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see!
We turned our head, and, on the other side,
A grisly shape of Famine might we see,
With greedy looks and gaping mouth, that cried
And roared for meat, as she should there have died;
Her body thin, and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left naught but the case alone.

And that, alas, was gnawn on every where,
All full of holes, that I ne might refrain
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
When, all for naught, she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seemed a shade
Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stone wall could not stay,
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
With gaping jaws, that by no means y-may
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself, as she that hath no law;
Gnawing, alas, her carcass all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fixed our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo, suddenly she shryght in so huge wise
As made hell-gates to shiver with the might.
Wherewith a dart we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and therewithal pale Death
Enthrilling it, to reave her of her breath.

And by and by a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law;
Against whose force in vain it is to fight.
Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
Ne towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
But all perforce must yield unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
That most of all my fears affrayëd me.
His body dight with naught but bones, pardy,
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly stood War, in glittering arms y-clad,
With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued;
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood embrued,
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razëd towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sacked, and realms that whilom flowered
In honor, glory, and rule above the best
He overwhelmed, and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceased
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppressed;
His face forehewed with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

In mids of which, depainted there, we found
Deadly Debate, all full of snaky hair,
That with a bloody fillet was y-bound,
Out breathing naught but discord everywhere;
And round about were portrayed, here and there,
The hugy hosts, Darius and his power,
His kings, princes, his peers, and all his flower.

Whom great Macedo vanquished there in sight,
With deep slaughter despoiling all his pride,
Pierced through his realms, and daunted all his might.
Duke Hannibal beheld I there beside,
In Canna's field victor how he did ride,
And woeful Romans that in vain withstood,
And consul Paulus covered all in blood.

Yet saw I more: the fight at Thrasimene
And Treby field, and eke when Hannibal
And worthy Scipio last in arms were seen
Before Carthago gate, to try for all
The world's empire, to whom it should befall.
There saw I Pompey and Caesar clad in arms,
Their hosts allied and all their civil harms;

With conquerors' hands, forebathed in their own blood,
And Caesar weeping over Pompey's head;
Yet saw I Sylla and Marius where they stood,
Their great cruelty, and the deep bloodshed
Of friends. Cyrus I saw and his host dead,
And how the queen with great despite hath flung
His head in blood of them she overcome.

Xerxes, the Persian king, yet saw I there,
With his huge host, that drank the rivers dry,
Dismounted hills, and made the vales uprear,
His host and all yet saw I slain, 'pardy.
Thebës I saw, all razed how it did lie
In heaps of stones, and Tyrus put to spoil,
With walls and towers flat evened with the soil.

But Troy, alas, methought, above them all
It made mine eyes in very tears consume;
When I beheld the woeful word befall
That by the wrathful will of gods was come;
And Jove's unmovëd sentence and foredoom
On Priam king, and on his town so bent,
I could not lin, but I must there lament.

And that the more sith destiny was so stern
As, force perforce, there might no force avail
But she must fall; and, by her fall, we learn
That cities, towers, wealth, world, and all shall quail.
No manhood, might, nor nothing might prevail;
All were there prest full many a prince and peer,
And many a knight that sold his death full dear.

Not worthy Hector, worthiest of them all,
Her hope, her joy, his force is now for naught.
Oh Troy, Troy, Troy, there is no boot but bale,
The hugy horse within thy walls is brought;
Thy turrets fall, thy knights, that whilom fought
In arms amid the field, are slain in bed,
Thy gods defiled and all thy honor dead.

The flames up spring and cruelly they creep
From wall to roof, till all to cinders waste.
Some fire the houses where the wretches sleep,
Some rush in here, some run in there as fast;
In every where or sword or fire they taste;
The walls are torn, the towers whirled to the ground.
There is no mischief but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there saw I how they haled
From Pallas' house, with spercled tress undone,
Her wrists fast bound, and with Greeks' rout empaled.
And Priam eke, in vain how he did run
To arms, whom Pyrrhus with despite hath done
To cruel death, and bathed him in the baign
Of his son's blood, before the altar slain.

But how can I describe the doleful sight
That in the shield so livelike fair did shine?
Sith in this world I think was never wight
Could have set forth the half, not half so fine.

I can no more but tell how there is seen
Fair Ilium fall in burning red gledes down,
And, from the soil, great Troy, Neptunus' town.

Herefrom when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw,
That filled with tears as doth the springing well,
We passëd on so far forth till we saw
Rude Acheron, a loathsome lake to tell,
That boils and bubs up swelth as black as hell;
Where grisly Charon, at their fixëd tide,
Still ferries ghosts unto the farther side.

The agëd god no sooner Sorrow spied
But, hasting straight unto the bank apace,
With hollow call unto the rout he cried
To swerve apart and give the goddess place.
Straight it was done, when to the shore we pace,
Where, hand in hand as we then linkëd fast,
Within the boat we are together placed.

And forth we launch full fraughted to the brink;
When, with the unwonted weight, the rusty keel
Began to crack as if the same should sink.
We hoise up mast and sail, that in a while
We fetched the shore, where scarcely we had while
For to arrive, but that we heard anon
A three-sound bark confounded all in one.

We had not long forth passed but that we saw
Black Cerberus, the hideous hound of hell,
With bristles reared and with a three-mouthed jaw
Foredinning the air with his horrible yell,
Out of the deep dark cave where he did dwell.
The goddess straight he knew, and by and by
He 'peased and couchëd, while that we passed by.

Thence came we to the horror and the hell,
The large great kingdoms and the dreadful reign
Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell,
The wide waste places, and the hugy plain,
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan;
Earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan.

Here puled the babes, and here the maids unwed
With folded hands their sorry chance bewailed,
Here wept the guiltless slain, and lovers dead
That slew themselves when nothing else availed;
A thousand sorts of sorrows here, that wailed
With sighs and tears, sobs, shrieks, and all y-fear,
That, oh, alas, it was a hell to hear.

We stayed us straight, and with a rueful fear
Beheld this heavy sight; while from mine eyes
The vapored tears down stillëd here and there,
And Sorrow eke, in far more woeful wise,
Took on with plaint, up heaving to the skies
Her wretched hands, that, with her cry, the rout
Gan all in heaps to swarm us round about.

"Lo here," quoth Sorrow, "princes of renown,
That whilom sat on top of Fortune's wheel,
Now laid full low; like wretches whirlëd down,
Even with one frown, that stayed but with a smile.
And now behold the thing that thou, erewhile,
Saw only in thought; and, what thou now shalt hear,
Recount the same to kesar, king, and peer."

Then first came Henry, duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all pilled and quite foreworn,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke hath made him now her scorn.
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,

Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as fast
With rueful cheer and vapored eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat,
His hair all torn, about the place it lay;
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly, methought, it dropped away.
His eyes they whirled about withouten stay,
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice,
At each of which he shriekëd so withal
As though the heavens rivëd with the noise.
Till at the last, recovering his voice,
Supping the tears that all his breast berained,
On cruel Fortune, weeping, thus he plained.

# RICHARD EDWARDS (1523?–1566)

## AMANTIUM IRAE AMORIS REDINTEGRATIO EST

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept;
She sighëd sore, and sang full sweet to bring the babe to rest,
That would not rest but criëd still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grievëd with her child,
She rockëd it and rated it, until on her it smiled.
Then did she say, "Now have I found this proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat
Much matter uttered she of weight, in place whereas she sat;
And provëd plain there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love, without discord and strife.
Then kissëd she her little babe, and sware, by God above,
"The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

She said that neither king, ne prince, ne lord could live aright,
Until their puissance they did prove, their manhood, and their might;
When manhood shall be matchëd so, that fear can take no place,
Then weary works makes warriors each other to embrace,
And leave their force that failëd them, which did consume the rout
That might before have lived their time and nature out.
Then did she sing, as one that thought no man could her reprove,
"The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

She said she saw no fish, ne fowl, nor beast within her haunt
That met a stranger in their kind, but could give it a taunt.
Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wrath succeed,
And force the fight to fall to play, in pasture where they feed,
So noble Nature can well end the works she hath begun,
And bridle well that will not cease her tragedy in some.
Thus in her song she oft rehearsed, as did her well behove,
"The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

"I marvel much, pardy," quoth she, "for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world about;
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile;
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble, and some stout,
Yet are they never friends indeed until they once fall out!"
Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did remove,
"The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

# BARNABE GOOGE (1540–1594)

## OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND

The oftener seen, the more I lust,
  The more I lust, the more I smart,
The more I smart, the more I trust,
  The more I trust, the heavier heart,
The heavy heart breeds mine unrest,
Thy absence therefore like I best.

The rarer seen, the less in mind,
  The less in mind, the lesser pain,
The lesser pain, less grief I find,
  The lesser grief, the greater gain,
The greater gain, the merrier I,
Therefore I wish thy sight to fly.

The further off, the more I joy,
  The more I joy, the happier life,
The happier life, less hurts annoy,
  The lesser hurts, pleasure most rife,
Such pleasures rife shall I obtain
When distance doth depart us twain.

# EDWARD DEVERE, EARL OF OXFORD
## (1550–1604)

### FAIR FOOLS

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
  Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
I would not marvel that they make men bond
  By service long to purchase their good will;
But when I see how frail these creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
  How oft from Phoebus they do flee to Pan,
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
  These gentle birds that fly from man to man—
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,
And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,
  To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them to our lure with subtil oath,
  Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;
And then we say, when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, oh, what a fool was I!

---

What shepherd can express
  The favor of her face,
To whom in this distress
  I do appeal for grace?
A thousand Cupids fly
About her gentle eye;

From which each throws a dart
  That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing heart,
  Possessëd by desire;
No sweeter life I try
Than in her love to die.

The lily in the field,
  That glories in his white,
For pureness now must yield,
  And render up his right;
Heaven pictured in her face
Doth promise joy and grace.

Fair Cynthia's silver light,
  That beats on running streams,
Compares not with her white,
  Whose hairs are all sunbeams.
So bright my nymph doth shine
As day unto my eyne.

With this there is a red
  Exceeds the damask-rose,
Which in her cheeks is spread,
  Whence every favor grows.
In sky there is no star
But she surmounts it far.

When Phoebus from the bed
  Of Thetis doth arise,
The morning blushing red,
  In fair carnation-wise,
He shows in my nymph's face,
As queen of every grace.

This pleasant lily white,
  This taint of roseate red,
This Cynthia's silver light,
  This sweet fair Dea spread,
These sunbeams in mine eye,
These beauties, make me die.

# NICHOLAS BRETON (1545?–1626?)

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked by the wood-side
Whenas May was in his pride.
There I spiëd all alone
Phyllida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not.
She said, never man was true;
He said, none was false to you.
He said, he had loved her long;
She said, love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then;
She said, maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all.
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth,
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,
Love which had been long deluded
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

---

Who can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad?
Who upon a fair green balk
May at pleasure sit and walk,
And amid the azure skies
See the morning sun arise,
While he hears in every spring
How the birds do chirp and sing;
Or before the hounds in cry
See the hare go stealing by;
Or along the shallow brook,
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play
In a blessëd sunny day;
Or to hear the partridge call
Till she have her covey all;
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box;
After feeding on his prey,
How he closely sneaks away
Through the hedge and down the furrow
Till he gets into his burrow;
Then the bee to gather honey;
And the little black-haired coney,
On a bank for sunny place,
With her forefeet wash her face—
Are not these, with thousands moe
Than the courts of kings do know,
The true pleasing spirit's sights
That may breed true love's delights?
But withal this happiness,
To behold that shepherdess
To whose eyes all shepherds yield,
All the fairest of the field,
Fair Aglaia, in whose face
Lives the shepherd's highest grace;
In whose worthy wonder praise
See what her true shepherd says:
She is neither proud nor fine,
But in spirit more divine.
She can neither lour nor leer,
But a sweeter smiling cheer.
She had never painted face,
But a sweeter smiling grace.
She can never love dissemble,
Truth doth so her thoughts assemble,
That where wisdom guides her will
She is kind and constant still.
All in sum, she is that creature,
Of that truest comfort's nature,
That doth show (but in exceedings)
How their praises had their breedings.
Let then poets feign their pleasure
In their fictions of love's treasure;
Proud high spirits seek their graces
In their idol painted faces;
My love's spirit's lowliness,
In affection's humbleness,
Under heaven no happiness
Seeks but in this shepherdess.
For whose sake I say and swear
By the passions that I bear,
Had I got a kingly grace,

I would leave my kingly place,
And in heart be truly glad
To become a country lad,
Hard to lie, and go full bare,
And to feed on hungry fare,
So I might but live to be
Where I might but sit to see
Once a day, or all day long,
The sweet subject of my song;
In Aglaia's only eyes
All my worldly paradise.

---

On a hill there grows a flower,
  Fair befall the dainty sweet!
By that flower there is a bower
  Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
  Fringëd all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
  That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phyllis, fair and bright,
  She that is the shepherds' joy
She that Venus did despite,
  And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
  That the world desires to see;
This is *ipsa quae* the which
  There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?
  Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
  Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes, yet let me see
  One good look, and I am gone.
Look on me, for I am he,
  Thy poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherds' queen,
  Look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
  Dead men brought to life again.

# SIR EDWARD DYER (1540?–1607)

My mind to me a kingdom is;
  Such present joys therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
  That earth affords or grows by kind.
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
  No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall.
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty suffers oft,
  And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft
  Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear.
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay;
  I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
  Look, what I lack my mind supplies;
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
  I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
  And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
  I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
  My state at one doth still remain.
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
  Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
  A cloakëd craft their store of skill.
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
  My conscience clear my choice defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
  Nor by deceit to breed offence.
Thus do I live; thus will I die.
Would all did so as well as I!

# EDMUND SPENSER (1552?–1599)

## FROM *THE SHEPHERDS' CALENDAR*

### AUGUST

#### AEGLOGA OCTAVA

*Argument*

IN this aeglogue is set forth a delectable controversy, made in imitation of that in Theocritus; whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh aeglogue. They choose for umpire of their strife Cuddie, a neatherd's boy, who having ended their cause reciteth also himself a proper song, whereof Colin, he saith, was author.

*Willye* *Perigot* *Cuddie*

*Willye:*

Tell me, Perigot, what shall be the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy music match?
Or been thy bagpipes renne far out of frame?
Or hath the cramp thy joints benumbed with ache?

*Perigot:*

Ah, Willye, when the heart is ill assayed,
How can bagpipe or joints be well apayed?

*Willye:*

What the foul evil hath thee so bestad?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the jolly shepherds glad
With piping and dancing, didst pass the rest.

*Perigot:*

Ah, Willye, now I have learned a new dance.
My old music marred by a new mischance.

*Willye:*

Mischief mought to that new mischance befall,
That so hath rafte us of our merriment!
But reed me, what pain doth thee so appal?
Or lovest thou, or been thy younglings miswent?

*Perigot:*

Love hath misled both my younglings and me.
I pine for pain, and they my pain to see.

*Willye:*

Perdy and welaway! Ill may they thrive.
Never knew I lover's sheep in good plight.
But and if in rhymes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fantsies shall soon be put to flight.

*Perigot:*

That shall I do, though mochell worse I fared.
Never shall be said that Perigot was dared.

*Willye:*

Then, lo, Perigot, the pledge which I plight:
A mazer y-wrought of the maple warre;
Wherein is enchasëd many a fair sight
Of bears and tigers, that maken fierce war.
And over them spread a goodly wild vine,
Entrailëd with a wanton ivy twine.

Thereby is a lamb in the wolvës jaws;
But see, how fast renneth the shepherd swain,
To save the innocent from the beastës paws;
And here with his sheephook hath him slain.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever seen?
Well mought it beseem any harvest queen.

*Perigot:*

Thereto will I pawn yonder spotted lamb,
Of all my flock there nis sike another;
For I brought him up without the dam.
But Colin Clout rafte me of his brother,
That he purchased of me in the plain field.
Sore against my will was I forced to yield.

*Willye:*

Sicker, make like account of his brother.
But who shall judge the wager won or lost?

*Perigot:*

That shall yonder herd-groom, and none other,
Which over the pousse hitherward doth post.

*Willye:*

But for the sunbeam so sore doth us beat,
Were it not better to shun the scorching heat?

*Perigot:*

Well agreed, Willye; then sit thee down, swain.
Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin sing.

*Cuddie:*

Gin when ye list, ye jolly shepherds twain;
Sike a judge as Cuddie were for a king.

*Perigot:* It fell upon a holly eve,
*Willye:* Hey, ho, holliday!
*Per.* When holly fathers wont to shrieve;
*Wil.* Now ginneth this roundelay.
*Per.* Sitting upon a hill so high,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the high hill!
*Per.* The while my flock did feed thereby,
*Wil.* The while the shepherd self did spill;
*Per.* I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, Bonibell!
*Per.* Tripping over the dale alone,
*Wil.* She can trip it very well;
*Per.* Well deckëd in a frock of gray,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, gray is greet!
*Per.* And in a kirtle of green saye,
*Wil.* The green is for maidens meet.
*Per.* A chapelet on her head she wore,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, chapëlet!
*Per.* Of sweet violets therein was store,
*Wil.* She sweeter than the violet.
*Per.* My sheep did leave their wonted food,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, seely sheep!
*Per.* And gazed on her, as they were wood,
*Wil.* Wood as he that did them keep.
*Per.* As the bonilass passed by,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, bonilass!
*Per.* She roved at me with glancing eye,
*Wil.* As clear as the crystal glass.
*Per.* All as the sunny beam so bright,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the sun beam!
*Per.* Glanceth from Phoebus' face forthright,
*Wil.* So love into thy heart did stream.
*Per.* Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the thunder!
*Per.* Wherein the lightsome levin shrouds,
*Wil.* So cleaves thy soul asunder.
*Per.* Or as Dame Cynthia's silver ray
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the moonlight!
*Per.* Upon the glittering wave doth play;
*Wil.* Such play is a piteous plight.
*Per.* The glance into my heart did glide,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the glider!
*Per.* Therewith my soul was sharply gryde,
*Wil.* Such wounds soon wexen wider.
*Per.* Hasting to wrench the arrow out,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, Perigot!
*Per.* I left the head in my heart root.
*Wil.* It was a desperate shot.
*Per.* There it rankleth ay more and more,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the arrow!
*Per.* Ne can I find salve for my sore;
*Wil.* Love is a cureless sorrow.
*Per.* And though my bale with death I bought,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, heavy cheer!
*Per.* Yet should thilk lass not from my thought;
*Wil.* So you may buy gold too dear.
*Per.* But whether in painful love I pine,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, pinching pain!
*Per.* Or thrive in wealth, she shall be mine.
*Wil.* But if thou can her obtain.
*Per.* And if for graceless grief I die,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, graceless grief!
*Per.* Witness, she slew me with her eye.
*Wil.* Let thy folly be the prief.
*Per.* And you, that saw it, simple sheep,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the fair flock!
*Per.* For prief thereof, my death shall weep,
*Wil.* And moan with many a mock.
*Per.* So learned I love on a holly eve,
*Wil.* Hey, ho, holliday!
*Per.* That ever since my heart did grieve.
*Wil.* Now endeth our roundelay.

*Cuddie:*

Sicker sike a roundle never heard I none.
Little lacketh Perigot of the best.
And Willye is not greatly overgone,
So weren his undersongs well addressed.

*Willye:*

Herd-groom, I fear me thou have a squint eye.
Aread uprightly, who has the victory?

*Cuddie:*

Faith of my soul, I deem each have gained.
Forthy let the lamb be Willye his own;
And for Perigot so well hath him pained,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

*Perigot:*

Perigot is well pleasëd with the doom;
Ne can Willye wite the witeless herd-groom.

*Willye:*

Never dempt more right of beauty, I ween,
The shepherd of Ida, that judged beauty's queen.

*Cuddie:*

But tell me, shepherds, should it not y-shend
Your roundels fresh, to hear a doleful verse
Of Rosalend (who knows not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, ilk can I you rehearse?

*Perigot:*

Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a lad.
With merry thing it's good to meddle sad.

*Willye:*

Faith of my soul, thou shalt y-crownëd be
In Colin's stead, if thou this song aread;
For never thing on earth so pleaseth me
As him to hear, or matter of his deed.

*Cuddie:*

Then listeneth each unto my heavy lay,
And tune your pipes as ruthful as ye may.

Ye wasteful woods, bear witness of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound.
Ye careless birds are privy to my cries,
Which in your songs were wont to make a part.
Thou, pleasant spring, hast lulled me oft asleep,
Whose streams my trickling tears did oft augment.
Resort of people doth my griefs augment,
The wallëd towns do work my greater woe.
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow echo of my careful cries.
I hate the house, since thence my love did part,
Whose wailful want debars mine eyes from sleep.
Let streams of tears supply the place of sleep.
Let all that sweet is, void; and all that may augment
My dole, draw near. More meet to wail my woe
Been the wild woods, my sorrows to resound,
Than bed, or bower, both which I fill with cries,
When I them see so waste, and find no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastful grove therefore, till my last sleep
Do close mine eyes; so shall I not augment
With sight of such a change my restless woe.
Help me, ye baneful birds, whose shrieking sound
Is sign of dreary death, my deadly cries
Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cries
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You hear all night, when nature craveth sleep,
Increase, so let your irksome yells augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the day in woe,
I vowëd have to waste, till safe and sound
She home return, whose voice's silver sound
To cheerful songs can change my cheerless cries.
Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
That blessëd bird, that spends her time of sleep
In songs and plaintive pleas, the more to augment
The memory of his misdeed, that bred her woe.
And you that feel no woe, whenas the sound
Of these my nightly cries ye hear apart,
Let break your sounder sleep and pity augment.

*Perigot:*

Oh Colin, Colin, the shepherds' joy,
How I admire each turning of thy verse!
And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie, the liefest boy,
How dolefully his dole thou didst rehearse!

*Cuddie:*

Then blow your pipes, shepherds, till you be at home.
The night nigheth fast, it's time to be gone.

Perigot his Emblem:
*Vincenti gloria victi.*

Willye's Emblem:
*Vinto non vitto.*

Cuddie's Emblem:
*Felice chi può.*

GLOSSE

Bestad: disposed, ordered.
Peregall: equal.
Whilom: once.
Rafte: bereft, deprived.
Miswent: gone astray.
Ill may: according to Virgil,

"Infelix o semper ovis pecus."

A mazer: so also do Theocritus and Virgil feign pledges of their strife.
Enchased: engraven. Such pretty descriptions everywhere useth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which special cause indeed he by that name termeth his Aeglogues; for Idyllion in Greek signifieth the shape or picture of any thing, whereof his book is full. And not, as I have heard some fondly guess, that they be called not Idyllia, but Haedilia, of the goatherds in them.
Entrailed: wrought between.
Harvest queen: the manner of country folk in harvest time.
Pousse: pease.
It fell upon: Perigot maketh his song in praise of his love, to whom Willye answereth every under verse. By Perigot who is meant, I can not uprightly say; but if it be who is supposed, his love deserveth no less praise than he giveth her.
Greet: weeping and complaint.
Chapelet: a kind of garland like a crown.
Levin: lightning.
Cynthia: was said to be the moon.
Gryde: pierced.
But if: not unless.
Squint eye: partial judgment.
Each have: so saith Virgil,

"Et vitula tu dignus, et hic," etc.

So by interchange of gifts Cuddie pleaseth both parts.
Doom: judgment.
Dempt: foredeemed, judged.
Wite the witeless: blame the blameless.
The shepherd of Ida: was said to be Paris.
Beauty's queen: Venus, to whom Paris adjudged the golden apple, as the price of her beauty.
Emblem: the meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesy claiming the conquest, and Willye not yielding, Cuddie the arbiter of their cause, and patron of his own, seemeth to challenge it, as his due, saying that he is happy which can—so abruptly ending; but he meaneth either him that can win the best, or moderate himself being best, and leave off with the best.

## AMORETTI

### Sonnets

1

Happy ye leaves! whenas those lily hands
Which hold my life in their dead doing might
Shall handle you, and hold in love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight.
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,
Those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look,
And read the sorrows of my dying sprite,
Written with tears in heart's close bleeding book.
And happy rhymes! bathed in the sacred brook
Of Helicon, whence she derivëd is,
When ye behold that angel's blessëd look,
My soul's long lackëd food, my heaven's bliss.
Leaves, lines, and rhymes seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

3

The sovereign beauty which I do admire,
Witness the world how worthy to be praised;
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire

In my frail spirit, by her from baseness raised;
That being now with her huge brightness dazed,
Base thing I can no more endure to view;
But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
At wondrous sight of so celestial hue.
So when my tongue would speak her praises due,
It stoppëd is with thought's astonishment;
And when my pen would write her titles true,
It ravished is with fancy's wonderment.
Yet in my heart I then both speak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot indite.

5

Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride;
The thing which I do most in her admire
Is of the world unworthy most envied.
For in those lofty looks is close implied
Scorn of base things, and 'sdain of foul dishonor;
Threatening rash eyes which gaze on her so wide
That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.
Such pride is praise, such portliness is honor,
That bold'nëd innocence bears in her eyes,
And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was never in this world aught worthy tried
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

8

More than most fair, full of the living fire
Kindled above unto the Maker near:
No eyes, but joys, in which all powers conspire
That to the world naught else be counted dear;
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
Shoot out his darts to base affections wound,
But angels come to lead frail minds to rest
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak;
You calm the storm that passion did begin,
Strong through your cause, but by your virtue weak.
Dark is the world, where your light shinëd never;
Well is he born that may behold you ever.

9

Long while I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eyes which lighten my dark sprite;
Yet find I naught on earth to which I dare
Resemble the image of their goodly light.
Not to the sun; for they do shine by night.
Nor to the moon; for they are changëd never.
Nor to the stars; for they have purer sight.
Nor to the fire; for they consume not ever.
Nor to the lightning; for they still persever.
Nor to the diamond; for they are more tender.
Nor unto crystal; for naught may them sever.
Nor unto glass; such baseness mought offend her.
Then to the Maker self they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

16

One day as I unwarily did gaze
On those fair eyes, my love's immortal light,
The whiles my 'stonished heart stood in amaze
Through sweet illusion of her looks' delight,
I mote perceive how, in her glancing sight,
Legions of loves with little wings did fly,
Darting their deadly arrows, fiery bright,
At every rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
Aiming his arrow at my very heart;
When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
The damsel broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so done, sure I had been slain;
Yet as it was I hardly scaped with pain.

18

THE rolling wheel, that runneth often round,
The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear;
And drizzling drops, that often do redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear.
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear
And long entreaty, soften her hard heart,
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
Or look with pity on my painful smart.
But when I plead, she bids me play my part,
And when I weep, she says tears are but water,
And when I sigh, she says I know the art,
And when I wail, she turns herself to laughter.
So do I weep, and wail, and plead in vain,
While she as steel and flint doth still remain.

26

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but bricketh near;
Sweet is the fir-bloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom-flower, but yet sour enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.
So every sweet with sour is temp'rëd still,
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For easy things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

33

GREAT wrong I do, I can it not deny,
To that most sacred empress, my dear dread,
Not finishing her Queen of Faëry,
That mote enlarge her living praises, dead.
But, Lodwick, this of grace to me aread:
Do ye not think the accomplishment of it
Sufficient work for one man's simple head,
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?
How then should I, without another wit,
Think ever to endure so tedious toil,
Since that this one is tossed with troublous fit
Of a proud love, that doth my spirit spoil?
Cease, then, till she vouchsafe to grant me rest,
Or lend you me another living breast.

34

LIKE as a ship, that through the ocean wide
By conduct of some star doth make her way,
Whenas a storm hath dimmed her trusty guide,
Out of her course doth wander far astray;
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
Do wander now, in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me placed.
Yet hope I well that, when this storm is past,
My Helicë, the lodestar of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last,
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

42

THE love which me so cruelly tormenteth
So pleasing is in my extremest pain
That all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and do embrace my bane.
Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vain)
To be acquit fro my continual smart,
But joy her thrall forever to remain,
And yield for pledge my poor captivëd heart;
The which, that it from her may never start,
Let her, if please her, bind with adamant chain,
And from all wandering loves, which mote pervert
His safe assurance, strongly it restrain.
Only let her abstain from cruelty,
And do me not before my time to die.

46

WHEN my abode's prefixëd time is spent,
My cruel fair straight bids me wend my way;
But then from heaven most hideous storms are sent,
As willing me against her will to stay.
Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obey?
The heavens know best what is the best for me;

But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
My lower heaven, so it perforce must be.
But ye high heavens, that all this sorrow see,
Sith all your tempests cannot hold me back,
Assuage your storms, or else both you and she
Will both together me too sorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to sustain
The storms which she alone on me doth rain.

63

After long storms' and tempests' sad assay,
Which hardly I endurëd heretofore,
In dread of death and dangerous dismay,
With which my silly bark was tossëd sore,
I do at length descry the happy shore
In which I hope ere long for to arrive.
Fair soil it seems from far, and fraught with store
Of all that dear and dainty is alive.
Most happy he that can at last achyve
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest;
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all pains which him oppressed.
All pains are nothing in respect of this,
All sorrows short that gain eternal bliss.

64

Coming to kiss her lips (such grace I found),
Meseemed I smelt a garden of sweet flowers
That dainty odors from them threw around,
For damsels fit to deck their lovers' bowers.
Her lips did smell like unto gillyflowers;
Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red;
Her snowy brows like budded bellamours;
Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly spread;
Her goodly bosom like a strawberry bed;
Her neck like to a bunch of columbines;
Her breast like lilies ere their leaves be shed;
Her nipples like young blossomed jessamines.
Such fragrant flowers do give most odorous smell,
But her sweet odor did them all excell.

67

Like as a huntsman, after weary chase,
Seeing the game from him escaped away,
Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguilëd of their prey;
So after long pursuit and vain assay,
When I all weary had the chase forsook,
The gentle deer returned the self-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook.
There she, beholding me with milder look,
Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide;
Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
And with her own goodwill her firmly tied.
Strange thing, meseemed, to see a beast so wild
So goodly won, with her own will beguiled.

70

Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
In whose coat-armor richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring
In goodly colors gloriously arrayed,
Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
Yet in her winter's bower not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time will not be stayed,
Unless she do him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore herself soon ready make
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one that misseth then her make
Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
Make haste, therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime;
For none can call again the passëd time.

75

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washëd it away;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
"Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize!
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wipëd out likewise."
"Not so," quod I. "Let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame.
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name;
Where, whenas death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

79

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that yourself ye daily such do see;
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit
And virtuous mind, is much more praised of me.
For all the rest, however fair it be,
Shall turn to naught and lose that glorious hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption that doth flesh ensue.
That is true beauty; that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
Derived from that fair Spirit from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

80

After so long a race as I have run
Through Faery Land, which those six books compile,
Give leave to rest me, being half fordone,
And gather to myself new breath awhile.
Then, as a steed refreshëd after toil,
Out of my prison I will break anew,
And stoutly will that second work assoil,
With strong endeavor and attention due.
Till then give leave to me, in pleasant mew
To sport my muse, and sing my love's sweet praise;
The contemplation of whose heavenly hue
My spirit to an higher pitch will raise.
But let her praises yet be low and mean,
Fit for the handmaid of the Faery Queen.

81

Fair is my love when her fair golden hairs
With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark;
Fair, when the rose in her red cheeks appears,
Or in her eyes the fire of love does spark;
Fair, when her breast, like a rich laden bark
With precious merchandise, she forth doth lay;
Fair, when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
But fairest she when so she doth display
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight
Through which her words so wise do make their way,
To bear the message of her gentle sprite.
The rest be works of Nature's wonderment,
But this the work of heart's astonishment.

84

Let not one spark of filthy lustful fire
Break out, that may her sacred peace molest;
Ne one light glance of sensual desire
Attempt to work her gentle mind's unrest;
But pure affections bred in spotless breast,
And modest thoughts breathed from well tempered sprites,
Go visit her in her chaste bower of rest,
Accompanied with angelic delights.
There fill yourself with those most joyous sights,
The which myself could never yet attain;
But speak no word to her of these sad plights
Which her too constant stiffness doth constrain.
Only behold her rare perfection,
And bless your fortune's fair election.

## EPITHALAMION

Ye learnëd sisters, which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rhymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
But joyëd in their praise;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreariment:
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside,
And, having all your heads with garland crowned,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound;

Ne let the same of any be envied;
So Orpheus did for his own bride.
So I unto myself alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
Having dispersed the night's uncheerful damp,
Do ye awake, and, with fresh lustihed,
Go to the bower of my belovëd love,
My truest turtle dove.
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soon her dight,
For lo! the wishëd day is come at last,
That shall, for all the pains and sorrows past,
Pay to her usury of long delight.
And, whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear,
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbors to her near,
All with gay garlands goodly well beseen.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay garland,
For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
Bound truelove-wise with a blue silk riband;
And let them make great store of bridal posies,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridal bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapered like the discolored mead;
Which done, do at her chamber door await,
For she will waken straight;
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

Ye nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed
(Those trouts and pikes all others do excell),
And ye likewise which keep the rushy lake,
Where none do fishes take,
Bind up the locks the which hang scattered light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the crystal bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie
No blemish she may spy.
And eke ye lightfoot maids which keep the deer
That on the hoary mountain use to tower,
And the wild wolves, which seek them to devour,
With your steel darts do chase from coming near,
Be also present here,
To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Wake, now, my love, awake! for it is time.
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phoebus gins to show his glorious head.
Hark, how the cheerful birds do chant their lays
And carol of love's praise!
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
To await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds' love-learnëd song,
The dewy leaves among?
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmëd were

With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight.
But first come ye, fair Hours, which were begot
In Jove's sweet paradise of Day and Night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and still repair;
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian queen,
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifulest bride.
And as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen,
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come.
Let all the virgins therefore well await,
And ye fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day,
The joyfull'st day that ever sun did see.
Fair Sun, show forth thy favorable ray,
And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phoebus, father of the Muse,
If ever I did honor thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark, how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar!
But most of all the damsels do delight,
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite,
The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud with strong confusëd noise,
As if it were one voice.
"Hymen, Io Hymen, Hymen!" they do shout,
That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people, standing all about,
As in approvance do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud,
And evermore they "Hymen, Hymen," sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phoebe, from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And, being crownëd with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashëd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixëd are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before,
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store?
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lilies budded,

Her snowy neck like to a marble tower,
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up, with many a stately stair,
To honor's seat and chastity's sweet bower.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your
echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively sprite,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high
degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that
sight,
And stand astonished like to those which
read
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet love, and constant
chastity,
Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honor, and mild modesty;
There virtue reigns as queen in royal
throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treas-
ures,
And unrevealëd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises
sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your
echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honor due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence,
She cometh in before the Almighty's view.
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to the high altar, that she
may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their
echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil
stain
Like crimson dye in grain;
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more
fair
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the
ground,
Are governëd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your
hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring.

Now all is done; bring home the bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory,
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast therefore now all this livelong
day;
This day forever to me holy is.
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full,
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with
wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be
withal.
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine;
And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best;
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their
echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labors for this day.
This day is holy; do ye write it down,
That ye forever it remember may.
This day the sun is in his chiefest height,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordainëd was
To choose the longest day in all the year,
And shortest night, when longest fitter were;
Yet never day so long but late would pass.
Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
And bonfires make all day,
And dance about them, and about them sing;
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend!
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move!
Haste thee, O fairest planet, to thy home
Within the western foam;
Thy tired steeds long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright evening star with golden crest
Appear out of the east.
Fair child of beauty, glorious lamp of love,
That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead,
And guidest lovers through the nightës dread,
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring!

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights forepast;
Enough is it that all the day was yours.
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast;
Now bring the bride into the bridal bowers.
The night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lilies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odored sheets, and arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, whenas Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowery grass,
'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brook.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing;
The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome, night! Thou night so long expected,
That long day's labor dost at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruel Love collected,
Hast summed in one, and cancellëd for aye.
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see,
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril and foul horror free.
Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy.
But let the night be calm and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad affray;
Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groom;
Or like as when he with thyself did lie,
And begot Majesty.
And let the maids and young men cease to sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring.

Let no lamenting cries nor doleful tears
Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceivëd doubt.
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fires, nor lightning's helpless harms,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evil sprites,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not.

Let not the screech-owl nor the stork be heard,
Nor the night raven that still deadly yells,
Nor damnëd ghosts called up with mighty spells,
Nor grisly vultures make us once affeared.
Ne let the unpleasant choir of frogs still croaking
Make us to wish their choking.
Let none of these their dreary accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring.

But let still Silence true night watches keep,
That sacred Peace may in assurance reign,
And timely Sleep, when it is time to sleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plain,
The whiles an hundred little wingëd loves,
Like divers feathered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about our bed,
And in the secret dark, that none reproves,
Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares shall spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Concealed through covert night.
Ye sons of Venus, play your sports at will;
For greedy Pleasure, careless of your toys,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joys
Than what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soon be day.
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing,
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your echo ring.

Who is the same which at my window peeps?
Or whose is that fair face that shines so bright?
Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,
But walks about high heaven all the night?
O fairest goddess, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy;
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wool, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favorable now;
And sith of women's labors thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Incline thy will to effect our wishful vow,
And the chaste womb inform with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed.
Till which we cease our hopeful hap to sing,
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo ring.

And thou, great Juno, which with awful might
The laws of wedlock still dost patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize,
And eke for comfort often callëd art
Of women in their smart,
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius, in whose gentle hand
The bridal bower and genial bed remain,
Without blemish or stain,
And the sweet pleasures of their love's delight
With secret aid dost succor and supply
Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny,
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fair Hebe, and thou, Hymen free,
Grant that it may so be.
Till which we cease your further praise to sing,
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your echo ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darkness lend desirëd light,
And all ye powers which in the same remain,
More than we men can feign,
Pour out your blessing on us plenteously,
And happy influence upon us rain,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possess
With lasting happiness,
Up to your haughty palaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessëd saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our timely joys to sing;
The woods no more us answer, nor our echo ring.

Song, made in lieu of many ornaments
With which my love should duly have been decked,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promised both to recompense,
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless moniment.

## PROTHALAMION

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet breathing Zephyrus did softly play,
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair;
When I (whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain)
Walked forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver streaming Thames;
Whose rutty bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorned with dainty gems
Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
And crown their paramours,
Against the bridal day, which is not long.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the river's side,
A flock of nymphs I chancëd to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untied,
As each had been a bride;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs entrailëd curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropped full feateously
The tender stalks on high.
Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gathered some; the violet pallid blue,
The little daisy, that at evening closes,
The virgin lily, and the primrose true,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegroom's posies
Against the bridal day, which was not long.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the Lee.
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seemed foul to them, and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
And mar their beauties bright,
That shone as heaven's light,
Against their bridal day, which was not long.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the crystal flood;
Whom when they saw, they stood amazëd still,
Their wondering eyes to fill;
Them seemed they never saw a sight so fair
Of fowls so lovely, that they sure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair
Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team;
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather angels, or of angels' breed;
Yet were they bred of summer's heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
The earth did fresh array;
So fresh they seemed as day,
Even as their bridal day, which was not long.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honor of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odors yield,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw,

And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem,
When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore,
Scatt'rëd with flowers, through Thessaly they stream,
That they appear, through lilies' plenteous store,
Like a bride's chamber floor.
Two of those nymphs meanwhile two garlands bound
Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crowned,
Whilst one did sing this lay,
Prepared against that day,
Against their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

"Ye gentle birds, the world's fair ornament,
And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts' content
Of your love's couplement;
And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
With her heart-quelling son, upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove
All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
For ever to assoil.
Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessëd plenty wait upon your board;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitful issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joys redound
Upon your bridal day, which is not long."
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their bridal day should not be long;
And gentle Echo from the neighbor ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birds did pass along,
Adown the Lee, that to them murmured low,
As he would speak, but that he lacked a tongue,
Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
Making his stream run slow.
And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twain, that did excel
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser stars. So they, enrangëd well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend,
Against their wedding day, which was not long.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame.
There when they came, whereas those bricky towers
The which on Thames' broad, agëd back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
Till they decayed through pride;
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gainëd gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case—
But ah! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys, to tell,
Against the bridal day, which is not long.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear.

Fair branch of honor, flower of chivalry,
That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endless happiness of thine own name,
That promiseth the same;
That through thy prowess and victorious arms
Thy country may be freed from foreign harms;
And great Eliza's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, filled with thy wide alarms,
Which some brave muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the bridal day, which is not long.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
In the ocean billows he hath bathëd fair,
Descended to the river's open viewing,
With a great train ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to be seen
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of any queen,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seemed in sight,
Which deck the baldrick of the heavens bright.
They two, forth pacing to the river's side
Received those two fair brides, their love's delight;
Which, at the appointed tide,
Each one did make his bride,
Against their bridal day, which is not long.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

# SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554–1586)

## ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

### Sonnets

1

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain,
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburnt brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows;
And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.
Thus great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite:
"Fool!" said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart, and write."

2

Not at the first sight, nor with a dribbëd shot,
Love gave the wound which, while I breathe, will bleed;
But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till, by degrees, it had full conquest got.
I saw, and liked; I liked, but lovëd not;
I loved, but straight did not what Love decreed;
At length to Love's decrees I, forced, agreed,
Yet with repining at so partial lot.
Now even that footstep of lost liberty
Is gone; and now, like slave-born Muscovite,
I call it praise to suffer tyranny;
And now employ the remnant of my wit
To make myself believe that all is well,
While, with a feeling skill, I paint my hell.

3

Let dainty wits cry on the Sisters nine,
That, bravely masked, their fancies may be told;
Or, Pindar's apes, flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enameling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold;
Or else let them in statelier glory shine,
Ennobling new-found tropes with problems old;
Or with strange similes enrich each line,
Of herbs or beasts which Ind or Afric hold.
For me, in sooth, no Muse but one I know;
Phrases and problems from my reach do grow,
And strange things cost too dear for my poor sprites.
How then? Even thus—in Stella's face I read
What Love and Beauty be; then all my deed
But copying is what, in her, Nature writes.

4

Virtue, alas, now let me take some rest;
Thou set'st a bate between my will and wit;
If vain Love have my simple soul oppressed,
Leave what thou lik'st not, deal not thou with it.
Thy scepter use in some old Cato's breast,
Churches or schools are for thy seat more fit;
I do confess—pardon a fault confessed—
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.
But if that needs thou wilt usurping be
The little reason that is left in me,
And still the effect of thy persuasions prove,

I swear, my heart such one shall show to thee
That shrines in flesh so true a deity
That, Virtue, thou thyself shalt be in love.

5

It is most true that eyes are formed to serve
The inward light, and that the heavenly part
Ought to be king, from whose rules who do swerve,
Rebels to Nature, strive for their own smart.
It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
An image is, which for ourselves we carve,
And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
Till that good god make church and churchmen starve.
True, that true beauty virtue is indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
Which elements with mortal mixture breed.
True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soul up to our country move.
True, and yet true—that I must Stella love.

6

Some lovers speak, when they their Muses entertain,
Of hopes begot by fear, of wot not what desires,
Of force of heavenly beams infusing hellish pain,
Of living deaths, dear wounds, fair storms, and freezing fires;
Some one his song in Jove and Jove's strange tales attires,
Bordered with bulls and swans, powdered with golden rain;
Another humbler wit to shepherd's pipe retires,
Yet hiding royal blood full oft in rural vein.
To some a sweetest plaint a sweetest style affords,
While tears pour out his ink, and sighs breathe out his words,
His paper pale despair, and pain his pen doth move.
I can speak what I feel, and feel as much as they,
But think that all the map of my state I display
When trembling voice brings forth, that I do Stella love.

7

When Nature made her chief work, Stella's eyes,
In color black why wrapped she beams so bright?
Would she, in beamy black, like painter wise,
Frame daintiest luster, mixed of shades and light?
Or did she else that sober hue devise
In object best to knit and strength our sight;
Lest, if no veil these brave gleams did disguise,
They, sun-like, should more dazzle than delight?
Or would she her miraculous power show,
That, whereas black seems beauty's contrary,
She even in black doth make all beauties flow?
Both so, and thus—she, minding Love should be
Placed ever there, gave him this mourning weed
To honor all their deaths who for her bleed.

8

Love, born in Greece, of late fled from his native place,
Forced, by a tedious proof, that Turkish hardened heart
Is not fit mark to pierce with his fine-pointed dart,
And, pleased with our soft peace, stayed here his flying race.
But, finding these north climes too coldly him embrace,
Not used to frozen clips, he strave to find some part
Where with most ease and warmth he might employ his art;
At length he perched himself in Stella's joyful face,
Whose fair skin, beamy eyes, like morning sun on snow,
Deceived the quaking boy, who thought from so pure light
Effects of lively heat must needs in nature grow.
But she, most fair, most cold, made him thence take his flight
To my close heart; where, while some firebrands he did lay,
He burnt unwares his wings, and cannot fly away.

9

Queen Virtue's court, which some call Stella's face,
Prepared by Nature's choicest furniture,
Hath his front built of alabaster pure;
Gold is the covering of that stately place.
The door, by which sometimes comes forth her grace,
Red porphyr is, which lock of pearl makes sure,
Whose porches rich—which name of cheeks endure—
Marble, mixed red and white, do interlace.
The windows now, through which this heavenly guest
Looks over the world, and can find nothing such
Which dare claim from those lights the name of best,
Of touch they are, that without touch do touch,
Which Cupid's self from Beauty's mine did draw.
Of touch they are, and poor I am their straw.

10

Reason, in faith thou art well served, that still
Wouldst brabbling be with Sense and Love in me;
I rather wished thee climb the Muses' hill;
Or reach the fruit of Nature's choicest tree;
Or seek heaven's course or heaven's inside to see.
Why shouldst thou toil our thorny soil to till?
Leave Sense and those which Sense's objects be;
Deal thou with powers of thoughts, leave Love to Will.
But thou wouldst needs fight both with Love and Sense,
With sword of wit giving wounds of dispraise,
Till down-right blows did foil thy cunning fence;
For, soon as they struck thee with Stella's rays,
Reason, thou kneel'dst, and offer'dst straight to prove,
By reason good, good reason her to love.

11

In truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind
Thou dost proceed in thy most serious ways,
That when the heaven to thee his best displays,
Yet of that best thou leav'st the best behind!
For, like a child that some fair book doth find,
With gilded leaves or colored vellum plays,
Or, at the most, on some fine picture stays,
But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind;
So when thou saw'st, in Nature's cabinet,
Stella, thou straight look'st babies in her eyes,
In her cheeks' pit thou didst thy pitfold set,
And in her breast bo-peep or crouching lies,
Playing and shining in each outward part;
But, fool, seek'st not to get into her heart.

12

Cupid, because thou shin'st in Stella's eyes,
That from her locks, thy day-nets, none 'scapes free,
That those lips swelled, so full of thee they be,
That her sweet breath makes oft thy flames to rise,
That in her breast thy pap well sugared lies,
That her grace gracious makes thy wrongs, that she,
What words soe'er she speak, persuades for thee,
That her clear voice lifts thy fame to the skies—
Thou countest Stella thine, like those whose powers
Having got up a breach by fighting well,
Cry, "Victory, this fair day all is ours!"
Oh no! Her heart is such a citadel,
So fortified with wit, stored with disdain,
That to win it is all the skill and pain.

13

Phoebus was judge between Jove, Mars, and Love,
Of these three gods whose arms the fairest were.
Jove's golden shield did eagle sables bear,
Whose talons held young Ganymede above;
But in vert field Mars bore a golden spear,

Which through a bleeding heart his point did shove.
Each had his crest; Mars carried Venus' glove,
Jove on his helm the thunderbolt did rear.
Cupid then smiles, for on his crest there lies
Stella's fair hair; her face he makes his shield,
Where roses gules are born in silver field.
Phoebus drew wide the curtains of the skies
To blaze these last, and sware devoutly then,
The first, thus matched, were scantly gentlemen.

14

Alas, have I not pain enough, my friend,
Upon whose breast a fiercer gripe doth tire
Than did on him who first stole down the fire,
While Love on me doth all his quiver spend—
But with your rhubarb words ye must contend,
To grieve me worse, in saying that Desire
Doth plunge my well-formed soul even in the mire
Of sinful thoughts, which do in ruin end?
If that be sin which doth the manners frame,
Well stayed with truth in word and faith of deed,
Ready of wit, and fearing naught but shame;
If that be sin, which in fixed hearts doth breed
A loathing of all loose unchastity,
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be.

15

You that do search for every purling spring
Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flows,
And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
Near thereabouts, into your poesy wring;
You that do dictionary's method bring
Into your rhymes, running in rattling rows;
You that poor Petrarch's long deceasëd woes
With new-born sighs and denizened wit do sing:
You take wrong ways; those far-fet helps be such
As do bewray a want of inward touch,
And, sure, at length stolen goods do come to light;
But if, both for your love and skill, your name
You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to indite.

16

In nature apt to like, when I did see
Beauties which were of many carats fine,
My boiling sprites did thither soon incline,
And, Love, I thought that I was full of thee.
But finding not those restless flames in me
Which others said did make their souls to pine,
I thought those babes of some pin's hurt did whine,
By my soul judging what Love's pain might be.
But while I thus with this young lion played,
Mine eyes—shall I say curst or blest?—beheld
Stella. Now she is named, need more be said?
In her sight I a lesson new have spelled;
I now have learned love right, and learned even so
As they that, being poisoned, poison know.

17

His mother dear Cupid offended late,
Because that Mars, grown slacker in her love,
With pricking shot he did not throughly move
To keep the place of their first loving state.
The boy refused for fear of Mars's hate,
Who threat'nëd stripes if he his wrath did prove;
But she, in chafe, him from her lap did shove,
Brake bow, brake shafts, while Cupid weeping sate;
Till that his grandame, Nature, pitying it,
Of Stella's brows made him two better bows,
And in her eyes of arrows infinite.
Oh how for joy he leaps! Oh how he crows!
And straight therewith, like wags new got to play,
Falls to shrewd turns; and I was in his way.

18

With what sharp checks I in myself am shent
When into Reason's audit I do go,
And by just counts myself a bankrupt know
Of all those goods which heaven to me hath lent;
Unable quite to pay even Nature's rent,
Which unto it by birthright I do owe;
And, which is worse, no good excuse can show,
But that my wealth I have most idly spent!
My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toys;
My wit doth strive those passions to defend
Which for reward spoil it with vain annoys.
I see my course to lose myself doth bend;
I see—and yet no greater sorrow take
Than that I lose no more for Stella's sake.

19

On Cupid's bow how are my heart-strings bent,
That see my wrack, and yet embrace the same!
When most I glory, then I feel most shame;
I willing run, yet while I run repent;
My best wits still their own disgrace invent;
My very ink turns straight to Stella's name;
And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,
Advise themselves that they are vainly spent.
For though she pass all things, yet what is all
That unto me, who fare like him that both
Looks to the skies and in a ditch doth fall?
Oh let me prop my mind, yet in his growth,
And not in nature for best fruits unfit.
"Scholar," saith Love, "bend hitherward your wit."

20

Fly, fly, my friends! I have my death's wound, fly!
See there that boy, that murthering boy, I say,
Who, like a thief hid in dark bush, doth lie,
Till bloody bullet get him wrongful prey!
So tyrant he no fitter place could spy,
Nor so fair level in so secret stay,
As that sweet black which veils the heavenly eye;
There himself with his shot he close doth lay.
Poor passenger, pass now thereby I did
And stayed, pleased with the prospect of the place,
While that black hue from me the bad guest hid.
But straight I saw motions of lightning grace;
And then descried the glisterings of his dart.
But ere I could fly thence, it pierced my heart.

21

Your words, my friend, right healthful caustics, blame
My young mind marred, whom Love doth windlass so;
That mine own writings, like bad servants, show
My wits quick in vain thoughts, in virtue lame;
That Plato I read for naught but if he tame
Such coltish years; that to my birth I owe
Nobler desires, lest else that friendly foe,
Great expectation, wear a train of shame;
For since mad March great promise made of me,
If now the May of my years much decline
What can be hoped my harvest-time will be?
Sure, you say well. Your wisdom's golden mine
Dig deep with learning's spade. Now tell me this—
Hath this world aught so fair as Stella is?

22

In highest way of heaven the sun did ride,
Progressing then from fair Twins' golden place,
Having no scarf of clouds before his face,
But shining forth of heat in his chief pride;
When some fair ladies, by hard promise tied,
On horseback met him in his furious race;
Yet each prepared with fan's well-shading grace
From that foe's wounds their tender skins to hide.

Stella alone with face unarmëd marched,
Either to do like him which open shone,
Or careless of the wealth, because her own.
Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parched;
Her dainties bare went free. The cause was this—
The sun, which others burned, did her but kiss.

23

THE curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
Bewray itself in my long-settled eyes,
Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
With idle pains and missing aim do guess.
Some, that know how my spring I did address,
Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies;
Others, because the prince my service tries,
Think that I think state errors to redress.
But harder judges judge ambition's rage,
Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place,
Holds my young brain captived in golden cage.
Oh fools, or over-wise: alas, the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start
But only Stella's eyes and Stella's heart.

24

RICH fools there be whose base and filthy heart
Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow,
And damning their own selves to Tantal's smart,
Wealth breeding want, more rich, more wretched grow.
Yet to those fools heaven doth such wit impart
As what their hands do hold, their heads do know,
And knowing, love, and loving, lay apart
As sacred things, far from all danger's show.
But that rich fool who by blind fortune's lot
The richest gem of love and life enjoys,
And can with foul abuse such beauties blot,
Let him, deprived of sweet but unfelt joys,
Exiled for aye from those high treasures which
He knows not, grow in only folly rich!

25

THE wisest scholar of the wight most wise
By Phoebus' doom, with sugared sentence says
That Virtue, if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of love it in our souls would raise;
But, for that man with pain this truth descries,
While he each thing in Sense's balance weighs,
And so nor will nor can behold those skies
Which inward sun to heroic mind displays,
Virtue of late, with virtuous care to stir
Love of herself, took Stella's shape, that she
To mortal eyes might sweetly shine in her.
It is most true; for since I her did see,
Virtue's great beauty in that face I prove,
And find the effect, for I do burn in love.

26

THOUGH dusty wits dare scorn astrology,
And fools can think those lamps of purest light,
Whose numbers, ways, greatness, eternity,
Promising wonders, wonder do invite,
To have for no cause birthright in the sky
But for to spangle the black weeds of Night;
Or for some brawl which in that chamber high
They should still dance to please a gazer's sight.
For me, I do Nature unidle know,
And know great causes great effects procure;
And know those bodies high reign on the low.
And if these rules did fail, proof makes me sure,
Who oft fore-judge my after-following race
By only those two stars in Stella's face.

27

BECAUSE I oft in dark abstracted guise
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deem, and of their doom the rumor flies,
That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.

Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in this unflattering glass;
But one worse fault, ambition, I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

28

You that with Allegory's curious frame
Of others' children changelings use to make,
With me those pains, for God's sake, do not take;
I list not dig so deep for brazen fame.
When I say Stella, I do mean the same
Princess of beauty, for whose only sake
The reins of Love I love, though never slack,
And joy therein, though nations count it shame.
I beg no subject to use eloquence,
Nor in hid ways do guide philosophy;
Look at my hands for no such quintessence;
But know that I in pure simplicity
Breathe out the flames which burn within my heart,
Love only reading unto me this art.

29

Like some weak lords neighbored by mighty kings,
To keep themselves and their chief cities free,
Do easily yield that all their coasts may be
Ready to store their camps of needful things;
So Stella's heart, finding what power Love brings,
To keep itself in life and liberty
Doth willing grant that in the frontiers he
Use all to help his other conquerings.
And thus her heart escapes; but thus her eyes
Serve him with shot, her lips his heralds are,
Her breasts his tents, legs his triumphal car,
Her flesh his food, her skin his armor brave;
And I, but for because my prospect lies
Upon that coast, am given up for a slave.

30

Whether the Turkish new moon minded be
To fill her horns this year on Christian coast;
How Poles' right king means without leave of host
To warm with ill-made fire cold Muscovy;
If French can yet three parts in one agree;
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast;
How Holland hearts, now so good towns be lost,
Trust in the shade of pleasant Orange-tree;
How Ulster likes of that same golden bit
Wherewith my father once made it half tame;
If in the Scotch court be no weltering yet:
These questions busy wits to me do frame.
I, cumbered with good manners, answer do,
But know not how; for still I think of you.

31

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case.
I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace,
To me that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

32

Morpheus, the lively son of deadly sleep,
Witness of life to them that living die,
A prophet oft, and oft an history,
A poet eke, as humours fly or creep:
Since thou in me so sure a power dost keep
That never I with closed-up sense do lie
But by thy work my Stella I descry,
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weep,
Vouchsafe, of all acquaintance, this to tell,

Whence hast thou ivory, rubies, pearl, and gold,
To show her skin, lips, teeth, and head so well?
"Fool!" answers he. "No Indes such treasures hold;
But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,
Sweet Stella's image I do steal to me."

33

I MIGHT—unhappy word—oh me, I might,
And then would not, or could not, see my bliss;
Till now, wrapped in a most infernal night,
I find how heavenly day, wretch! I did miss.
Heart, rent thyself, thou dost thyself but right;
No lovely Paris made thy Helen his;
No force, no fraud robbed thee of thy delight,
Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is;
But to myself myself did give the blow,
While too much wit, forsooth, so troubled me
That I respects for both our sakes must show.
And yet could not, by rising morn, foresee
How fair a day was near. Oh punished eyes,
That I had been more foolish, or more wise!

34

COME, let me write. And to what end? To ease
A burthened heart. How can words ease, which are
The glasses of thy daily-vexing care?
Oft cruel fights well pictured forth do please.
Art not ashamed to publish thy disease?
Nay, that may breed my fame, it is so rare.
But will not wise men think thy words fond ware?
Then be they close, and so none shall displease.
What idler thing than speak and not be heard?
What harder thing than smart and not to speak?
Peace, foolish wit! With wit my wit is marred.
Thus write I, while I doubt to write, and wreak
My harms in ink's poor loss. Perhaps some find
Stella's great powers, that so confuse my mind.

35

WHAT may words say, or what may words not say,
Where Truth itself must speak like Flattery?
Within what bounds can one his liking stay,
Where Nature doth with infinite agree?
What Nestor's counsel can my flames allay,
Since Reason's self doth blow the coal in me?
And, ah, what hope that Hope should once see day,
Where Cupid is sworn page to Chastity?
Honor is honored that thou dost possess
Him as thy slave, and now long-needy Fame
Doth even grow rich naming my Stella's name.
Wit learns in thee perfection to express;
Not thou by praise, but praise in thee is raised.
It is a praise to praise, when thou art praised.

36

STELLA, whence doth this new assault arise,
A conquered yielding ransacked heart to win,
Whereto long since, through my long-battered eyes,
Whole armies of thy beauties entered in,
And there, long since, Love, thy lieutenant, lies,
My forces razed, thy banners raised within?
Of conquest do not these effects suffice,
But wilt new war upon thine own begin?
With so sweet voice, and by sweet Nature so
In sweetest strength, so sweetly skilled withal
In all sweet stratagems sweet Art can show,
That not my soul—which at thy foot did fall
Long since, forced by thy beams—but stone nor tree,
By sense's privilege, can 'scape from thee!

37

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labor be.
Listen then, lordings, with good ear to me,
For of my life I must a riddle tell.
Toward Aurora's court a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man's eyes can see;
Beauties so far from reach of words, that we
Abase her praise saying she doth excel;
Rich in the treasure of deserved renown,
Rich in the riches of a royal heart,
Rich in those gifts which give the eternal crown;
Who, though most rich in these and every part
Which make the patents of true worldly bliss,
Hath no misfortune but that Rich she is.

38

This night, while sleep begins with heavy wings
To hatch mine eyes, and that unbitted thought
Doth fall to stray, and my chief powers are brought
To leave the scepter of all subject things,
The first that straight my fancy's error brings
Unto my mind is Stella's image, wrought
By Love's own self, but with so curious draught
That she, methinks, not only shines but sings.
I start, look, hark; but what in closed-up sense
Was held, in opened sense it flies away,
Leaving me naught but wailing eloquence.
I seeing better sights in sight's decay,
Called it anew, and wooëd sleep again;
But him, her host, that unkind guest had slain.

39

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
Oh make in me those civil wars to cease.
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

40

As good to write as for to lie and groan.
Oh Stella dear, how much thy power hath wrought
That hast my mind, now of the basest, brought
My still-kept course, while others sleep, to moan.
Alas, if from the height of Virtue's throne
Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought
Upon a wretch that long thy grace hath sought,
Weigh then how I by thee am overthrown;
And then think thus—although thy beauty be
Made manifest by such a victory,
Yet noblest conquerors do wrecks avoid.
Since then thou hast so far subduëd me
That in my heart I offer still to thee,
Oh do not let thy temple be destroyed.

41

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes
And of some sent from that sweet enemy, France,
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,
Town-folks my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think Nature me a man-at-arms did make.

How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

42

O EYES, which do the spheres of beauty move;
Whose beams be joys, whose joys all virtues be;
Who, while they make Love conquer, conquer Love;
The schools where Venus hath learned chastity:
O eyes, where humble looks most glorious prove,
Only-loved tyrants, just in cruelty:—
Do not, oh do not from poor me remove,
Keep still my zenith, ever shine on me.
For though I never see them but straightways
My life forgets to nourish languished sprites,
Yet still on me, O eyes, dart down your rays.
And if from majesty of sacred lights
Oppressing mortal sense my death proceed,
Wrecks triumphs be which Love high set doth breed.

43

FAIR eyes, sweet lips, dear heart, that foolish I
Could hope, by Cupid's help, on you to prey,
Since to himself he doth your gifts apply,
As his main force, choice sport, and easeful stay!
For when he will see who dare him gainsay,
Then with those eyes he looks. Lo, by and by
Each soul doth at Love's feet his weapons lay,
Glad if for her he give them leave to die.
When he will play, then in her lips he is,
Where blushing red, that Love's self them doth love,
With either lip he doth the other kiss;
But when he will, for quiet's sake, remove
From all the world, her heart is then his room,
Where well he knows no man to him can come.

44

MY words I know do well set forth my mind;
My mind bemoans his sense of inward smart;
Such smart may pity claim of any heart;
Her heart, sweet heart, is of no tiger's kind.
And yet she hears, and yet no pity I find,
But more I cry, less grace she doth impart.
Alas, what cause is there so overthwart
That nobleness itself makes thus unkind?
I much do guess, yet find no truth save this,
That when the breath of my complaints doth touch
Those dainty doors unto the court of bliss,
The heavenly nature of that place is such
That, once come there, the sobs of mine annoys
Are metamorphosed straight to tunes of joys.

45

STELLA oft sees the very face of woe
Painted in my beclouded stormy face,
But cannot skill to pity my disgrace,
Not though thereof the cause herself she know.
Yet hearing late a fable, which did show
Of lovers never known a grievous case,
Pity thereof gat in her breast such place
That, from that sea derived, tears' spring did flow.
Alas, if Fancy, drawn by imaged things
Though false, yet with free scope, more grace doth breed
Than servant's wrack, where new doubts honor brings;
Then think, my dear, that you in me do read
Of lovers' ruin some sad tragedy.
I am not I; pity the tale of me.

46

I CURSED thee oft, I pity now thy case,
Blind-hitting boy, since she, that thee and me
Rules with a beck, so tyrannizeth thee
That thou must want or food or dwelling-place,
For she protests to banish thee her face.
Her face! Oh Love, a rogue thou then shouldst be,
If Love learn not alone to love and see
Without desire to feed of further grace.

Alas, poor wag, that now a scholar art
To such a schoolmistress, whose lessons new
Thou needs must miss, and so thou needs must smart.
Yet, dear, let me his pardon get of you,
So long though he from book miche to desire,
Till without fuel you can make hot fire.

47

What, have I thus betrayed my liberty?
Can those black beams such burning marks engrave
In my free side; or am I born a slave,
Whose neck becomes such yoke of tyranny?
Or want I sense to feel my misery,
Or sprite, disdain of such disdain to have,
Who for long faith, though daily help I crave,
May get no alms, but scorn of beggary?
Virtue, awake! Beauty but beauty is;
I may, I must, I can, I will, I do
Leave following that which it is gain to miss.
Let her go! Soft, but here she comes! Go to,
Unkind, I love you not. Oh me, that eye
Doth make my heart give to my tongue the lie!

48

Soul's joy, bend not those morning stars from me,
Where Virtue is made strong by Beauty's might,
Where Love is chasteness, Pain doth learn delight,
And Humbleness grows one with Majesty.
Whatever may ensue, oh let me be
Copartner of the riches of that sight;
Let not mine eyes be hell-driven from that light;
Oh look, oh shine, oh let me die, and see.
For though I oft myself of them bemoan
That through my heart their beamy darts be gone,
Whose cureless wounds even now most freshly bleed,
Yet since my death-wound is already got,
Dear killer, spare not thy sweet-cruel shot;
A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

49

I on my horse, and Love on me, doth try
Our horsemanships, while by strange work I prove
A horseman to my horse, a horse to Love,
And now man's wrongs in me, poor beast, descry.
The reins wherewith my rider doth me tie
Are humbled thoughts, which bit of reverence move,
Curbed in with fear, but with gilt boss above
Of hope, which makes it seem fair to the eye.
The wand is will; thou, Fancy, saddle art,
Girt fast by Memory; and while I spur
My horse, he spurs with sharp desire my heart;
He sits me fast, however I do stir;
And now hath made me to his hand so right
That in the manage myself takes delight.

50

Stella, the fullness of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be stayed within my panting breast,
But they do swell and struggle forth of me
Till that in words thy figure be expressed;
And yet, as soon as they so formëd be,
According to my lord Love's own behest,
With sad eyes I their weak proportion see
To portrait that which in this world is best.
So that I cannot choose but write my mind,
And cannot choose but put out what I write,
While these poor babes their death in birth do find;
And now my pen these lines had dashëd quite
But that they stopped his fury from the same
Because their fore-front bare sweet Stella's name.

51

Pardon mine ears, both I and they do pray,
So may your tongue still fluently proceed,
To them that do such entertainment need;
So may you still have somewhat new to say.
On silly me do not the burthen lay
Of all the grave conceits your brain doth breed;
But find some Hercules to bear, instead
Of Atlas tired, your wisdom's heavenly sway.
For me—while you discourse of courtly tides,
Of cunning fishers in most troubled streams,
Of straying ways, when valiant Error guides,

Meanwhile my heart confers with Stella's beams,
And is even irked that so sweet comedy
By such unsuited speech should hindered be.

52

A STRIFE is grown between Virtue and Love,
While each pretends that Stella must be his.
Her eyes, her lips, her all, saith Love, do this,
Since they do wear his badge, most firmly prove.
But Virtue thus that title doth disprove,
That Stella—oh dear name!—that Stella is
That virtuous soul, sure heir of heavenly bliss,
Not this fair outside which our hearts doth move.
And therefore, though her beauty and her grace
Be Love's indeed, in Stella's self he may
By no pretence claim any manner place.
Well, Love, since this demur our suit doth stay,
Let Virtue have that Stella's self; yet thus,
That Virtue but that body grant to us.

53

IN martial sports I had my cunning tried,
And yet to break more staves did me address,
While with the people's shouts, I must confess,
Youth, luck, and praise even filled my veins with pride;
When Cupid, having me, his slave, descried
In Mars's livery prancing in the press:
"What now, Sir Fool!" said he—I would no less—
"Look here, I say!" I looked, and Stella spied,
Who, hard by, made a window send forth light.
My heart then quaked, then dazzled were mine eyes,
One hand forgot to rule, the other to fight,
Nor trumpets sound I heard, nor friendly cries.
My foe came on, and beat the air for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

54

BECAUSE I breathe not love to everyone,
Nor do not use set colors for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowëd hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips Love's standard bear,
"What, he!" say they of me. "Now I dare swear
He cannot love; no, no, let him alone."
And think so still, so Stella know my mind;
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

55

MUSES, I oft invoked your holy aid,
With choicest flowers my speech to engarland so
That it, despised in true but naked show,
Might win some grace in your sweet grace arrayed;
And oft whole troops of saddest words I stayed,
Striving abroad a-foraging to go
Until by your inspiring I might know
How their black banner might be best displayed.
But now I mean no more your help to try,
Nor other sug'ring of my speech to prove
But on her name incessantly to cry;
For let me but name her whom I do love,
So sweet sounds straight mine ear and heart do hit
That I well find no eloquence like it.

56

FIE, school of Patience! Fie! Your lesson is
Far, far too long to learn it without book.
What, a whole week without one piece of look,
And think I should not your large precepts miss?
When I might read those letters fair of bliss

Which in her face teach virtue, I could brook
Somewhat thy leaden counsels, which I took
As of a friend that meant not much amiss.
But now that I, alas, do want her sight,
What, dost thou think that I can ever take
In thy cold stuff a phlegmatic delight?
No, Patience; if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come and hear with patience my desire,
And then with patience bid me bear my fire.

57

Woe having made, with many fights, his own
Each sense of mine, each gift, each power of mind;
Grown now his slaves, he forced them out to find
The throughest words fit for Woe's self to groan,
Hoping that when they might find Stella alone,
Before she could prepare to be unkind,
Her soul, armed but with such a dainty rind,
Should soon be pierced with sharpness of the moan.
She heard my plaints, and did not only hear,
But them, so sweet is she, most sweetly sing,
With that fair breast making woe's darkness clear.
A pretty case! I hopëd her to bring
To feel my griefs; and she, with face and voice,
So sweets my pains that my pains me rejoice.

58

Doubt there hath been, when with his golden chain
The orator so far men's hearts doth bind
That no pace else their guided steps can find
But as he them more short or slack doth rein,
Whether with words this sovereignty he gain,
Clothed with fine tropes, with strongest reasons lined,
Or else pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
Prints his own lively form in rudest brain.
Now judge by this: in piercing phrases late
The anatomy of all my woes I wrate;
Stella's sweet breath the same to me did read.
Oh voice, oh face! Mauger my speech's might
Which wooëd woe, most ravishing delight
Even those sad words even in sad me did breed.

59

Dear, why make you more of a dog than me?
If he do love, I burn, I burn in love;
If he wait well, I never thence would move;
If he be fair, yet but a dog can be;
Little he is, so little worth is he;
He barks, my songs thine own voice oft doth prove;
Bidden, perhaps he fetcheth thee a glove,
But I, unbid, fetch even my soul to thee.
Yet, while I languish, him that bosom clips,
That lap doth lap, nay lets, in spite of spite,
This sour-breathed mate taste of those sugared lips.
Alas, if you grant only such delight
To witless things, then Love, I hope—since wit
Becomes a clog—will soon ease me of it.

60

When my good angel guides me to the place
Where all my good I do in Stella see,
That heaven of joys throws only down on me
Thund'rëd disdains, and lightnings of disgrace;
But when the rugged'st step of Fortune's race
Makes me fall from her sight, then sweetly she,
With words wherein the Muses' treasures be,
Shows love and pity to my absent case.
Now I, wit-beaten long by hardest fate,
So dull am that I cannot look into
The ground of this fierce love and lovely hate.
Then, some good body, tell me how I do

Whose presence absence, absence presence is;
Blessed in my curse, and cursëd in my bliss.

61

Oft with true sighs, oft with uncallëd tears,
Now with slow words, now with dumb eloquence,
I Stella's eyes assailed, invade her ears;
But this, at last, is her sweet-breathed defence:
That who indeed infelt affection bears
So captives to his saint both soul and sense
That, wholly hers, all selfness he forbears,
Thence his desires he learns, his live's course thence.
Now, since her chaste mind hates this love in me,
With chastened mind I straight must show that she
Shall quickly me from what she hates remove.
O Doctor Cupid, thou for me reply;
Driven else to grant, by angel's sophistry,
That I love not without I leave to love.

62

Late tired with woe, even ready for to pine
With rage of love, I called my love unkind;
She in whose eyes love, though unfelt, doth shine,
Sweet said that I true love in her should find.
I joyed; but straight thus watered was my wine—
That love she did, but loved a love not blind;
Which would not let me, whom she loved, decline
From nobler course, fit for my birth and mind;
And therefore, by her love's authority,
Willed me these tempests of vain love to fly,
And anchor fast myself on Virtue's shore.
Alas, if this the only metal be
Of love new coined to help my beggary,
Dear, love me not, that you may love me more.

63

O grammar-rules, oh now your virtues show;
So children still read you with awful eyes,
As my young dove may, in your precepts wise,
Her grant to me by her own virtue know.
For late, with heart most high, with eyes most low,
I craved the thing which ever she denies;
She, lightning love, displaying Venus' skies,
Lest once should not be heard, twice said, "No, no."
Sing then, my Muse, now Io Paean sing!
Heavens envy not at my high triumphing,
But grammar's force with sweet success confirm.
For grammar says—oh this, dear Stella, say—
For grammar says—to grammar who says nay?—
That in one speech two negatives affirm!

64

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try;
Oh give my passions leave to run their race;
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace;
Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me cry;
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye;
Let me no steps but of lost labor trace;
Let all the earth with scorn recount my case;—
But do not will me from my love to fly.
I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
Nor do aspire to Caesar's bleeding fame;
Nor aught do care though some above me sit;
Nor hope nor wish another course to frame
But that which once may win thy cruel heart.
Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

65

Love, by sure proof I may call thee unkind,
That giv'st no better ear to my just cries;
Thou whom to me such my good turns should bind
As I may well recount, but none can prize.
For when, nak'd boy, thou couldst no harbor find
In this old world, grown now so too too wise,
I lodged thee in my heart, and being blind
By nature born, I gave to thee mine eyes.
Mine eyes? My light, my heart, my life, alas!

If so great services may scornëd be,
Yet let this thought thy tigrish courage pass,
That I perhaps am somewhat kin to thee;
Since in thine arms, if learn'd fame truth hath spread,
Thou bear'st the arrow, I the arrow-head.

66

And do I see some cause a hope to feed,
Or doth the tedious burden of long woe
In weakened minds quick apprehending breed
Of every image which may comfort show?
I cannot brag of word, much less of deed,
Fortune's wheel's still with me in one sort slow;
My wealth no more, and no whit less my need;
Desire still on the stilts of fear doth go.
And yet amid all fears a hope there is,
Stolen to my heart since, last fair night, nay day,
Stella's eyes sent to me the beams of bliss,
Looking on me while I looked other way.
But when mine eyes back to their heaven did move,
They fled with blush which guilty seemed of love.

67

Hope, art thou true, or dost thou flatter me?
Doth Stella now begin with piteous eye
The ruins of her conquest to espy?
Will she take time before all wrackëd be?
Her eye-speech is translated thus by thee,
But fail'st thou not in phrase so heavenly high?
Look on again, the fair text better try;
What blushing notes dost thou in margin see?
What sighs stol'n out, or killed before full-born?
Hast thou found such and such-like arguments,
Or art thou else to comfort me forsworn?
Well, how-so thou interpret the contents,
I am resolved thy error to maintain,
Rather than by more truth to get more pain.

68

Stella, the only planet of my light,
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Chief good whereto my hope doth only aspire,
World of my wealth, and heaven of my delight,
Why dost thou spend the treasures of thy sprite
With force more fit to wed Amphion's lyre,
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire
Fed by thy worth and kindled by thy sight?
And all in vain; for while thy breath most sweet
With choicest words, thy words with reasons rare,
Thy reasons firmly set on Virtue's feet,
Labor to kill in me this killing care,
Oh think I then, what paradise of joy
It is, so fair a virtue to enjoy!

69

Oh joy too high for my low style to show!
Oh bliss fit for a nobler state than me!
Envy, put out thine eyes, lest thou do see
What oceans of delight in me do flow!
My friend, that oft saw through all masks my woe,
Come, come, and let me pour myself on thee.
Gone is the winter of my misery!
My spring appears; oh see what here doth grow.
For Stella hath, with words where faith doth shine,
Of her high heart given me the monarchy.
I, I, oh I, may say that she is mine!
And though she give but thus conditionly
This realm of bliss, while virtuous course I take,
No kings be crowned but they some covenant make.

70

My Muse may well grudge at my heavenly joy
If still I force her in sad rhymes to creep.
She oft hath drunk my tears, now hopes to enjoy
Nectar of mirth, since I Jove's cup do keep.
Sonnets be not bound prentice to annoy;
Trebles sing high, so well as basses deep;
Grief but Love's winter-livery is; the boy
Hath cheeks to smile as well as eyes to weep.
Come then, my Muse, show thou height of delight
In well-raised notes; my pen, the best it may,
Shall pant out joy, though but in black and white.

Cease, eager Muse; peace, pen, for my sake stay,
I give you here my hand for truth of this—
Wise silence is best music unto bliss.

71

Who will in fairest book of Nature know
How virtue may best lodged in beauty be,
Let him but learn of Love to read in thee,
Stella, those fair lines which true goodness show.
There shall he find all vices' overthrow,
Not by rude force, but sweetest sovereignty
Of reason, from whose light those night-birds fly,
That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so.
And, not content to be Perfection's heir
Thyself, dost strive all minds that way to move,
Who mark in thee what is in thee most fair.
So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,
As fast thy virtue bends that love to good.
But, ah, Desire still cries, "Give me some food."

72

Desire, though thou my old companion art,
And oft so clings to my pure love that I
One from the other scarcely can descry,
While each doth blow the fire of my heart,
Now from thy fellowship I needs must part;
Venus is taught with Dian's wings to fly;
I must no more in thy sweet passions lie;
Virtue's gold now must head my Cupid's dart.
Service and honor, wonder with delight,
Fear to offend, will worthy to appear,
Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite;
These things are left me by my only dear.
But thou, Desire, because thou wouldst have all,
Now banished art; but yet, alas, how shall?

73

Love still a boy, and oft a wanton, is,
Schooled only by his mother's tender eye.
What wonder then if he his lesson miss,
When for so soft a rod dear play he try?
And yet my star, because a sugared kiss
In sport I sucked while she asleep did lie,
Doth lour, nay chide, nay threat for only this.
Sweet, it was saucy Love, not humble I.
But no 'scuse serves; she makes her wrath appear
In Beauty's throne; see now, who dares come near
Those scarlet judges, threatening bloody pain.
O heavenly fool, thy most kiss-worthy face
Anger invests with such a lovely grace
That anger's self I needs must kiss again.

74

I never drank of Aganippe well,
Nor never did in shade of Tempe sit,
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell;
Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit.
Some do I hear of poets' fury tell,
But, God wot, wot not what they mean by it;
And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
How falls it then that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speak; and what I speak doth flow
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?
Guess we the cause. What, is it thus? Fie, no.
Or so? Much less. How then? Sure thus it is,
My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kiss.

75

Of all the kings that ever here did reign,
Edward, named fourth, as first in praise I name.
Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain,
Although less gifts imp feathers oft on fame.
Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame
His sire's revenge, joined with a kingdom's gain;
And gained by Mars, could yet mad Mars so tame
That balance weighed what sword did late obtain.
Nor that he made the fleur-de-lys so 'fraid—
Though strongly hedged—of bloody lion's paws,
That witty Louis to him a tribute paid.

Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause;
But only for this worthy knight durst prove
To lose his crown rather than fail his love.

76

She comes, and straight therewith her shining twins do move
Their rays to me, who in her tedious absence lay
Benighted in cold woe; but now appears my day,
The only light of joy, the only warmth of love.
She comes with light and warmth, which, like Aurora, prove
Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play
With such a rosy morn, whose beams, most freshly gay,
Scorch not, but only do dark chilling sprites remove.
But lo, while I do speak, it groweth noon with me,
Her flamy glistering lights increase with time and place,
My heart cries, "Ah, it burns!" Mine eyes now dazzled be.
No wind, no shade can cool. What help then in my case,
But with short breath, long looks, staid feet, and waking head,
Pray that my sun go down with meeker beams to bed?

77

Those looks, whose beams be joy, whose motion is delight;
That face, whose lecture shows what perfect beauty is;
That presence, which doth give dark hearts a living light;
That grace, which Venus weeps that she herself doth miss;
That hand, which without touch holds more than Atlas might;
Those lips, which make death's pay a mean price for a kiss;
That skin, whose pass-praise hue scorns this poor term of white;
Those words, which do sublime the quintessence of bliss;
That voice, which makes the soul plant himself in the ears;
That conversation sweet, where such high comforts be
As, constered in true speech, the name of heaven it bears—
Makes me in my best thoughts and quietest judgments see
That in no more but these I might be fully blest.
Yet, ah, my maiden Muse doth blush to tell the best.

78

Oh how the pleasant airs of true love be
Infected by those vapors which arise
From out that noisome gulf, which gaping lies
Between the jaws of hellish Jealousy!
A monster, others' harm, self-misery,
Beauty's plague, Virtue's scourge, succor of lies;
Who his own joy to his own hurt applies,
And only cherish doth with injury.
Who since he hath, by Nature's special grace,
So piercing paws as spoil when they embrace,
So nimble feet as stir still, though on thorns,
So many eyes aye seeking their own woe,
So ample ears as never good news know—
Is it not evil that such a devil wants horns?

79

Sweet kiss, thy sweets I fain would sweetly indite,
Which even of sweetness sweetest sweetener art;
Pleasing'st consort, where each sense holds a part;
Which, coupling doves, guides Venus' chariot right.
Best charge and bravest retreat in Cupid's fight;
A double key, which opens to the heart,
Most rich when most his riches it impart;
Nest of young joys, schoolmaster of delight,
Teaching the mean at once to take and give;
The friendly fray, where blows doth wound and heal,
The pretty death, while each in other live.
Poor hope's first wealth, hostage of promised weal;
Breakfast of love. But lo, lo, where she is!
Cease we to praise; now pray we for a kiss.

80

Sweet-swelling lip, well mayst thou swell in pride,
Since best wits think it wit thee to admire;
Nature's praise, Virtue's stall; Cupid's cold fire;
Whence words, not words but heavenly graces, slide;
The new Parnassus, where the Muses bide;
Sweetener of music, Wisdom's beautifier,
Breather of life and fastener of desire,
Where Beauty's blush in Honor's grain is dyed.
Thus much my heart compelled my mouth to say;
But now, spite of my heart, my mouth will stay,
Loathing all lies, doubting this flattery is;
And no spur can his resty race renew
Without, how far this praise is short of you,
Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one sweet kiss.

81

O kiss, which doth those ruddy gems impart,
Or gems or fruits of new-found Paradise,
Breathing all bliss, and sweetening to the heart,
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise—
O kiss, which souls, even souls, together ties
By links of love and only Nature's art,
How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part!
But she forbids; with blushing words she says
She builds her fame on higher-seated praise.
But my heart burns; I cannot silent be.
Then since, dear life, you fain would have me peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,
Stop you my mouth with still, still kissing me.

82

Nymph of the garden where all beauties be,
Beauties which do in excellency pass
His who till death looked in a watery glass,
Or hers whom nak'd the Trojan boy did see;
Sweet garden-nymph, which keeps the cherry-tree
Whose fruit doth far the Esperian taste surpass,
Most sweet-fair, most fair-sweet, do not, alas,
From coming near those cherries banish me.
For though, full of desire, empty of wit,
Admitted late by your best-gracëd grace,
I caught at one of them, a-hungry bit,
Pardon that fault; once more grant me the place;
And I do swear, even by the same delight,
I will but kiss; I never more will bite.

83

Good brother Philip, I have borne you long.
I was content you should in favor creep
While craftily you seemed your cut to keep,
As though that fair soft hand did you great wrong.
I bare with envy, yet I bare, your song,
When in her neck you did love-ditties peep;
Nay—more fool I—oft suffered you to sleep
In lilies' nest where Love's self lies along.
What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
Is sauciness reward of courtesy?
Cannot such grace your silly self content
But you must needs with those lips billing be,
And through those lips drink nectar from that tongue?
Leave that, Sir Phip, lest off your neck be wrung!

84

High way, since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
More oft than to a chamber-melody,
Now blessëd you bear onward blessëd me
To her, where I my heart, safeliest, shall meet;
My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully.
Be you still fair, honored by public heed,
By no encroachment wronged, nor time forgot,
Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed;
And that you know I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss—
Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss.

85

I SEE the house—my heart, thyself contain!
Beware full sails drown not thy tottering barge,
Lest joy, by nature apt sprites to enlarge,
Thee to thy wrack beyond thy limits strain.
Nor do like lords whose weak confusëd brain,
Not 'pointing to fit folks each undercharge,
While every office themselves will discharge,
With doing all leave nothing done but pain.
But give apt servants their due place. Let eyes
See beauty's total sum summed in her face;
Let ears hear speech which wit to wonder ties;
Let breath suck up those sweets; let arms embrace
The globe of weal, lips Love's indentures make.
Thou but of all the kingly tribute take.

86

ALAS, whence came this change of looks? If I
Have changed desert, let mine own conscience be
A still felt plague to self-condemning me;
Let woe grip on my heart, shame load mine eye.
But if all faith, like spotless ermine, lie
Safe in my soul, which only doth to thee,
As his sole object of felicity,
With wings of love in air of wonder fly,
Oh ease your hand, treat not so hard your slave;
In justice pains come not till faults do call.
Or if I needs, sweet judge, must torments have,
Use something else to chasten me withal
Than those blest eyes, where all my hopes do dwell.
No doom should make one's heaven become his hell.

87

WHEN I was forced from Stella ever dear—
Stella, food of my thoughts, heart of my heart,
Stella, whose eyes make all my tempests clear—
By Stella's laws of duty to depart,
Alas, I found that she with me did smart;
I saw that tears did in her eyes appear;
I saw that sighs her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words my saddest sense did hear.
For me, I wept to see pearls scattered so;
I sighed her sighs, and wailëd for her woe;
Yet swam in joy, such love in her was seen.
Thus, while the effect most bitter was to me,
And nothing than the cause more sweet could be,
I had been vexed, if vexed I had not been.

88

OUT, traitor Absence, dar'st thou counsel me
From my dear captainess to run away
Because in brave array here marcheth she
That, to win me, oft shows a present pay?
Is faith so weak? Or is such force in thee?
When sun is hid can stars such beams display?
Cannot heaven's food, once felt, keep stomachs free
From base desire on earthly cates to prey?
Tush, Absence; while thy mists eclipse that light,
My orphan sense flies to the inward sight,
Where memory sets forth the beams of love;
That where before heart loved and eyes did see,
In heart both sight and love now couplëd be.
United powers make each the stronger prove.

89

Now that of absence the most irksome night
With darkest shade doth overcome my day;
Since Stella's eyes, wont to give me my day,
Leaving my hemisphere, leave me in night;
Each day seems long, and longs for long-stayed night;
The night, as tedious, woos the approach of day;
Tired with the dusty toils of busy day,
Languished with horrors of the silent night,
Suffering the evils both of the day and night,
While no night is more dark than is my day,
Nor no day hath less quiet than my night;
With such bad mixture of my night and day
That living thus in blackest winter night
I feel the flames of hottest summer day.

90

STELLA, think not that I by verse seek fame
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee;

Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history.
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
Nor so ambitious am I as to frame
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree.
In truth, I swear I wish not there should be
Graved in mine epitaph a poet's name.
Nor, if I would, could I just title make
That any laud thereof to me should grow,
Without my plumes from others' wings I take.
For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite
And Love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

91

Stella, while now, by Honor's cruel might,
I am from you, light of my life, misled,
And that—fair you, my sun, thus over-spread
With Absence' veil — I live in Sorrow's night;
If this dark place yet show like candle-light
Some beauty's piece, an amber-colored head,
Milk hands, rose cheeks, or lips more sweet, more red,
Or seeing jets, black, yet in blackness bright,
They please, I do confess they please, mine eyes.
But why? Because of you they models be;
Models such be wood-globes of glistering skies.
Dear, therefore be not jealous over me
If you hear that they seem my heart to move.
Not them, Oh no, but you in them I love.

92

Be your words made, good Sir, of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by so small rate?
Or do you cutted Spartans imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare,
That to my questions you so total are?
When I demand of Phoenix Stella's state
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late.
Oh God, think you that satisfies my care?
I would know whether she did sit or walk;
How clothed; how waited on; sighed she, or smiled;
Whereof—with whom—how often did she talk;
With what pastime Time's journey she beguiled;
If her lips deigned to sweeten my poor name.
Say all; and all well said, still say the same.

93

Oh Fate, Oh fault, Oh curse, child of my bliss!
What sobs can give words grace my grief to show?
What ink is black enough to paint my woe?
Through me—wretch me—even Stella vexëd is.
Yet, Truth—if caitiff's breath may call thee—this
Witness with me, that my foul stumbling so
From carelessness did in no manner grow;
But wit, confused with too much care, did miss.
And do I, then, myself this vain 'scuse give?
I have—live I and know this?—harmëd thee.
Though worlds quite me, shall I myself forgive?
Only with pains my pains thus easëd be,
That all thy hurts in my heart's wrack I read.
I cry thy sighs, my dear, thy tears I bleed.

94

Grief, find the words; for thou hast made my brain
So dark with misty vapors which arise
From out thy heavy mold, that inbent eyes
Can scarce discern the shape of mine own pain.
Do thou, then—for thou canst—do thou complain
For my poor soul, which now that sickness tries
Which even to sense, sense of itself denies,
Though harbingers of death lodge there his train.
Or if thy love of plaint yet mine forbears,
As of a caitiff worthy so to die,
Yet wail thyself, and wail with causeful tears,
That though in wretchedness thy life doth lie
Yet grow'st more wretched than thy nature bears
By being placed in such a wretch as I.

95

Yet sighs, dear sighs, indeed true friends you are
That do not leave your left friend at the worst,
But, as you with my breast I oft have nursed,

So, grateful now, you wait upon my care.
Faint coward Joy no longer tarry dare,
Seeing Hope yield when this woe struck him first;
Delight exclaims he is for my fault cursed,
Though oft himself my mate in arms he sware;
Nay, Sorrow comes with such main rage that he
Kills his own children, tears, finding that they
By Love were made apt to consort with me.
Only, true sighs, you do not go away.
Thank may you have for such a thankful part,
Thank-worthiest yet when you shall break my heart.

96

Thought, with good cause thou likest so well the night,
Since kind or chance gives both one livery,
Both sadly black, both blackly dark'nëd be;
Night barred from sun, thou from thy own sunlight;
Silence in both displays his sullen might;
Slow heaviness in both holds one degree,
That full of doubts, thou of perplexity;
Thy tears express Night's native moisture right;
In both amazeful solitariness;
In night, of sprites the ghastly powers do stir,
In thee, or sprites or sprited ghastliness.
But, but, alas, Night's side the odds hath far,
For that, at length, yet doth invite some rest;
Thou, though still tired, yet still dost it detest.

97

Dian, that fain would cheer her friend the Night,
Shows her oft, at the full, her fairest face,
Bringing with her those starry nymphs, whose chase
From heavenly standing hits each mortal wight.
But ah, poor Night, in love with Phoebus' light
And endlessly despairing of his grace,
Herself, to show no other joy hath place,
Silent and sad, in mourning weeds doth dight.
Even so, alas, a lady, Dian's peer,
With choice delights and rarest company
Would fain drive clouds from out my heavy cheer.
But, woe is me, though Joy herself were she,
She could not show my blind brain ways of joy,
While I despair my sun's sight to enjoy.

98

Ah, bed! the field where joy's peace some do see,
The field where all my thoughts to war be trained,
How is thy grace by my strange fortune stained!
How thy lee-shores by my sighs stormëd be!
With sweet soft shades thou oft invitest me
To steal some rest; but, wretch, I am constrained—
Spurred with Love's spur, though gold, and shortly reined
With Care's hard hand—to turn and toss in thee,
While the black horrors of the silent night
Paint Woe's black face so lively to my sight
That tedious leisure marks each wrinkled line.
But when Aurora leads out Phoebus' dance
Mine eyes then only wink; for spite, perchance,
That worms should have their sun, and I want mine.

99

When far-spent Night persuades each mortal eye,
To whom nor Art nor Nature granteth light,
To lay his then mark-wanting shafts of sight,
Closed with their quivers, in Sleep's armory;
With windows ope then most my mind doth lie,
Viewing the shape of darkness, and delight
Takes in that sad hue which with the inward night
Of his mazed powers keeps perfect harmony.
But when birds charm and that sweet air which is
Morn's messenger, with rose-enameled skies
Calls each night to salute the flower of bliss,
In tomb of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forced by their lord, who is ashamed to find
Such light in sense, with such a darkened mind.

100

Oh tears! no tears, but rain from Beauty's skies,
Making those lilies and those roses grow
Which aye most fair, now more than most fair show,
While graceful Pity Beauty beautifies.
Oh honeyed sighs! which from that breast do rise
Whose pants do make unspilling cream to flow,
Winged with whose breath so pleasing zephyrs blow
As might refresh the hell where my soul fries.
Oh plaints! conserved in such a sugared phrase
That Eloquence itself envies your praise,
While sobbed-out words a perfect music give.
Such tears, sighs, plaints, no sorrow is, but joy.
Or if such heavenly signs must prove annoy,
All mirth farewell, let me in sorrow live.

101

Stella is sick, and in that sick-bed lies
Sweetness, which breathes and pants as oft as she.
And Grace, sick too, such fine conclusion tries
That Sickness brags itself best graced to be.
Beauty is sick, but sick in so fair guise
That in that paleness Beauty's white we see;
And Joy, which is inseparate from those eyes,
Stella, now learns, strange case, to weep in thee.
Love moans thy pain, and like a faithful page,
As thy looks stir, runs up and down to make
All folks prest at thy will thy pain to assuage.
Nature with care sweats for her darling's sake,
Knowing worlds pass ere she enough can find
Of such heaven-stuff to clothe so heavenly mind.

102

Where be those roses gone which sweetened so our eyes?
Where those red cheeks, which oft, with fair increase, did frame
The height of honor in the kindly badge of shame?
Who hath the crimson weeds stol'n from my morning skies?
How doth the color fade of those vermilion dyes
Which Nature self did make, and self-ingrained the same?
I would know by what right this paleness overcame
That hue whose force my heart still unto thraldom ties.
Galen's adoptive sons, who by a beaten way
Their judgments hackney on, the fault on sickness lay;
But feeling proof makes me say they mistake it far;
It is but Love which makes his paper perfect white,
To write therein more fresh the story of delight,
Whiles Beauty's reddest ink Venus for him doth stir.

103

O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear!
I saw thee with full many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face Joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravished, stayed not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves—Oh sweetest prison!—twine.
And fain those Aeol's youth there would their stay
Have made, but forced by Nature still to fly
First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
She, so dishevelled, blushed. From window I
With sight thereof cried out, "O fair disgrace,
Let Honor's self to thee grant highest place."

104

Envious wits, what hath been mine offence
That with such poisonous care my looks you mark,
That to each word, nay sigh of mine, you hark,
As grudging me my sorrow's eloquence?
Ah, is it not enough that I am thence,
Thence, so far thence, that scantly any spark
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon dark
Where Rigor's exile locks up all my sense?
But if I by a happy window pass,
If I but stars upon mine armor bear,
Sick, thirsty, glad though but of empty glass,
Your moral notes straight my hid meaning tear
From out my ribs, and, puffing, prove that I
Do Stella love. Fools, who doth it deny?

105

Unhappy sight, and hath she vanished by
So near, in so good time, so free a place?
Dead glass, dost thou thy object so embrace
As what my heart still sees thou canst not spy?
I swear by her I love and lack, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazzling race
Only unto the heaven of Stella's face,
Counting but dust what in the way did lie.
But cease, mine eyes, your tears do witness well
That you, guiltless thereof, your nectar missed.
Cursed be the page from whom the bad torch fell!
Cursed be the night which did your strife resist!
Cursed be the coachman which did drive so fast,
With no less curse than absence makes me taste!

106

Oh absent presence! Stella is not here.
False-flattering hope, that with so fair a face
Bare me in hand, that in this orphan place
Stella, I say my Stella, should appear:
What say'st thou now? Where is that dainty cheer
Thou told'st mine eyes should help their famished case?
But thou art gone, now that self-felt disgrace
Doth make me most to wish thy comfort near.
But here I do store of fair ladies meet,
Who may with charm of conversation sweet
Make in thy heavy mold new thoughts to grow.
Sure they prevail as much with me as he
That bade his friend, but then new maimed, to be
Merry with him, and so forget his woe.

107

Stella, since thou so right a princess art
Of all the powers which life bestows on me,
That ere by them aught undertaken be
They first resort unto that sovereign part,
Sweet, for a while give respite to my heart,
Which pants as though it still should leap to thee,
And on my thoughts give thy lieutenancy
To this great cause, which needs both use and art.
And as a queen, who from her presence sends
Whom she employs, dismiss from thee my wit
Till it have wrought what thy own will attends.
On servants' shame oft master's blame doth sit.
Oh let not fools in me thy works reprove,
And scorning say, "See what it is to love!"

108

When Sorrow, using mine own fire's might,
Melts down his lead into my boiling breast,
Through that dark furnace to my heart oppressed
There shines a joy from thee, my only light.
But soon as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my young soul flutters to thee his nest,
Most rude Despair, my daily unbidden guest,
Clips straight my wings, straight wraps me in his night,
And makes me then bow down my head and say,
Ah, what does Phoebus' gold that wretch avail
Whom iron doors do keep from use of day?
So strangely, alas, thy works in me prevail
That in my woes for thee thou art my joy,
And in my joys for thee my only annoy.

## ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

### Songs

#### FOURTH SONG

Only joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care,
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet reward for sharpest pain;
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Night hath closed all in her cloak,
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke,
Danger hence good care doth keep,
Jealousy himself doth sleep;
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Better place no wit can find
Cupid's knot to loose or bind;
These sweet flowers on fine bed, too,
Us in their best language woo;
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

This small light the moon bestows
Serves thy beams but to disclose;
So, to raise my hap more high,
Fear not else, none can us spy;
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumb sleep holdeth all the house.
Yet asleep, methinks they say,
"Young fools, take time while you may."
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Niggard Time threats, if we miss
This large offer of our bliss,
Long stay ere he grant the same.
Sweet, then, while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Your fair mother is a-bed,
Candles out and curtains spread;
She thinks you do letters write.
Write, but first let me indite:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Sweet, alas, why strive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us;
Leave to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty stands.
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Woe to me, and do you swear
Me to hate but I forbear?
Cursëd be my destinies all
That brought me so high to fall.
Soon with my death I will please thee.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

#### EIGHTH SONG

In a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made,
May then young, his pied weeds showing,
New perfumed with flowers fresh growing,

Astrophel with Stella sweet
Did for mutual comfort meet;
Both within themselves oppressëd,
But each in the other blessëd.

Him great harms had taught much care,
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare;
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had, alas, the while,
But now tears themselves did smile;
While their eyes, by love directed,
Interchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did; but now betwixt
Sighs of woes were glad sighs mixt;
With arms crossed, yet testifying
Restless rest, and living dying.

Their ears hungry of each word
Which the dear tongue would afford;
But their tongues restrained from walking
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speak,
Love itself did silence break;
Love did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speak in love and wonder.

"Stella, sovereign of my joy,
Fair triumpher of annoy;
Stella, star of heavenly fire,
Stella, loadstar of desire,

"Stella, in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of Cupid's skies,
Whose beams, where they once are darted,
Love therewith is straight imparted,

"Stella, whose voice, when it speaks,
Senses all asunder breaks,
Stella, whose voice, when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth,

"Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of bliss,
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Save thy mind which yet surpasseth,

"Grant, Oh grant!—but speech, alas,
Fails me, fearing on to pass.
Grant—Oh me! What am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying.

"Grant—O dear, on knees I pray"—
Knees on ground he then did stay—
"That, not I, but since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.

"Never season was more fit;
Never room more apt for it;
Smiling air allows my reason;
These birds sing, 'Now use the season!'

"This small wind, which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss;
Each tree in his best attiring,
Sense of love to love inspiring.

"Love makes earth the water drink;
Love to earth makes water sink;
And, if dull things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity?"

There his hands, in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain;
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse, all grace excelling.

Then she spake; her speech was such
As not ears but heart did touch;
While such wise she love denied
As yet love she signified.

"Astrophel," said she, "my love,
Cease in these effects to prove;
Now be still, yet still believe me,
Thy grief more than death would grieve me.

"If that any thought in me
Can taste comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish.

"If those eyes you praised, be
Half so dear as you to me,
Let me home return, stark blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.

"If to secret of my heart
I do any wish impart
Where thou art not foremost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced.

"If more may be said, I say
All my bliss on thee I lay;
If thou love, my love content thee,
For all love, all faith is meant thee.

"Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try.
Tyrant Honor doth thus use thee,
Stella's self might not refuse thee.

"Therefore, dear, this no more move,
Lest, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed,
I should blush when thou art named."

Therewithal away she went,
Leaving him to passion, rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

### ELEVENTH SONG

"Who is it that this dark night
Underneath my window plaineth?"
It is one who from thy sight
Being, ah, exiled, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

"Why, alas, and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies changed?"
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.

"Well, in absence this will die;
Leave to see, and leave to wonder."
Absence sure will help, if I
Can learn how myself to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

"But time will these thoughts remove;
Time doth work what no man knoweth."
Time doth as the subject prove;
With time still the affection groweth
In the faithful turtle-dove.

"What if you new beauties see,
Will not they stir new affection?"
I will think they pictures be,
(Image-like, of saints' perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

"But your reason's purest light
Bids you leave such minds to nourish."
Dear, do reason no such spite.
Never doth thy beauty flourish
More than in my reason's sight.

"But the wrongs Love bears will make
Love at length leave undertaking."
No, the more fools it do shake,
In a ground of so firm making
Deeper still they drive the stake.

"Peace, I think that some give ear.
Come no more, lest I get anger."
Bliss, I will my bliss forbear,
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger;
But my soul shall harbor there.

"Well, begone. Begone, I say,
Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you."
Oh unjust is Fortune's sway
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from louts to run away!

## SONG FROM *ARCADIA*

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange, one for the other given.
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
There never was a better bargain driven.
His heart in me keeps me and him in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides.
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his, because in me it bides.
His heart his wound receivëd from my sight;
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart;
For as from me on him his hurt did light,
So still methought in me his hurt did smart.
Both, equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss,
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

---

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread;
For Love is dead.
All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain;
Worth as naught worth rejected,
And Faith fair scorn doth gain.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Weep, neighbors, weep; do you not hear it said
That Love is dead?
His death-bed, peacock's folly;
His winding-sheet is shame;
His will, false-seeming holy;
His sole exec'tor, blame.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead;
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress' marble heart,
Which epitaph containeth,
"Her eyes were once his dart."
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Alas, I lie. Rage hath this error bred;
Love is not dead;
Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatchëd mind,
Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due deserts she find.
Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a franzy,
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

---

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare,
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought,
Band of all evils, cradle of causeless care,
Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought,
Desire! Desire! I have too dearly bought,

With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware;
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;
In vain thou mad'st me to vain things aspire;
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire;
For Virtue hath this better lesson taught,
Within myself to seek my only hire,
Desiring naught but how to kill Desire.

---

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust.
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
Oh take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see.
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

Who hath his fancy pleasëd
With fruits of happy sight,
Let here his eyes be raisëd
On Nature's sweetest light;
A light which doth dissever
And yet unite the eyes;
A light which, dying never,
Is cause the looker dies.

She never dies, but lasteth
In life of lover's heart;
He ever dies that wasteth
In love his chiefest part.
Thus is her life still guarded
In never-dying faith;
Thus is his death rewarded,
Since she lives in his death.

Look, then, and die! The pleasure
Doth answer well the pain;
Small loss of mortal treasure
Who may immortal gain.
Immortal be her graces,
Immortal is her mind.
They, fit for heavenly places;
This, heaven in it doth bind.

But eyes these beauties see not,
Nor sense that grace descries;
Yet eyes deprivëd be not
From sight of her fair eyes;
Which as of inward glory
They are the outward seal,
So may they live still sorry,
Which die not in that weal.

But who hath fancies pleasëd
With fruits of happy sight,
Let here his eyes be raisëd
On Nature's sweetest light!

# SIR FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE
(1554–1628)

## OF HIS CYNTHIA

Away with these self-loving lads,
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads!
Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep
In love of those that lie and sleep!
  For Cupid is a meadow god,
  And forceth none to kiss the rod.

Sweet Cupid's shaft, like destiny,
Doth either good or ill decree.
Desert is born out of his bow,
Reward upon his foot doth go.
  What fools are they that have not known
  That Love likes no laws but his own!

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holidays;
In every tree I write her name,
And every day I read the same.
  Where honor Cupid's rival is,
  There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree.
If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then well fare nothing once a year!
  For many run, but one must win;
  Fools, only, hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love, that is the bow of Love;
And love as well the shepherd can
As can the mighty nobleman.
  Sweet saint, 'tis true you worthy be,
  Yet without love naught worth to me.

## CAELICA

### SONNET 16

Fie, foolish earth, think you the heaven wants glory
Because your shadows do yourself benight?
All's dark unto the blind, let them be sorry;
The heavens in themselves are ever bright.
Fie, fond Desire, think you that Love wants glory
Because your shadows do yourself benight?
The hopes and fears of lust may make men sorry,
But Love still in herself finds her delight.
Then, earth, stand fast, the sky that you benight
Will turn again and so restore your glory;
Desire, be steady, hope is your delight,
An orb wherein no creature can be sorry,
  Love being placed above these middle regions,
  Where every passion wars itself with legions.

## CHORUS SACERDOTUM (FROM *MUSTAPHA*)

Oh wearisome condition of humanity!
Born under one law, to another bound,
Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity,
Created sick, commanded to be sound.
What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws?
Passion and reason self-division cause.
Is it the mark or majesty of Power
To make offences that it may forgive?
Nature herself doth her own self deflower,
To hate those errors she herself doth give.
For how should man think that he may not do
If Nature did not fail and punish too?
Tyrant to others, to herself unjust,
Only commands things difficult and hard;
Forbids us all things which it knows we lust,
Makes easy pains, unpossible reward.
If Nature did not take delight in blood
She would have made more easy ways to good.
We that are bound by vows and by promotion,
With pomp of holy sacrifice and rites,
To preach belief in God and stir devotion,
To preach of heaven's wonders and delights,
Yet when each of us in his own heart looks
He finds the God there far unlike his books.

## FROM *POEMS OF MONARCHY*

(STANZA 513)

For that indeed is no true monarchy
Which makes kings more than men, men less than beasts,
But that which works a perfect unity,
Where kings as heads and men as members rest,
With mutual ends like twins, each helping other,
In service of the common-wealth, their mother.

# JOHN LYLY (1554?–1606)

## APELLES' SONG (FROM *CAMPASPE*)

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas, become of me?

## SONG (FROM *CAMPASPE*)

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
Oh, 'tis the ravished nightingale.
"Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu!" she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! Who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
How at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
"Cuckoo!" to welcome in the spring!
"Cuckoo!" to welcome in the spring!

## PAN'S SONG (FROM *MIDAS*)

Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
Though now she's turned into a reed.
From that dear reed Pan's pipe does come,
A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb;
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can
So chant it as the pipe of Pan.
Cross-gartered swains and dairy girls,
With faces smug and round as pearls,
When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
With dancing wear out night and day.
The bagpipe's drone his hum lays by
When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy.
His minstrelsy? Oh, base! This quill
Which at my mouth with wind I fill
Puts me in mind, though her I miss,
That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.

## SONG (FROM *MIDAS*)

Sing to Apollo, god of day,
Whose golden beams with morning play,
And make her eyes so brightly shine,
Aurora's face is called divine;
Sing to Phoebus and that throne
Of diamonds which he sits upon.
Io paeans let us sing
To Physic's and to Poesy's king!

Crown all his altars with bright fire,
Laurels bind about his lyre,
A Daphnean coronet for his head,
The Muses dance about his bed;
When on his ravishing lute he plays,
Strew his temple round with bays.
Io paeans let us sing
To the glittering Delian king!

## THE THIRD SONG BY FAIRIES (FROM *ENDYMION*)

*Omnes.* Pinch him, pinch him black and blue.
Saucy mortals must not view
What the queen of stars is doing,
Nor pry into our fairy wooing.
*1st Fairy.* Pinch him blue—
*2d Fairy.* And pinch him black—
*3d Fairy.* Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleep has rocked his addlehead.
*4th Fairy.* For the trespass he hath done,
Spots o'er all his flesh shall run.
Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes,
Then to our midnight heydeguyes.

# WILLIAM WARNER (1558?–1609)

## FROM *ALBION'S ENGLAND*

### Book III

#### CHAP. 17

This conqueror of Gallia found
His victory prolonged
By British succors, and for it
Pretending to be wronged,

Did send for tribute; threatening else
To bring the Brutons war.
The latter going forward first,
The Albinests to bar

A common foe, concur as friends;
And now was come the spring,
When Caesar out of war-won France
Victorious troops did bring.

But easilier won the Grecians' land
At Pargama by much
Than got the Latins footing here,
Their contraries were such.

You might have seen of Hector's race
Ten thousand Hectors here,
With policy on either part,
The Romans buying dear

The bloody shore; the water yet
Less dearer than the land
To them, whom valiantly to proof
The islanders withstand.

Oft battle they, the Brutons still
Victorious, and in vain
Their foes were valiant; only here
Was Caesar's force in wane.

And as our men unto his men
Were as tempestuous thunder,
So did his anchored ships on seas
By tempest dash in sunder.

"But twice," quoth Caesar, "Fortune, thou
Wert opposite to mine,
But thirdly here to Caesar's self
Thou (wontless) dost decline."

Conveying then his weary men
Into his wasted ships,
To Gallia, there to winter them,
He miscontented slips.

Of this same victory did spring
Security and strife,
The Scots and Picts did sunder hence,
The Brutons, over-rife

In largesse, making frolic cheer,
A quarrel then arose
Betwixt the king and Lud's false son,
And they disjoin as foes.
That Caesar slips advantage such
Were error to suppose.

Even of the Brutons some there were
Recalling back the foe,
And winter past, with doubled power
He back again did row.

The Romans more, the Brutons they
Far fewer than before,
Offend, defend, fight for, fence from,
To win, and ward the shore.

But Caesar landed, and ensued
Continual cruel fight.
Thrice put the fierce Cassivelanes
The Caesarines to flight,

And still the king encouraging
In every wing appears,
So giving needless spurs to fight,
His soldiers brook not fears,
Nor little did the Cornish bells
Offend the Roman ears.

When Caesar's oft successless fight
Had tired him and his,
Enringëd with his maimëd camp,
The Roman speaketh this:

"Are these same bands those self-same bands,
That never fought in vain?
And ye the men that, following still
My standard, still did gain?

"Even these, and ye, are very those;
Nor can I discommend
Your manhoods, that with lesser work
Brought greater wars to end.

"But not, as was my wont to write,
The senate now shall read,
'I came; I saw; I overcame.'
Such foes forbid such speed.

"Nor let the senate muse, for Troy
With Troy doth here contend.
This war-like people (fame is so)
From whence sprung we descend.

"Yea, if Aeneas had not left
The Phrygian gods to us,
And Greeks' Palladium shipped to Greece,
This fortune foiling thus,

"I would have thought those very gods
Had followed our annoy.
But them have we, these only have
Undaunted hearts from Troy.

"But what! shall Caesar doubt to fight
Against so brave a foe?
No, Caesar's triumphs with their spoils
Shall give the braver show.

"Ye gods, that guide our capitol,
Mount Palatine, thou throne
Of stately Rome, ye followers too
Of her affairs each one,

"Delay not, but deprive me quite
My triumphs now in hand,
Nor let me live, if so I leave
Unconquerëd this land;

"This land, the last of western isles,
An isle unknown ere this,
Which famous now through Caesar's fight
And our misfortune is.

"Enough, my fellow friends in arms,
Enough we Romans have
To seek revenge. Your conquest, lo,
A country rich and brave.

"And (which persuadeth victory)
In Troynouant there be
That hold that city to our use.
The Brutons disagree,
No Scot or Pict assisting them
In these our wars, I see.

"Their civil strife will prove their scourge,
How stout soe'er they seem,
And perpetuity doth fail
In everything extreme.

"Not Fortune still is good or bad;
And now let be our day.
Too long we live, if that so long
We shall on trifles stay."

Said Caesar. And with such his words
Did so inflame his men,
That with less patience did they live
Than linger battle then.

The Romans bid the base, and then
Did cruel war begin;
And little wanted that the Brutes
The better did not win.

But Caesar so foresaw supplies
And succors here and there,
Persuading this, dissuading that,
Controlling flight and fear,

That, after many Romans slain,
The Brutons took their flight
To southern shores; whereas to proof
Cassivelan did fight
With oft eruptions out of woods,
Until the traitorous knight,

The earl of London, yields his charge
And city to the foe,
Through which disloyal precedent,
Did other cities so;
And then with hard-won tribute hence
The conqueror did go.

But he, that won in every war,
At Rome in civil robe
Was stabbed to death. No certainty
Is underneath the globe.

The good are envied of the bad,
And glory finds disdain,
And people are in constancy

As April is in rain.
Whereof, amidst our serious pen,
This fable entertain.

An ass, an old man, and a boy
Did through a city pass,
And whilst the wanton boy did ride
The old man led the ass.

"See yonder doting fool," said folk,
"That crawleth scarce for age,
Doth set the boy upon his ass,
And makes himself his page."

Anon the blamëd boy alights
And lets the old man ride,
And, as the old man did before,
The boy the ass did guide.

But, passing so, the people then
Did much the old man blame,
And told him, "Churl, thy limbs be tough;
The boy should ride, for shame!"

The fault thus found, both man and boy
Did back the ass and ride,
Then that the ass was overcharged
Each man that met them cried.

Now both alight, and go on foot,
And lead the empty beast,
But then the people laugh, and say
That one might ride, at least.

With it they both did undershore
The ass on either side,
But then the wondering people did
That witless prank deride.

The old man, seeing by no ways
He could the people please,
Not blameless then, did drive the ass
And drown him in the seas.

Thus whilst we be, it will not be
That any pleaseth all;
Else had been wanting, worthily,
The noble Caesar's fall.

# CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE (1558?–1586)

## VERSES WRITTEN IN THE TOWER THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION, 1586

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares;
  My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;
My crop of corn is but a field of tares;
  And all my good is but vain hope of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done.

The spring is past and yet it hath not sprung;
  The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young;
  I saw the world, and yet I was not seen.
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in my womb;
  I looked for life, and saw it was a shade;
I trod the earth, and knew it was my tomb;
  And now I die, and now I am but made.
The glass is full, and now my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done.

# THOMAS LODGE (1558?–1625)

## PHYLLIS

### Sonnet 13

Love guards the roses of thy lips
And flies about them like a bee;
If I approach he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.
Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
And sleeps within their pretty shine;
And if I look the boy will lour,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.
Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth firm the same;
And if I tempt it will retire,
And of my plaints doth make a game.
Love, let me cull her choicest flowers;
And pity me, and calm her eye;
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lours;
Then will I praise thy deity.
But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve her
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.

---

The earth, late choked with showers,
Is now arrayed in green;
Her bosom springs with flowers,
The air dissolves her teen;
The heavens laugh at her glory,
Yet bide I sad and sorry.

The woods are decked with leaves,
And trees are clothëd gay;
And Flora, crowned with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play;
Where I am clad in black,
The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chant in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices;
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms am wringing.

The thrushes seek the shade,
And I my fatal grave;
Their flight to heaven is made,
My walk on earth I have;
They free, I thrall; they jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly.

## ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL, FROM *ROSALIND*

Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he,
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin.
Alas! what hereby shall I win
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be,
Lurk in mine eyes—I like of thee.
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
  Spare not, but play thee!

## ROSALIND'S DESCRIPTION, FROM *ROSALIND*

Like to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of self-same color is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines;
  Heigh ho, fair Rosalind!
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think,
  Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace;
  Heigh ho, fair Rosalind!
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity;
  Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck like to a stately tower
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes;
  Heigh ho, fair Rosalind!
Her paps are centers of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature molds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same;
  Heigh ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view;
  Heigh ho, fair Rosalind!
Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light;
  Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosalind,
Since for her fair there is fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine;
  Heigh ho, fair Rosalind!
Heigh ho, my heart! Would God that she
  were mine!

# GEORGE PEELE (1558?–1597?)

## SONG, FROM *THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS*

*Oenone:* Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

*Paris:* Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

*Oenone:* My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as been the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

*Together:* They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

*Oenone:* Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

*Paris:* Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

*Oenone:* My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry, merry roundelays.
Amen to Cupid's curse—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

*Together:* They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

## BETHSABE'S SONG, FROM *DAVID AND BETHSABE*

Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair.
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me.
Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause cause of mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

## SONG FROM *THE OLD WIVE'S TALE*

Whenas the rye reach to the chin,
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And schoolboys playing in the stream;
Then oh, then oh, then oh, my true love said,
Till that time come again
She could not live a maid!

---

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
Oh time too swift, oh swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees;
And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,

And feed on prayërs, which are age
his alms.
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song—
"Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong."
Goddess, allow this agëd man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

# ROBERT GREENE (1560?–1592)

## MAESIA'S SONG (FROM *FAREWELL TO FOLLY*)

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscurëd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

## PHILOMELA'S ODE THAT SHE SUNG IN HER ARBOR (FROM *PHILOMELA, THE LADY FITZWATER'S NIGHTINGALE*)

Sitting by a river side
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things
That the mind in quiet brings.
I gan think how some men deem
Gold their god, and some esteem
Honor is the chief content
That to man in life is lent.
And some others do contend
Quiet none like to a friend.
Others hold there is no wealth
Comparëd to a perfit health.
Some man's mind in quiet stands
When he is lord of many lands.
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
And in my thoughts I did approve
Naught so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees,
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting;
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing,
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugared thrall,
But unhappy maidens all
Who esteem your virgin's blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind
As true love with kisses kind.
But if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgraced.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me:
No sweet love but honesty.

## THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG (FROM *GREENE'S MOURNING GARMENT*)

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks once folded, he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier too,
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat;
And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;
More wanton too,
For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his bed of down;
More sounder too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sithe;
And blither too,
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

## MENAPHON'S SONG (FROM *MENAPHON*)

Some say Love,
Foolish Love,
Doth rule and govern all the gods:
I say Love,
Inconstant Love,
Sets men's senses far at odds.

Some swear Love,
Smoothed-face Love,
Is sweetest sweet that men can have:
I say Love,
Sour Love,
Makes virtue yield as beauty's slave.
A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,
That forceth wisdom to be folly's thrall.

Love is sweet;
Wherein sweet?
In fading pleasures that do pain.
Beauty sweet;—
Is that sweet
That yieldeth sorrow for a gain?
If Love's sweet,
Herein sweet,
That minute's joys are monthly woes;
'Tis not sweet,
That is sweet
Nowhere but where repentance grows.
Then love who list, if beauty be so sour;
Labor for me, Love rest in prince's bower.

## SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD (FROM *MENAPHON*)

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy,
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed, more he cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide.
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

# THOMAS NASHE (1567–1601)

## SONGS FROM *SUMMER'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT*

SPRING, the sweet spring, is the year's
pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance
in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing:
"Cuckoo, jug jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!"

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe
all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay:
"Cuckoo, jug jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!"

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss
our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet:
"Cuckoo, jug jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!"
Spring, the sweet spring!

---

AUTUMN hath all the summer's fruitful
treasure;
Gone is our sport, fled is poor Croydon's
pleasure.
Short days, sharp days, long nights come
on apace.
Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?
Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
And here we lie, God knows, with little ease.
From winter, plague, and pestilence,
good Lord, deliver us!

London doth mourn, Lambeth is quite
forlorn;
Trades cry, woe worth that ever they were
born.
The want of term is town and city's harm;
Close chambers we do want to keep us warm.
Long banishëd must we live from our friends.
This low-built house will bring us to our ends.
From winter, plague, and pestilence,
good Lord, deliver us!

---

ADIEU, farewell, earth's bliss,
This world uncertain is;
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour;
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave;
Worms feed on Hector brave;
Swords may not fight with fate;
Earth still holds ope her gate;
"Come, come," the bells do cry.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness;
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage;
Mount we unto the sky.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

# CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564–1593)

## THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair linëd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

## HERO AND LEANDER

### (From the First Sestiad)

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos, Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn,
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove,
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis that before her lies.
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath.
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she passed,
When 'twas the odor which her breath forth cast;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves, for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but to her mind
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells all silvered usëd she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold.
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which as she went would cherup through the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,
And looking in her face was strooken blind.
But this is true, so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother;
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,

And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rocked, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft.
Therefore in sign her treasure suffered wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.
Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musaeus sung)
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allured the venturous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the golden Fleece.
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipped out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpassed
The white of Pelops' shoulder; I could tell ye
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly,
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path, with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods. Let it suffice
That my slack muse sings of Leander's eyes,
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leaped into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and, despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamored of his beauty had he been;
His presence made the rudest peasant melt
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with naught,
Was moved with him, and for his favor sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire,
A pleasant smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally;
And such as knew he was a man would say,
"Leander, thou art made for amorous play.
Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."
The men of wealthy Sestos, every year,
(For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheeked Adonis) kept a solemn feast.
Thither resorted many a wandering guest,
To meet their loves; such as had none at all
Came lovers home from this great festival.
For every street like to a firmament
Glistered with breathing stars, who where they went
Frighted the melancholy earth, which deemed
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seemed,
As if another Phaeton had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.
But far above the loveliest Hero shined,
And stole away the enchanted gazers' mind;
For like sea-nymphs' inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by.
Nor that night-wandering pale and watery star,
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling car
From Latmos' mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where, crowned with blazing light and majesty,
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
Even as, when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
Incensed with savage heat, gallop amain
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain,
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that viewed her were enamored on her.
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,
Their fellows being slain or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead-strooken,
So at her presence all, surprised and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes.
He whom she favors lives, the other dies.

There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some (their violent passions to assuage)
Compile sharp satires, but alas too late,
For faithful love will never turn to hate.
And many, seeing great princes were denied,
Pined as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast day—oh cursed day and hour!—
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanced, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none;
The walls were of discolored jasper stone,
Wherein was Proteus carved, and overhead
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other, wine from grapes out wrung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was,
The town of Sestos called it Venus' glass;
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes;
For know, that underneath this radiant flower
Was Danae's statue in a brazen tower,
Jove slily stealing from his sister's bed
To dally with Idalian Ganymed,
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the rainbow in a cloud;
Blood-quaffing Mars, heaving the iron net,
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy,
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy
That now is turned into a cypress tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood;
There Hero sacrificing turtles' blood,
Veiled to the ground, veiling her eye-lids close,
And modestly they opened as she rose.
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head,
And thus Leander was enamorëd.
Stone still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his countenance blazed
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook,
*Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.*
It lies not in our power to love, or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stripped, long ere the course begin
We wish that one should lose, the other win.
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots like in each respect;
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight;
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?
He kneeled, but unto her devoutly prayed;
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him."
And, as she spake those words, came somewhat near him.
He started up, she blushed as one ashamed;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflamed.
He touched her hand, in touching it she trembled;
*Love deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled.*
These lovers parleyed by the touch of hands;
True love is mute, and oft amazëd stands;
Thus, while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,
The air with sparks of living fire was spangled,
And night deep drenched in mystic Acheron
Heaved up her head, and half the world upon
Breathed darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day);
And now begins Leander to display
Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs and tears,
Which like sweet music entered Hero's ears,
And yet at every word she turned aside,
And always cut him off as he replied.
At last, like to a bold sharp sophister,
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her:
"Fair creature, let me speak without offence;
I would my rude words had the influence
To lead thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair; misshapen stuff
Are of behavior boisterous and rough.
Oh, shun me not, but hear me ere you go;
God knows I cannot force love, as you do.
My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.

This sacrifice (whose sweet perfume descending,
From Venus' altar to your footsteps bending)
Doth testify that you exceed her far,
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.
Why should you worship her, her you surpass
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring glass?
A diamond set in lead his worth retains;
A heavenly nymph, beloved of human swains,
Receives no blemish, but oft-times more grace,
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee, divine and pure,
Dutiful service may thy love procure;
And I in duty will excel all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother.
Nor heaven, nor thou, were made to gaze upon;
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.
A stately builded ship, well rigged and tall,
The ocean maketh more majestical.
Why vow'st thou then to live in Sestos here,
Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst appear?
Like untuned golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie untouched, will harshly jar.
Vessels of brass oft handled, brightly shine;
What difference betwixt the richest mine
And basest mold, but use? For both, not used,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abused
When misers keep it; being put to loan,
In time it will return us two for one.
Rich robes, themselves and others do adorn,
Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.
Who builds a palace and rams up the gate
Shall see it ruinous and desolate.
Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish;
Lone women like to empty houses perish.
Less sins the poor rich man that starves himself
In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf
Than such as you. His golden earth remains,
Which after his decease some other gains.
But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeathed to none.
Or if it could, down from the enameled sky
All heaven would come to claim this legacy,
And with intestine broils the world destroy,
And quite confound nature's sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.
One is no number; maids are nothing then,
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou live single still? One shalt thou be,
Though never-singling Hymen couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excels all earthly things;
But they that daily taste neat wine, despise it.
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compared with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow;
Even so for men's impression do we you.
By which alone, our reverend fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This idol which you term Virginity
Is neither essence subject to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior sense,
Nor hath it any place of residence,
Nor is't of earth or mold celestial,
Or capable of any form at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boast;
Things that are not at all, are never lost.
Men foolishly do call it virtuous;
What virtue is it, that is born with us?
Much less can honor be ascribed thereto;
Honor is purchased by the deeds we do.
Believe me, Hero, honor is not won
Until some honorable deed be done.
Seek you for chastity, immortal fame,
And know that some have wronged Diana's name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?
But you are fair—aye me! so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonaire,
As Greece will think, if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keeps you as his own.
Then, Hero, hate me not, nor from me fly,
To follow swiftly blasting infamy.
Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loth;
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedless oath?"
"To Venus," answered she, and, as she spake,

Forth from those two tralucent cisterns brake
A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace
To Jove's high court. He thus replied: "The rites
In which love's beauteous empress most delights
Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revel,
Plays, masks, and all that stern age counteth evil.
Thee as a holy idiot doth she scorn,
For thou in vowing chastity hast sworn
To rob her name and honor, and thereby
Commit'st a sin far worse than perjury,
Even sacrilege against her deity,
Through regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sin, kiss and shake hands;
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands."
Thereat she smiled, and did deny him so
As, put thereby, yet might he hope for mo.
Which makes him quickly reënforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech:
"Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve,
Yet, for her sake whom you have vowed to serve,
Abandon fruitless cold Virginity,
The gentle queen of love's sole enemy.
Then shall you most resemble Venus' nun,
When Venus' sweet rites are performed and done.
Flint-breasted Pallas joys in single life,
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.
Love, Hero, then, and be not tyrannous,
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus,
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice;
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice.
The richest corn dies, if it be not reaped;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept."
These arguments he used, and many more,
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.
Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war;
Women are won when they begin to jar.
Thus having swallowed Cupid's golden hook,
The more she strived, the deeper was she strook.
Yet, evilly feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paused a while, at last she said,
"Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
Aye me! such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator."
With that Leander stooped, to have embraced her,
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: "Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
"Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town (where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea playing on yellow sand
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus
In silence of the night to visit us)
My turret stands, and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
A dwarfish beldam bears me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment.
Come thither." As she spake this, her tongue tripped,
For unawares "Come thither" from her slipped,
And suddenly her former color changed,
And here and there her eyes through anger ranged.

. . . . . .

(From the Second Sestiad)

By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted,
Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted.
He kissed her, and breathed life into her lips,
Wherewith, as one displeased, away she trips;
Yet, as she went, full often looked behind,
And many poor excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she stayed,
And would have turned again, but was afraid,
In offering parley, to be counted light.
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,

Her painted fan of curlëd plumes let fall,
Thinking to train Leander therewithal.
He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But stayed, and after her a letter sent,
Which joyful Hero answered in such sort
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort
Wherein the liberal graces locked their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.

. . . . . .

Oh, none but gods have power their love to hide;
Affection by the countenance is descried;
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
And love that is concealed betrays poor lovers.
His secret flame apparently was seen;
Leander's father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuked his son,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new begun.
But love resisted once, grows passionate,
And nothing more than counsel lovers hate.
For as a hot proud horse highly disdains
To have his head controlled, but breaks the reins,
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his hooves
Checks the submissive ground; so he that loves,
The more he is restrained, the worse he fares.
What is it now but mad Leander dares?
"Oh Hero, Hero!" thus he cried full oft,
And then he got him to a rock aloft,
Where having spied her tower, long stared he on't,
And prayed the narrow toiling Hellespont
To part in twain, that he might come and go;
But still the rising billows answered no.
With that he stripped him to the ivory skin,
And crying, "Love, I come!" leaped lively in.

. . . . . .

Breathless albeit he were, he rested not
Till to the solitary tower he got,
And knocked and called, at which celestial noise
The longing heart of Hero much more joys
Than nymphs and shepherds, when the timbrel rings,
Or crookëd dolphin when the sailor sings.

# GILES FLETCHER (THE ELDER) (1549?–1611)

## LICIA

### Sonnet 47

Like Memnon's rock, touched with the rising sun,
Which yields a sound and echoes forth a voice,
But when it's drowned in western seas, is dun,
And drowsy-like leaves off to make a noise;
So I, my love, enlightened with your shine,
A poet's skill within my soul I shroud,
Not rude like that which finer wits decline,
But such as Muses to the best allowed.
But when your figure and your shape is gone
I speechless am, like as I was before;
Or if I write, my verse is filled with moan
And blurred with tears by falling in such store.
Then muse not, Licia, if my Muse be slack;
For when I wrote I did thy beauty lack.

### An Ode

Love, I repent me that I thought
My sighs and languish dearly bought.
For sighs and languish both did prove
That he that languished sighed for love.
Cruel rigor, foe to state,
Looks disdainful, fraught with hate,
I did blame, but had no cause
(Love hath eyes, but hath no laws).
She was sad, and could not choose
To see me sigh, and sit, and muse.
We both did love, and both did doubt
Lest any should our love find out.
Our hearts did speak by signs most hidden,
This means was left, all else forbidden.
I did frown, her love to try,
She did sigh, and straight did cry.
Both of us did signs believe,
Yet either grievëd friend to grieve.
I did look, and then did smile;
She left sighing all that while.
Both were glad to see that change;
Things in love that are not strange.
Suspicion, foolish foe to reason,
Caused me seek to find some treason.
I did court another dame
(False in love, it is a shame);
She was sorry this to view,
Thinking faith was proved untrue.
Then she swore she would not love
One whom false she once did prove.
I did vow I never meant
From promise made for to relent.
The more I said, the worse she thought,
My oaths and vows were deemed as naught.
"False," she said, "how can it be
To court another, yet love me?
Crowns and love no partners brook,
If she be liked, I am forsook.
Farewell, false, and love her still,
Your chance was good, but mine was ill.
No harm to you but this I crave,
That your new love may you deceive,
And jest with you, as you have done,
For light's the love that's quickly won."
Kind and fair-sweet, once believe me,
Jest I did, but not to grieve thee.
Court I did, but did not love,
All my speech was you to prove.
Words and sighs, and what I spent,
In show to her, to you were meant.
Fond I was your love to cross,
Jesting love oft brings this loss.
Forget this fault, and love your friend,
Which vows his truth unto the end.
"Content," she said, "if this you keep."
Thus both did kiss, and both did weep.
For women, long they cannot chide,
As I by proof in this have tried.

## THOMAS WATSON (1557?–1592)

If Jove himself be subject unto Love,
And range the woods to find a mortal prey,
If Neptune from the seas himself remove,
And seek on sands with earthly wights to play,
Then may I love my peerless choice by right,
Who far excels each other mortal wight?

If Pluto could by love be drawn from hell
To yield himself a silly virgin's thrall,
If Phoebus could vouchsafe on earth to dwell,
To win a rustic maid unto his call,
Then how much more should I adore the sight
Of her in whom the heavens themselves delight?

If country Pan might follow nymphs in chase,
And yet through love remain devoid of blame,
If satyrs were excused for seeking grace
To joy the fruits of any mortal dame,
Then why should I once doubt to love her still,
On whom ne gods nor men can gaze their fill?

# HUMFREY GIFFORD (fl. 1580)

## A DELECTABLE DREAM

As late abroad asleep I lay,
  Methought I came by wondrous chance;
Whereas I heard a harper play,
  And saw great store faeries dance.
I marchëd near, drawn by delight,
  And pressed these gallant dames among;
Whenas, their dance being ended quite,
  Of him that played they crave a song.
My presence naught appalled their mind;
  He tuned his harp, his voice was clear,
And as a foe to womankind
  He sang this song that followeth here:
"A woman's face is full of wiles,
  Her tears are like the crocadill;
With outward cheer on thee she smiles,
  When in her heart she thinks thee ill.
Her tongue still chats of this and that,
  Than aspen leaf it wags more fast;
And as she talks she knows not what,
  There issues many a truthless blast.
Thou far dost take thy mark amiss
  If thou think faith in them to find;
The weather-cock more constant is,
  Which turns about with every wind.
Oh, how in pity they abound!
  Their heart is mild, like marble-stone!
If in thyself no hope be found,
  Be sure of them thou gettest none.
I know some pepper-nosëd dame
  Will term me fool and saucy jack,
That dare their credit so defame,
  And lay such slanders on their back.
What though on me they pour their spite?
  I may not use the gloser's trade,
I cannot say the crow is white,
  But needs must call a spade a spade."

Herewith his song and music ceased.
  The faeries all on him did frown;
A stately dame among the rest
  Upon her face falls prostrate down,
And to the gods request did make
  That some great plagues might be assigned
To him, that all might warning take,
  How they speak ill of womankind.
Herewith—a wonder to be told!—
  His feet stood fast upon the ground,
His face was neither young nor old,
  His harp untouched would yield no sound,
Long hair did grow about his skull,
  His skin was white, his blood was red,
His paunch with guts was bombast full,
  No dog had ever such a head;
His color oft did go and come,
  His eyes did stare as he did stand,
Also four fingers and a thumb
  Might now be seen in either hand.
His tongue likewise was plaguëd sore,
  For that it played this peevish part;
Because it should offend no more,
  'Twas tied with strings unto his heart,
Yet in his mouth abode she still,
  His teeth like walls did keep her in,
Which now grind meat, much like a mill;
  His lips were placed above his chin.
Thus was he changed, that none him knew
  But for the same he was before.
By silent signs he seemed to sue
  That gods would now pursue no more,
And he would there without delays
  Recant all that which erst he spake.
He pardoned is; on harp he plays,
  And presently this song did make:
"Amongst all creatures bearing life
  A woman is the worthiest thing.
She is to man a faithful wife;
  She mother was to Christ our king.
If late by me they were accused,
  I have therefore received my hire;
Unless they greatly be abused,
  They never are replete with ire.
They neither chide, fight, brawl, nor lie,
  The gentlest creatures under sun.
When men do square for every fly,
  To make them friends the women run.
And where they chance to fix their love,
  They never swerve, or seek for change;
No new persuasions can them move;
  'Tis men that have desire to range.

Like turtles true they love their spouse,
And do their duties every way;
They see good orders in the house
When husbands are abroad at play.
And, to conclude, they angels are,
Though here on earth they do remain.
Their glittering hue, which shines like star,
And beauty brave declares it plain."

This said, the faeries laughed,
And seemed in countenance very glad.
To speak my mind I then had thought,
How some were good and some were bad;
But—mark ill hap—a friend came by,
Who as he found me sleeping so,
Did call me up with voice so high
That slumber sweet I did forego.

# HENRY CONSTABLE (1562–1613)

DIAPHENIA, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
  Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovëd of their dams;
  How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
  Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power,
  For, dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessëd,
When all thy praises are expressëd,
  Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king.
  Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

## TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S SOUL

GIVE pardon, blessëd soul, to my bold cries,
If they, importune, interrupt thy song
Which now with joyful notes thou sing'st among
The angel-quiristers of th' heavenly skies.
Give pardon eke, sweet soul, to my slow eyes,
That since I saw thee now it is so long,
And yet the tears that unto thee belong
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice.
I did not know that thou wert dead before;
I did not feel the grief I did sustain;
The greater stroke astonisheth the more;
Astonishment takes from us sense of pain.
  I stood amazed when others' tears begun,
  And now begin to weep when they have done.

# MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563–1631)

## SONNETS, TO IDEA

### Introductory Sonnet, From Edition of 1594

*To the dear child of the Muses and his ever kind Maecenas, Master Anthony Cooke, Esquire*

Vouchsafe to grace these rude unpolished rhymes
Which long, dear friend, have slept in sable night,
And, come abroad now in these glorious times,
Can hardly brook the pureness of the light.
But still you see their destiny is such
That in the world their fortune they must try;
Perhaps they better shall abide the touch,
Wearing your name, their gracious livery.
Yet these mine own; I wrong not other men,
Nor traffic further than this happy clime,
Nor filch from Porte's nor from Petrarch's pen,
A fault too common in this latter time.
Divine Sir Philip, I avouch thy writ,
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.

### From Edition of 1599

#### SONNET 2

*To the Reader of His Poems*

Into these loves who but for passion looks,
At this first sight here let him lay them by,
And seek elsewhere in turning other books
Which better may his labor satisfy.
No far-fetched sigh shall ever wound my breast,
Love from mine eye a tear shall never wring,
Nor in Ah-me's my whining sonnets dressed;
A libertine, fantastically I sing.
My verse is the true image of my mind,
Ever in motion, still desiring change,
To choice of all variety inclined,
And in all humours sportively I range;
My active Muse is of the world's right strain,
That cannot long one fashion entertain.

#### SONNET 3

Many there be excelling in this kind,
Whose well-tricked rhymes with all invention swell.
Let each commend as best shall like his mind
Some Sidney, Constable, some Daniel.
That thus their names familiarly I sing
Let none think them disparagëd to be;
Poor men with reverence may speak of a king,
And so may these be spoken of by me.
My wanton verse ne'er keeps one certain stay,
But now at hand, then seeks invention far,
And with each little motion runs astray,
Wild, madding, jocund, and irregular.
Like me that lust, my honest merry rhymes
Nor care for critic nor regard the times.

#### SONNET 22

An evil spirit your beauty haunts me still,
Wherewith, alas! I have been long possessed,
Which ceaseth not to tempt me unto ill,
Nor gives me once but one poor minute's rest.
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake,
And when by means to drive it out I try,
With greater torments then it me doth take
And tortures me in most extremity.
Before my face it lays all my despairs,
And hastes me on unto a sudden death;
Now tempting me to drown myself in tears,
And then in sighing to give up my breath.
Thus am I still provoked to every evil,
By this good wicked spirit, sweet angel devil.

SONNET 43

Whilst thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Where in the map of all my misery
Is modeled out the world of my disgrace.
Whilst in despite of tyrannizing times,
Medea-like I make thee young again,
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing rhymes,
And murther'st Virtue with thy coy disdain.
And though in youth my youth untimely perish
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhymes shall cherish;
Where I, entombed, my better part shall save.
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity.

## From Edition of 1602

SONNET 12

*To Lunacy*

As other men, so I myself do muse
Why in this sort I wrest invention so,
And why these giddy metaphors I use,
Leaving the path the greater part do go.
I will resolve you. I am lunatic,
And ever this in madmen you shall find,
What they last thought on when the brain grew sick
In most distraction keep that still in mind.
Thus talking idly in this bedlam fit,
Reason and I, you must conceive, are twain;
'Tis nine years, now, since first I lost my wit.
Bear with me, then, though troubled be my brain.
With diet and correction men distraught
(Not too far past) may to their wits be brought.

SONNET 27

I hear some say, "This man is not in love.
Who! Can he love? A likely thing!" they say.
"Read but his verse, and it will easily prove."
Oh judge not rashly, gentle sir, I pray.
Because I loosely trifle in this sort,
As one that fain his sorrows would beguile,
You now suppose me all this time in sport,
And please yourself with this conceit the while.
You shallow censures! sometime see you not
In greatest perils some men pleasant be,
Where fame by death is only to be got,
They resolute? So stands the case with me.
Where other men in depth of passion cry,
I laugh at fortune, as in jest to die.

SONNET 41

Dear, why should you command me to my rest
When now the night doth summon all to sleep?
Methinks this time becometh lovers best;
Night was ordained together friends to keep.
How happy are all other living things,
Which though the day disjoin by several flight
The quiet evening yet together brings,
And each returns unto his love at night.
O thou that art so courteous unto all,
Why should'st thou, Night, abuse me only thus,
That every creature to his kind dost call,
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us.
Well could I wish it would be ever day,
If when night comes you bid me go away.

## From Edition of 1619

SONNET 1

Like an adventurous sea-farer am I,
Who hath some long and dangerous voyage been;
And called to tell of his discovery,
How far he sailed, what countries he had seen,
Proceeding from the port whence he put forth
Shows by his compass how his course he steered,
When east, when west, when south, and when by north,
As how the pole to every place was reared,
What capes he doubled, of what continent,
The gulfs and straits that strangely he had passed,
Where most becalmed, wherewith foul weather spent,
And on what rocks in peril to be cast.
Thus, in my love, Time calls me to relate
My tedious travels and oft-varying fate.

### SONNET 6

How many paltry, foolish, painted things
That now in coaches trouble every street
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapped in their winding sheet?
Where I to thee eternity shall give
When nothing else remaineth of these days,
And queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise.
Virgins and matrons reading these my rhymes
Shall be so much delighted with thy story
That they shall grieve they lived not in these times
To have seen thee, their sex's only glory.
So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song.

### SONNET 61

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and part.
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me.
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever; cancel all our vows;
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

## TO HIS COY LOVE

### A CANZONET

I PRAY thee leave, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me.
I but in vain that saint adore
That can, but will not, save me.
These poor half-kisses kill me quite;
Was ever man thus servëd,
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starvëd?
Show me no more those snowy breasts
With azure riverets branchëd,
Where, whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanchëd.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell!
By me thou art prevented.
'Tis nothing to be plagued in hell;
But thus in heaven tormented!

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me.
Oh, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthrall me.
But see how patient I am grown
In all this coil about thee.
Come, nice thing, let my heart alone!
I cannot live without thee.

## SONG (FROM *THE SHEPHERDS' GARLAND*)

*Batte:* GORBO, as thou cam'st this way
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didst stray
Saw'st thou my Daffodil?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
The color maids delight,
And never hath her beauty seen
But through a veil of white.

Than roses richer to behold,
That trim up lovers' bowers,
The pansy and the marigold,
Though Phoebus' paramours.

*Gorbo:* Thou well describ'st the daffodil.
It is not full an hour
Since by the spring near yonder hill
I saw that lovely flower.

*Batte:* Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet,
Nor news of her didst bring;
And yet my Daffodil more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

*Gorbo:* I saw a shepherd, that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making, as he fed his sheep,
A wreath of daffodillies.

*Batte:* Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see;
For know, my pretty Daffodil
Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her seat
No lily is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heat,
Or keep her from the cold.

*Gorbo:* Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass,
They call her Daffodil;

Whose presence, as along she went,
The pretty flowers did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill
Unto the valleys low did cry,
"There goes sweet Daffodil!"

*Batte:* Aye, gentle shepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flocks dost fill;
That's she alone, kind shepherd's boy!
Let us to Daffodil.

## SONG (FROM *THE SHEPHERDS' SIRENA*)

Near to the silver Trent
Sirena dwelleth,
She to whom Nature lent
All that excelleth;
By which the Muses late
And the neat Graces
Have for their greater state
Taken their places,
Twisting an anadem
Wherewith to crown her,
As it belonged to them
Most to renown her.

*Chorus:* On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let the swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Tagus and Pactolus
Are to thee debtor,
Nor for their gold to us
Are they the better.
Henceforth of all the rest
Be thou the river
Which as the daintiest
Puts them down ever;
For as my precious one
O'er thee doth travel,
She to pearl paragon
Turneth thy gravel.

*Chorus.*

Our mournful Philomel,
That rarest tuner,
Henceforth in Aperil
Shall wake the sooner,
And to her shall complain
From the thick cover,
Redoubling every strain
Over and over.
For when my love too long
Her chamber keepeth,
As though it suffered wrong,
The morning weepeth.

*Chorus.*

Oft have I seen the sun,
To do her honor,
Fix himself at his noon
To look upon her,
And hath gilt every grove,
Every hill near her,
With his flames from above,
Striving to cheer her;
And when she from his sight
Hath herself turnëd,
He, as it had been night,
In clouds hath mournëd.

*Chorus.*

The verdant meads are seen,
When she doth view them,
In fresh and gallant green
Straight to renew them,
And every little grass
Broad itself spreadeth,
Proud that this bonny lass
Upon it treadeth;
Nor flower is so sweet
In this large cincture
But it upon her feet
Leaveth some tincture.

*Chorus.*

The fishes in the flood,
When she doth angle,
For the hook strive a good
Them to entangle,
And leaping on the land
From the clear water,
Their scales upon the sand
Lavishly scatter,
Therewith to pave the mold
Whereon she passes,
So herself to behold
As in her glasses.
*Chorus.*

When she looks out by night
The stars stand gazing,
Like comets to our sight
Fearfully blazing,
As wondering at her eyes
With their much brightness,
Which do amaze the skies,
Dimming their lightness.
The raging tempests are
Calm when she speaketh,
Such most delightsome balm
From her lips breaketh.
*Chorus.*

In all our Britainy
There's not a fairer,
Nor can you fit any
Should you compare her.
Angels her eye-lids keep,
All hearts surprising,
Which look whilst she doth sleep
Like the sun's rising.
She alone of her kind
Knoweth true measure,
And her unmatchëd mind
Is heaven's treasure.
*Chorus.*

Fair Dove and Darwin clear,
Boast ye your beauties,
To Trent your mistress here
Yet pay your duties;
My love was higher born
Towards the full fountains,
Yet she doth moorland scorn
And the peak mountains;
Nor would she none should dream
Where she abideth,
Humble as is the stream
Which by her slideth.
*Chorus.*

Yet my poor rustic Muse
Nothing can move her,
Nor the means I can use,
Though her true lover.
Many a long winter's night
Have I waked for her,
Yet this my piteous plight
Nothing can stir her.
All thy sands, silver Trent,
Down to the Humber,
The sighs I have spent
Never can number.
*Chorus:* On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

## NYMPHIDIA

### The Court of Fairy

Old Chaucer doth of Thopas tell,
Mad Rabelais of Pantagruel,
A latter third of Dowsabel,
With such poor trifles playing.
Others the like have labored at,
Some of this thing and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the fairies still,
Nor never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them.
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold
Which lie from others' reading,
My active Muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud fairy king,
And tell there of the revelling.
Jove prosper my proceeding!

And thou, Nymphidia, gentle fay,
Which, meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray
Which now I am in telling:

My pretty light fantastic maid,
I here invoke thee to my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placëd there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it;
And somewhat southward toward the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made,
Well mortisëd and finely laid;
He was the master of his trade
It curiously that builded.
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats
Is covered with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon him sport to make,
Their rest when weary mortals take
And none but only fairies wake,
Descendeth for his pleasure.
And Mab, his merry queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright
(In elder times the Mare that hight),
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them;
Which maids think on the hearth they see
When fires well-near consumëd be,
There dancing hays by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their sluttery rue
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe
The house for cleanly sweeping;
And in their courses make that round
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so called the fairy ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

Thus when a child haps to be got
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother,
Some silly doting brainless calf
That understands things by the half
Says that the fairy left this aulf
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befell,
Which certainly may please some well,
In love and arms delighting;
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own fairy crew,
Too well, he feared, his queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this fairy knight,
One wondrous gracious in the sight
Of fair queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observëd;
Which made king Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often checked,
And could have wished him starvëd.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend
Were worthy of her wearing.
At length this lover doth devise
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleasëd
To meet him, her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts easëd.

"At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the queen a fitting bower,"
Quoth he, "is that fair cowslip flower
On Hipcut hill that groweth.
In all your train there's not a fay
That ever went to gather may
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thumb, a fairy page,
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry;

Which done, the queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all;
She would go see her summer hall,
  She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made;
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
  For naught must be her letting.
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion her charioteer,
  Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colors did excel,
The fair queen Mab becoming well,
  So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterfly;
  I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce;
For fear of rattling on the stones,
  With thistle-down they shod it.
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
  He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice
Until her maids, that were so nice,
  To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
  As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drop so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip that were
To Mab their sovereign ever dear,
  Her special maids of honor;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
  The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot
For hedge nor ditch they sparëd not,
  But after her they hied them.

A cobweb over them they throw
To shield the wind, if it should blow;
Themselves they wisely could bestow
  Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile
That now had gotten by this while,
  Her dear Pigwiggen kissing,
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare
When he had sought each place with care
  And found his queen was missing.

By grisly Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
  And acorn cup he greeteth;
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature balk,
  But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladin of France,
And those more ancient do enhance
  Alcides in his fury;
And others Ajax Telamon;
But to this time there hath been none
So bedlam as our Oberon,
  Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encountering with a wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp
As though his breath he forth would grasp,
  Him for Pigwiggen taking.
"Where is my wife, thou rogue?" quoth he.
"Pigwiggen, she is come to thee.
Restore her, or thou diest by me!"
  Whereat the poor wasp, quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great fairy king,
Content thee, I am no such thing;
I am a wasp. Behold my sting!"
  At which the fairy started.
When soon away the wasp doth go;
Poor wretch was never frighted so.
He thought his wings were much too slow,
  O'er-joyed they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light
(You must suppose it now was night),
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
  He took to be a devil,

And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrashed her rough coat with his flail.
The mad king feared no evil.

"Oh," quoth the glow-worm, "hold thy hand,
Thou puissant king of fairy land!
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
Hold, or of life despair I."
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole
She seemed as black as any coal,
Which vexed away the fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive.
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoilëd;
Which with their wax his face besmeared
And with their honey daubed his beard.
It would have made a man afeared
To see how he was moilëd.

A new adventure him betides.
He met an ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all be-slurried, head and face,
On runs he in this wild-goose chase.
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, against a molehill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on the other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling;
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil overhead,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury somewhat it doth slake;
He calleth for a ferry.

Where you may some recovery note;
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quixote, and of their change
Through which he armëd oft did range,
Of Sancho Panza's travel,
But should a man tell everything
Done by this frantic fairy king,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithall
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall,
With words from frenzy spoken.
"Ho! Ho!" quoth Hob, "God save thy grace,
Who dressed thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoiled my sovereign's face,
I would his neck were broken."

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt
Of purpose to deceive us.
And leading us makes us to stray
Long winter's nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay
Hob doth with laughter leave us.

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is gone!
As e'er thou lov'st king Oberon,
Let everything but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her.
Bring her to me, alive or dead,
Or that vilde thief Pigwiggen's head!
That villain hath defiled my bed,
He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin
Until at length I bring her in—
My dearest Lord, ne'er doubt it—
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire."
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,

Not doubting of a great reward
For first this business broaching;
And through the air away doth go
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with love's powerfull'st charm,
Sat with Pigwiggen arm in arm.
Her merry maids that thought no harm
About the room were skipping.
A humble-bee, their minstrel, played
Upon his hautboy; every maid
Fit for this revel was arrayed,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
"My Sovereign, for your safety fly!
For there is danger but too nigh;
I posted to forewarn you.
The king hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt
If he but once discern you."

When, like an uproar in a town,
Before them everything went down.
Some tore a ruff and some a gown,
'Gainst one another justling.
They flew about like chaff i' the wind,
For haste some left their masks behind,
Some could not stay their gloves to find;
There never was such bustling!

Forth ran they by a secret way
Into a brake that near them lay;
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them;
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night;
And therefore were resolved by flight
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanced to find a nut
In the end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scattered by a squirrel
Which out the kernel gotten had;
When quoth this fay, "Dear queen, be glad.
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril.

"Come all into this nut," quoth she.
"Come closely in, be ruled by me;
Each one may here a chooser be,
For room ye need not wrastle;
Nor need ye be together heaped."
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceived if Puck the queen should catch
That he should be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some powerful charm
The queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had sought her.

And listening if she aught could hear
That her might hinder or might fear,
But finding still the coast was clear
Nor creature had descried her,
Each circumstance and having scanned,
She came thereby to understand
Puck would be with them out of hand;
When to her charms she hied her,

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the mistletoe,
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terror to affright him,
She night-shade strews to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hindreth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despite him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue
That groweth underneath the yew;
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling;
The molewarp's brain mixed therewithal,
And with the same the pismire's gall;
For she in nothing short would fall,
The fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leap,
Her magic much availing;
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

"By the croaking of the frog,
By the howling of the dog,
By the crying of the hog,
  Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfew bell,
By the doleful dying knell,
O let this my direful spell,
  Hob, hinder thy surprising!

"By the mandrake's dreadful groans,
By the lubrican's sad moans,
By the noise of dead men's bones
  In charnel houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee thou this place forsake,
  Nor of queen Mab be prattling!

"By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
By the thunder's dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits under ground,
  I charge thee not to fear us;
By the screech-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
  With thorns if thou come near us!"

Her spell thus spoke, she stepped aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see there of what would betide,
  For she doth only mind him.
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she marked his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he spies
  In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin;
  For as he thus was busy
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbëd tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels.
  Alas! his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets.
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets
  And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case
  Amongst the briers and brambles.

"A plague upon queen Mab," quoth he,
"And all her maids where'er they be!
I think the devil guided me
  To seek her so provokëd."
Where stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
  In danger to be chokëd.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That waked queen Mab, who doubted sore
  Some treason had been wrought her;
Until Nymphidia told the queen
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near cracked her spleen
  With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her fairy rout,
And come again to have about
  With Oberon yet madding;
And with Pigwiggen, now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought
That he so long the queen had sought,
  And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he still doth cry,
"King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try
  For my dear lady's honor!
For that she is a queen right good,
In whose defense I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
  Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
  Yet could it not be piercëd;
His spear a bent both stiff and strong
And well-near of two inches long;
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
  Whose sharpness naught reversëd.

And puts him on a coat of mail
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail
  No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanced to hurt the king
  It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
  Yet did it well become him;
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossëd with the air
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
  And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an ear-wig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet
  Ere he himself could settle.
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round;
He scarce could stand on any ground,
  He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been
And to king Oberon of kin.
  Quoth he, "Thou manly fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepared,
Then bid him stand upon his guard;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
  Let him be ne'er so wary.

"Say to him thus, that I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
  Do publicly proclaim him;
Withal, that if I had mine own
He should not wear the fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down,
  Nor we a king should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilified,
But to the fairy court him hied,
  Full furiously he posted,
With every thing Pigwiggen said,
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was arrayed,
  As how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint,
  For Tomalin could do it;
How fair he sat, how sure he rid,
As of the courser he bestrid,
How managed, and how well he did;
  The king, which listened to it,

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed;
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And everything that I shall need;
  By thee I will be guided.
To strait account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In everything see thou me fit,
  Just as my foe's provided."

Soon flew this news through fairy land,
Which gave queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand
  Betwixt those men so mighty;
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew
The first occasion from her grew
  Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore, attended with her maids,
Through fogs and mists and damps she wades,
To Proserpine, the queen of shades,
  To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
  Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to king Oberon,
Who armed to meet his foe is gone,
  For proud Pigwiggen crying;
Who sought the fairy king as fast,
And had so well his journeys cast
That he arrivëd at the last,
  His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the king,
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,
That perfect were in everything
  To single fights belonging;
And therefore they themselves engage
To see them exercise their rage
With fair and comely equipage,
  Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
  That either had been either.
Their furious steeds began to neigh
That they were heard a mighty way,
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
  Yet e'er they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth
No magic them suppliëd;
And sought them that they had no charms
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms
To have their causes triëd.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters;
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regained their own;
Such nimbleness was never shown.
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain
The seconds could not judge yet.
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left;
These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
They every stroke redoublëd;
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wondrously her troublëd.

When to the infernal Styx she goes;
She takes the fogs from thence that rose
And in a bag doth them enclose.
When well she had them blended,
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
Both to be slain were likely.
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espied,
For Proserpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother;
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
Tom Thumb nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commanded peace,
And that a while they should release
Each other of their peril;
"Which here," quoth she, "I do proclaim
To all, in dreadful Pluto's name,
That as ye will eschew his blame
You let me hear the quarrel.

"But here yourselves you must engage,
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
Your grievous thirst and to assuage,
That first you drink this liquor;
Which shall your understanding clear,
As plainly shall to you appear,
Those things from me that you shall hear
Conceiving much the quicker."

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so
That of our weal or of our woe
It all remembrance blotted,
Of it nor can you ever think;
For they no sooner took this drink,
But naught into their brains could sink
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had
That he for jealousy ran mad,
But of his queen was wondrous glad,
And asked how they came thither.
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget
That he queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset
When they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought
That e'er they had each other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing.
Tom Thumb had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kissed the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure locked up
That they remembered nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
Amongst themselves do closely smile
To see the king caught with this wile,
  With one another jesting;
And to the fairy court they went
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
  And thus I left them feasting.

## ODE

### To the Virginian Voyage

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
  That honor still pursue,
  Go, and subdue,
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home, with shame.

Britons, you stay too long.
Quickly aboard bestow you,
  And with a merry gale
  Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
  Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
  When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice,
  To get the pearl and gold,
  And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

Where Nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
  And the fruitfull'st soil
  Without your toil
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
  The cedar reaching high
  To kiss the sky;
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whom the golden age
Still Nature's laws doth give,
  No other cares that tend
  But them to defend
From Winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
  Above the seas that flows,
  The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand,

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
  O you the happiest men,
  Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth
  As those from whom we came,
  And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
  Apollo's sacred tree,
  You may it see
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy Voyages attend,
Industrious Hakluyt,
  Whose reading shall inflame
  Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after-times thy wit.

## ODE

### To the Cambro-Britons and Their Harp, His Ballad of Agincourt

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
  Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
  Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt,
  In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French General lay
  With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
  To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
  Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they to one be ten,
  Be not amazëd.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
  By fame been raisëd.

"And, for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
  Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain.
Never shall she sustain
  Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell
Under our swords they fell;
  No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
  Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
  Amongst his henchmen.
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there.
O Lord, how hot they were
  On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armor on armor shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
  To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
  Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
  To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by
Like a storm suddenly
The English archery
  Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
  Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
  Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
  Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went.
  Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
  As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
  Bruisëd his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
  With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
  Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.
Oh, when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

## TO MY MOST DEARLY-LOVED FRIEND HENRY REYNOLD, ESQUIRE, OF POETS AND POESY

My dearly lovëd friend, how oft have we
In winter evenings, meaning to be free,
To some well-chosen place used to retire,
And there with moderate meat, and wine, and fire,
Have passed the hours contentedly with chat,
Now talk of this, and then discoursed of that,
Spoke our own verses 'twixt ourselves, if not
Other men's lines which we by chance had got,
Or some stage pieces famous long before,
Of which your happy memory had store;
And I remember you much pleasëd were
Of those who livëd long ago to hear,
As well as of those, of these latter times,
Who have enriched our language with their rhymes,
And in succession how still up they grew;
Which is the subject that I now pursue.
For from my cradle you must know that I
Was still inclined to noble poesy,
And when that once Pueriles I had read,
And newly had my Cato construëd,
In my small self I greatly marveled then,
Amongst all other, what strange kind of men
These poets were; and, pleasëd with the name,
To my mild tutor merrily I came
(For I was then a proper goodly page,
Much like a pigmy, scarce ten years of age),
Clasping my slender arms about his thigh.
"Oh my dear master! Cannot you," quoth I,
"Make me a poet? Do it if you can,
And you shall see I'll quickly be a man."
Who me thus answered, smiling: "Boy," quoth he,
"If you'll not play the wag, but I may see
You ply your learning, I will shortly read
Some poets to you." Phoebus be my speed,
To't hard went I, when shortly he began,
And first read to me honest Mantuan,
Then Virgil's Eclogues; being entered thus,
Methought I straight had mounted Pegasus,
And in his full career could make him stop,
And bound upon Parnassus' bi-cleft top.
I scorned your ballet then, though it were done
And had for Finis, "William Elderton."
But soft, in sporting with this childish jest
I from my subject have too long digressed;
Then to the matter that we took in hand;
Jove and Apollo for the Muses stand!
Then noble Chaucer, in those former times,
The first enriched our English with his rhymes,
And was the first of ours that ever brake
Into the Muses' treasure, and first spake
In weighty numbers, delving in the mine
Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine
And coin for current, and as much as then
The English language could express to men
He made it do; and by his wondrous skill
Gave us much light from his abundant quill.
And honest Gower, who in respect of him
Had only sipped at Aganippe's brim,
And though in years this last was him before,
Yet fell he far short of the other's store.
When after those, four ages very near,
They with the Muses which conversëd were
That princely Surrey, early in the time
Of the Eighth Henry, who was then the prime
Of England's noble youth; with him there came
Wyatt, with reverence whom we still do name

Amongst our poets; Brian had a share
With the two former, which accompted are
That time's best makers, and the authors were
Of those small poëms which the title bear
Of *Songs and Sonnets*, wherein oft they hit
On many dainty passages of wit.
Gascoigne and Churchyard after them again,
In the beginning of Eliza's reign,
Accompted were great meterers many a day,
But not inspirëd with brave fire. Had they
Lived but a little longer, they had seen
Their works before them to have buried been.
Grave moral Spenser after these came on,
Than whom I am persuaded there was none,
Since the blind bard his Iliads up did make,
Fitter a task like that to undertake,
To set down boldly, bravely to invent,
In all high knowledge surely excellent.
The noble Sidney with this last arose,
That hero for numbers, and for prose.
That throughly paced our language, as to show
The plenteous English hand in hand might go
With Greek or Latin, and did first reduce
Our tongue from Lyly's writing then in use,
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words and idle similes,
As the English apes and very zanies be
Of everything that they do hear and see,
So imitating his ridiculous tricks
They spake and writ, all like mere lunatics.
Then Warner, though his lines were not so trimmed
Nor yet his poëm so exactly limned
And neatly jointed but the critic may
Easily reprove him, yet thus let me say;
For, my old friend, some passages there be
In him, which I protest have taken me
With almost wonder, so fine, clear, and new
As yet they have been equallëd by few.
Neat Marlowe, bathëd in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had; his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear,
For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.
And surely Nashe, though he a proser were,
A branch of laurel yet deserves to bear.
Sharply satiric was he, and that way
He went, since that his being, to this day
Few have attempted, and I surely think
Those words shall hardly be set down with ink
Shall scorch and blast so as his could where he
Would inflict vengeance. And be it said of thee,
Shakespeare, thou had'st as smooth a comic vein,
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain
As strong conception and as clear a rage
As anyone that trafficked with the stage.
Amongst these Samuel Daniel, whom if I
May speak of, but to censure do deny,
Only have heard some wise men him rehearse
To be too much historian in verse;
His rhymes were smooth, his meters well did close,
But yet his manner better fitted prose.
Next these, learn'd Jonson in this list I bring,
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring,
Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,
And long was lord here of the theater;
Who in opinion made our learn'dst to stick,
Whether in poëms rightly dramatic
Strong Seneca or Plautus, he or they,
Should bear the buskin or the sock away.
Others again here livëd in my days
That have of us deservëd no less praise
For their translations than the daintiest wit
That on Parnassus thinks he high'st doth sit,
And on a chair may 'mongst the Muses call
As the most curious maker of them all;
As reverend Chapman, who hath brought to us
Musaeus, Homer, and Hesiodus
Out of the Greek, and by his skill hath reared
Them to that height, and to our tongue endeared,
That were those poets at this day alive
To see their books thus with us to survive,
They would think, having neglected them so long,
They had been written in the English tongue.
And Sylvester, who from the French more weak

Made Bartas of his six days' labor speak
In natural English, who, had he there stayed,
He had done well, and never had bewrayed
His own invention to have been so poor;
Who still wrote less in striving to write more.
Then dainty Sandys, that hath to English done
Smooth-sliding Ovid, and hath made him run
With so much sweetness and unusual grace
As though the neatness of the English pace
Should tell the jetting Latin that it came
But slowly after, as though stiff and lame.
So Scotland sent us hither, for our own,
That man whose name I ever would have known
To stand by mine, that most ingenious knight,
My Alexander, to whom in his right
I want extremely, yet in speaking thus
I do but show the love that was 'twixt us,
And not his numbers, which were brave and high,
So like his mind was his clear poesy;
And my dear Drummond, to whom much I owe
For his much love, and proud I was to know
His poesy; for which two worthy men
I Menstry still shall love, and Hawthornden.
Then the two Beaumonts and my Browne arose,
My dear companions, whom I freely chose
My bosom friends; and in their several ways
Rightly born poets, and in these last days
Men of much note and no less nobler parts,
Such as have freely told to me their hearts,
As I have mine to them; but if you shall
Say in your knowledge that these be not all
Have writ in numbers, be informed that I
Only myself to these few men do tie
Whose works oft printed, set on every post,
To public censure subject have been most;
For such whose poëms, be they ne'er so rare,
In private chambers that encloistered are,
And by transcription daintily must go,
As though the world unworthy were to know
Their rich composures, let those men that keep
These wondrous relics in their judgment deep
And cry them up so, let such pieces be
Spoke of by those that shall come after me;
I pass not for them. Nor do mean to run
In quest of these that them applause have won
Upon our stages in these latter days,
That are so many; let them have their bays
That do deserve it; let those wits that haunt
Those public circuits, let them freely chant
Their fine composures, and their praise pursue.
And so, my dear friend, for this time, adieu.

## FROM *POLYOLBION:*

### The Nineteenth Song

#### THE ARGUMENT

The Muse now over Thames makes forth
Upon her progress to the north,
From Cauney with a full career
She up against the stream doth bear;
Where, Waltham Forest's pride expressed,
She points directly to the east,
And shows how all those rivers strain
Through Essex to the German main;
When Stoure, with Orwell's aid, prefers
Our British brave sea-voyagers;
Half Suffolk in with them she takes,
Where of this song an end she makes.

Bear bravely up, my Muse, the way thou went'st before,
And cross the kingly Thames to the Essexian shore,
Stem up his tide-full stream, upon that side to rise
Where Cauney, Albion's child, in-islëd richly lies,
Which, though her lower site doth make her seem but mean,
Of him as dearly loved as Shepey is or Grean,
And him as dearly loved; for when he would depart
With Hercules to fight, she took it so to heart
That falling low and flat, her blubbered face to hide,
By Thames she well-near is surrounded every tide;

And since of worldly state she never taketh keep,
But only gives herself to tend and milk her sheep.
But, Muse, from her so low divert thy high-set song
To London-wards, and bring from Lea with thee along
The forests and the floods, and most exactly show
How these in order stand, how those directly flow.
For in that happy soil doth pleasure ever wone,
Through forests where clear rills in wild meanders run;
Where dainty summer-bowers and arborets are made,
Cut out of bushy thicks, for coolness of the shade.
Fools gaze at painted courts, to the country let me go,
To climb the easy hill, then walk the valley low;
No gold-embossëd roofs to me are like the woods,
No bed like to the grass, nor liquor like the floods.
A city's but a sink, gay houses gaudy graves;
The Muses have free leave to starve or live in caves.
But Waltham Forest still in prosperous estate,
As standing to this day (so strangely fortunate)
Above her neighbor nymphs, and holds her head aloft,
A turf beyond them all, so sleek and wondrous soft,
Upon her setting side by goodly London graced,
Upon the north by Lea, her south by Thames embraced;
Upon her rising point she chancëd to espy
A dainty forest-nymph of her society,
Fair Hatfield, which in height all other did surmount,
And of the dryads held in very high account,
Yet in respect of her stood far out of the way;
Who doubting of herself, by others' late decay,
Her sister's glory viewed with an astonished eye;
Whom Waltham wisely thus reproveth by and by:
"Dear sister, rest content, nor our declining rue.
What thing is in this world that we can say is new?
The ridge and furrow shows that once the crooked plow
Turned up the grassy turf where oaks are rooted now,
And at this hour we see the share and coulter tear
The full corn-bearing glebe where sometimes forests were;
And those but caitiffs are which most do seek our spoil,
Who having sold our woods do lastly sell our soil.
'Tis virtue to give place to these ungodly times,
Whenas the fost'rëd ill proceeds from others' crimes;
'Gainst lunatics and fools what wise folk spend their force?
For folly headlong falls when it hath had the course;
And when God gives men up to ways abhorred and vile,
Of understanding he deprives them quite, the while
They into error run, confounded in their sin,
As simple fowls in lime or in the fowler's gin.
And for those pretty birds, that wont in us to sing,
They shall at last forbear to welcome in the spring,
When wanting where to perch, they sit upon the ground
And curse them in their notes who first did woods confound.
Dear sister Hatfield, then hold up thy drooping head.
We feel no such decay, nor is all succor fled;
For Essex is our dower, which greatly doth abound
With every simple good that in the isle is found.
And though we go to wrack in this so general waste,

This hope to us remains, we yet may be the last."
When Hatfield taking heart, where late she sadly stood,
Sends little Roding forth, her best-belovëd flood,
Which from her crystal fount, as to enlarge her fame,
To many a village lends her clear and noble name,
Which as she wandereth on, through Waltham holds her way,
With goodly oaken wreaths, which makes her wondrous gay;
But making at the last into the watery marsh,
Where though the blady grass unwholesome be and harsh,
Those wreaths away she casts which bounteous Waltham gave,
With bulrush, flags, and reed, to make her wondrous brave,
And herself's strength divides to sundry lesser streams;
So wantoning she falls into her sovereign Thames.
From whose vast beechy banks a rumor straight resounds
Which quickly ran itself through the Essexian grounds,
That Crouch amongst the rest a river's name should seek,
As scorning any more the nickname of a creek,
Well furnished with a stream that from the fill to fall
Wants nothing that a flood should be adorned withal.
On Benge's batfull side, and at her going out,
With Walnot, Foulness fair, near wat'rëd round about,
Two isles for greater state to stay her up that stand
Thrust far into the sea, yet fixëd to the land,
As Nature in that sort them purposely had placed,
That she by sea and land should every way be graced.
Some sea-nymphs and besides her part there were that took,
As angry that their Crouch should not be called a brook;
And bade her to complain to Neptune of her wrong.
But whilst these grievous stirs thus happened them among,
Choice Chelmer comes along, a nymph most neatly clear,
Which well-near through the midst doth cut the wealthy shire,
By Dunmow gliding down to Chelmsford holds her chase,
To which she gives the name, which, as she doth embrace,
Clear Can comes tripping in, and doth with Chelmer close;
With whose supply (though small as yet) she greater grows.
She for old Maldon makes, where in her passing by
She to remembrance calls that Roman colony,
And all those ominous signs her fall that did forego
As that which most expressed their fatal overthrow;
Crowned Victory reversed fell down whereas she stood,
And the vast greenish sea discolored like to blood;
Shrieks heard like people's cries, that see their deaths at hand;
The portraitures of men imprinted in the sand.
When Chelmer scarce arrives in her most wishëd bay
But Blackwater comes in, through many a crooked way,
Which Pant was called of yore, but that by Time exiled
She Froshwell after hight, then Blackwater enstyled;
But few such titles have the British floods among.
When Northey near at hand and the Isle of Ousey rung
With shouts the sea-nymphs gave, for joy of their arrive,
As either of those isles in courtesy do strive
To Tethis' darlings which should greatest honor do,
And what the former did, the latter adds thereto.
But Colne, which frankly lends fair Colchester her name,

On all the Essexian shore the town of greatest fame,
Perceiving how they still in courtship did contend,
Quoth she, "Wherefore the time thus idly do you spend?
What, is there nothing here that you esteem of worth,
That our big-bellied sea or our rich land brings forth?
Think you our oysters here unworthy of your praise?
Pure Walfleet, which do still the daintiest palates please;
As excellent as those which are esteemëd most,
The Cizic shells, or those on the Lucrinian coast;
Or cheese, which our fat soil to every quarter sends,
Whose tack the hungry clown and plowman so commends.
If you esteem not these, as things above the ground,
Look under, where the urns of ancient times are found,
The Roman emperor's coins, oft digged out of the dust,
And warlike weapons now consumed with cankering rust;
The huge and massy bones of mighty fearful men,
To tell the world's full strength, what creatures livëd then
When in her height of youth the lusty fruitful earth
Brought forth her big-limbed brood, even giants in their birth."
Thus spoke she, when from sea they suddenly do hear
A strong and horrid noise, which struck the land with fear.
For with their crooked trumps his Tritons Neptune sent
To warn the wanton nymphs that they incontinent
Should straight repair to Stour, on Orwell's pleasant road;
For it had been divulged the ocean all abroad
That Orwell and this Stour, by meeting in one bay,
Two that each other's good intended every way,
Prepared to sing a song that should precisely show
That Medway for her life their skill could not out-go.
For Stour, a dainty flood, that duly doth divide
Fair Suffolk from this shire, upon her other side,
By Clare first coming in, to Sudbury doth show
The even course she keeps; when far she doth not flow
But Breton, a bright nymph, fresh succor to her brings.
Yet is she not so proud of her superfluous springs
But Orwell coming in from Ipswich thinks that she
Should stand for it with Stour, and lastly they agree
That since the Britons hence their first discoveries made,
And that into the east they first were taught to trade,
Besides, of all the roads and havens of the east
This harbor where they meet is reckoned for the best,
Our voyages by sea and brave discoveries known
Their argument they make; and thus they sing their own:
"In Severn's late tuned lay, that empress of the west,
In which great Arthur's acts are to the life expressed,
His conquests to the north, who Norway did invade,
Who Groneland, Iceland next, then Lapland lastly made
His awful empire's bounds, the Britons' acts among,
This god-like hero's deeds exactly have been sung;
His valiant people then who to those countries brought
Which many an age since that our great'st discoveries thought.
This worthiest then of ours our Argonauts shall lead.
Next Malgo, who again that conqueror's steps to tread,
Succeeding him in reign, in conquests so no less,

Plowed up the frozen sea, and with as fair success,
By that great conqueror's claim, first Orkney over-ran,
Proud Denmark then subdued, and spacious Norway wan,
Seized Iceland for his own, and Gotland to each shore
Where Arthur's full-sailed fleet had ever touched before.
And when the Britons' reign came after to decline,
And to the Cambrian hills their fate did them confine,
The Saxon swaying all, in Alfred's powerful reign,
Our English Octer put a fleet to sea again,
Of the huge Norwegian hills and news did hither bring,
Whose tops are hardly wrought in twelve days' traveling;
But leaving Norway then a-starboard, forward kept
And with our English sails that mighty ocean swept
Where those stern people wone whom hope of gain doth call
In hulks with grappling hooks to hunt the dreadful whale,
And great Dvina down from her first springing-place
Doth roll her swelling waves in churlish Neptune's face.
Then Woolstan after him, discovering Danzig, found
Where Wixel's mighty mouth is poured into the sound,
And towing up his stream first taught the English oars
The useful way of trade to those most gainful shores.
And when the Norman stem here strong and potent grew
And their successful sons did glorious acts pursue,
One Nicholas named of Lynn, where first he breathed the air,
Though Oxford taught him art and well may hold him dear,
In the mathematics learned, although a friar professed,
To see those northern climes with great desire possessed,
Himself he thither shipped, and, skilful in the globe,
Took every several height with his true astrolobe;
The whirlpools of the seas and came to understand,
From the four cardinal winds four indraughts that command,
Into any of whose falls if the wandering barque doth light
It hurried is away with such tempestuous flight
Into that swallowing gulf, which seems as it would draw
The very earth itself into the infernal maw.
Four such immeasured pools, philosophers agree
In the four parts of the world undoubtedly to be;
From which they have supposed Nature the winds doth raise,
And from them to proceed the flowing of the seas.
And when our civil wars began at last to cease,
And these late calmer times of olive-bearing peace
Gave leisure to great minds, far regions to descry,
That brave adventurous knight, our Sir Hugh Willoughby,
Shipped for the northern seas, 'mongst those congealëd piles
Fashioned by lasting frosts, like mountains and like isles,
In all her fearfull'st shapes saw Horror, whose great mind,
In lesser bounds than these that could not be confined,
Adventurëd on those parts where Winter still doth keep,
When most the icy cold had chained up all the deep,
In bleak Arzina's road his death near Lapland took,
Where Kegor from her site on those grim seas doth look.
Two others follow then, eternal fame that won,
Our Chancellor, and with him compare we Jenkinson.
For Russia both embarked; the first arriving there,

Entering Dvina's mouth, up her proud stream did steer
To Volgad, to behold her pomp, the Russian state
Muscovia measuring then; the other with like fate
Both those vast realms surveyed, then into Bactria passed,
To Boghor's bulwarked walls, then to the liquid waste
Where Oxus rolleth down 'twixt his far distant shores,
And o'er the Caspian main, with strong untirëd oars,
Adventurëd to view rich Persia's wealth and pride,
Whose true report thereof the English since have tried.
With Fitch our Eldred next deservedly placëd is;
Both traveling to see the Syrian Tripolis.
The first of which (in this whose noble spirit was shown)
To view those parts, to us that were the most unknown,
On thence to Ormus set, Goa, Cambaya, then
To vast Zelabdim, thence to Echubar, again
Crossed Ganges' mighty stream, and his large banks did view,
To Baccola went on, to Bengola, Pegu,
And for Mallacan then, Zeiten, and Cochin cast,
Measuring with many a step the great East-Indian waste.
The other from that place the first before had gone,
Determining to see the broad-walled Babylon,
Crossed Euphrates, and rowed against his mighty stream;
Licia and Gaza saw, with great Hierusalem,
And our dear Savior's seat, blest Bethl'em, did behold,
And Jordan, of whose waves much is in Scriptures told.
Then Macham, who, through love to long adventures led,
Madera's wealthy isles the first discoverëd,
Who having stolen a maid, to whom he was affied
Yet her rich parents still her marriage rites denied,
Put with her forth to sea, where, many a danger past,
Upon an isle of those at length by tempest cast,
And putting in, to give his tender love some ease,
Which very ill had brooked the rough and boisterous seas,
And lingering for her health within the quiet bay,
The mariners most false fled with the ship away;
Whenas it was not long but she gave up her breath,
When he whose tears in vain bewailed her timeless death,
That their deservëd rites her funeral could not have,
A homely altar built upon her honored grave.
When with his folk but few, not passing two or three,
There making them a boat, but rudely of one tree,
Put forth again to sea, where after many a flaw
Such as before themselves scarce mortal ever saw,
Nor miserable men could possibly sustain,
Now swallowed with the waves, and then spewed up again,
At length were on the coast of sunburnt Afric thrown,
To amaze that further world, and to amuse our own.
Then Windham, who new ways for us and ours to try
For great Morocco made, discovering Barbary.
Lock, Towerson, Fenner next, vast Guinea forth that sought,
And of her ivory home in great abundance brought.
The East-Indian voyager then, the valiant Lancaster,
To Buona Esperance, Comara, Zanziber,
To Nicuba, as he to Gomerpolo went,
Till his strong bottom struck Mollucco's continent,
And sailing to Brazeel, another time, he took
Olynda's chiefest town, and harbor, Farnambuke,
And with their precious wood, sugar, and cotton fraught,

It by his safe return into his country brought.
Then Forbosher, whose fame flew all the ocean o'er,
Who to the north-west sought huge China's wealthy shore,
When nearer to the north that wandering seaman set
Where he in our hott'st months of June and July met
With snow, frost, hail, and sleet, and found stern Winter strong,
With mighty isles of ice, and mountains huge and long.
Where, as it comes and goes, the great eternal light
Makes half the year still day, and half continual night.
Then for those bounds unknown he bravely set again,
As he a sea-god were, familiar with the main.
The noble Fenton next and Jackman we prefer,
Both voyagers that were with famous Forbosher.
And Davies, three times forth that for the north-west made,
Still striving by that course to enrich the English trade;
And as he well deserved to his eternal fame,
There by a mighty sea immortalized his name.
With noble Gilbert next comes Hoard, who took in hand
To clear the course scarce known into the New-found-land,
And viewed the plenteous seas and fishful havens, where
Our neighboring nations since have stored them every year.
Then globe-encircling Drake, the naval palm that won,
Who strove in his long course to emulate the sun;
Of whom the Spaniard used a prophecy to tell,
That from the British Isles should rise a dragon fell
That with his armëd wings should strike the Iberian main
And bring in after time much horror upon Spain.
This more than man (or what), this demi-god at sea,
Leaving behind his back the great America
Upon the surging main his well-stretched tacklings flewed
To forty-three degrees of north'ly latitude,
Unto that land before to the Christian world unknown,
Which in his country's right he named New Albion;
And in the western Ind, spite of the power of Spain,
He Saint Iago took, Domingo, Cartagene,
And, leaving of his prowess a mark in every bay,
Saint Augustine's surprised, in Terra Florida.
Then those that forth for sea industrious Raleigh wrought
And them with everything fit for discovery fraught;
That Amadas (whose name doth scarcely English sound),
With Barlow, who the first Virginia throughly found.
As Grenville, whom he got to undertake that sea,
Three sundry times from hence who touched Virginia.
In his so rare a choice it well approved his wit,
That with so brave a spirit his turn so well could fit.
O Grenville, thy great name for ever be renowned
And borne by Neptune still about this mighty round,
Whose naval conflict wan thy nation so much fame,
And in the Iberians bred fear of the English name.
Nor should Fame speak her loud'st, of Lane, she could not lie,
Who, in Virginia left with the English colony,
Himself so bravely bare, amongst our people there,
That him they only loved when others they did fear;
And from those barbarous, brute, and wild Virginians wan
Such reverence as in him there had been more than man.
Then he which favored still such high attempts at these,
Raleigh, whose reading made him skilled in all the seas,

Embarked his worthy self and his adventurous crew,
And with a prosperous sail to those fair countries flew,
Where Oronoc, as he on in his course doth roll,
Seems as his greatness meant grim Neptune to control,
Like to a puissant king, whose realms extend so far
That many a potent prince his tributaries are.
So are his branches seas, and in the rich Guiana
A flood as proud as he, the broad-brimmed Orellana;
And on the spacious firm Manoa's mighty seat,
The land (by Nature's power) with wonders most replete.
So Leigh Cape Briton saw, and Rameas Isles again;
As Thompson undertook the voyage to New-Spain,
And Hawkins not behind, the best of those before,
Who hoisting sail to seek the most remotest shore
Upon that new-named Spain and Guinea sought his prize,
As one whose mighty mind small things could not suffice,
The son of his brave sire, who with his furrowing keel
Long ere that time had touched the goodly rich Brazeel.
Courageous Candish then, a second Neptune here,
Whose fame filled every mouth and took up every ear.
What man could in his time discourse of any seas
But of brave Candish talked and of his voyages?
Who through the South Seas passed, about this earthly ball,
And saw those stars, to them that only rise and fall,
And with his silken sails, stained with the richest ore,
Dared anyone to pass where he had been before.
Count Cumberland, so hence to seek the Azorës sent,
And to the Western Ind, to Porta Rico went,
And with the English power it bravely did surprise.
Sir Robert Dudley then, by sea that sought to rise,
Hoist sails with happy winds to the Isles of Trinidado;
Paria then he passed, the Islands of Granado,
As those of Santa Cruz and Porta Rico; then
Amongst the famous rank of our sea-searching men
Is Preston sent to sea, with Summers forth to find
Adventures in the parts upon the Western Ind,
Port Santo who surprised, and Coches, with the fort
Of Coro, and the town, when in submissive sort
Cumana ransom craved, Saint James of Leon sacked;
Jamaica went not free, but, as the rest, they wracked.
Then Shirley (since whose name such high renoun hath won)
That voyage undertook as they before had done;
He Saint Iago saw, Domingo, Margarita,
By Terra firma sailed to the Islands of Jamaica,
Up Rio Dolce rowed, and with a prosperous hand
Returning to his home, touched at the New-found-land,
Where at Jamaica's isles courageous Parker met
With Shirley, and along up Rio Dolce set,
Where, bidding him adieu, on his own course he ran
And took Campeche's town, the chief'st of Yucatan.
A frigate and from thence did home to Britain bring,
With most strange tribute fraught, due to that Indian king."
At mighty Neptune's beck thus ended they their song,
Whenas from Harwich all to Loving-land along
Great claps and shouts were heard resounding to the shore,
Wherewith the Essexian nymphs applaud their lovëd Stour,

From the Suffolkean side yet those which Stour prefer
Their princely Orwell praise as much as the other her;
For though clear Briton be rich Suffolk's from her spring,
Which Stour upon her way to Harwich down doth bring,
Yet Deben of herself a stout and steadfast friend
Her succor to that sea near Orwell's road doth send.

When Waveney to the north, rich Suffolk's only mere,
As Stour upon the north, from Essex parts this shire,
Lest Stour and Orwell thus might steal her nymphs away
In Neptune's name commands that here their force should stay;
For that herself and Yar, in honor of the deep,
Were purposëd a feast in Loving-land to keep.

# SAMUEL DANIEL (1562–1619)

## SONNETS TO DELIA

### 11

Tears, vows, and prayers win the hardest heart,
Tears, vows, and prayers have I spent in vain;
Tears cannot soften flint, nor vows convert,
Prayers prevail not with a quaint disdain.
I lose my tears where I have lost my love,
I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded,
I pray in vain, a merciless to move;
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
Yet, though I cannot win her will with tears,
Though my soul's idol scorneth all my vows,
Though all my prayers be to so deaf ears,
No favor though the cruel fair allows,
Yet will I weep, vow, pray to cruel she;
Flint, frost, disdain, wears, melts, and yields, we see.

### 25

False Hope prolongs my ever certain grief,
Traitor to me, and faithful to my love;
A thousand times it promised me relief,
Yet never any true effect I prove.
Oft when I find in her no truth at all
I banish her and blame her treachery,
Yet soon again I must her back recall,
As one that dies without her company.
Thus often as I chase my hope from me,
Straightway she hastes her unto Delia's eyes;
Fed with some pleasing look there shall she be,
And so sent back, and thus my fortune lies.
Looks feed my hope, Hope fosters me in vain;
Hopes are unsure, when certain is my pain.

### 30

My cares draw on mine everlasting night,
In horror's sable clouds sets my live's sun;
My live's sweet sun, my dearest comfort's light,
Will rise no more to me, whose day is done.
I go before unto the myrtle shades,
To attend the presence of my world's dear,
And there prepare her flowers that never fades,
And all things fit against her coming there.
If any ask me why so soon I came,
I'll hide her sin, and say it was my lot;
In life and death I'll tender her good name,
My life nor death shall never be her blot.
Although this world may seem her deed to blame,
The Elysian ghosts shall never know the same.

### 39

Look, Delia, how we esteem the half blown rose,
The image of thy blush and summer's honor,
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty Time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is scorned that late adorned the fair.
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine.
No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now;
Swift speedy Time, feath'rëd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
But love now whilst thou mayst be loved again.

### 41

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory pass,
And thou with careful brow sitting alone
Receivëd hast this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth, and says that all is gone,
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou mad'st,
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining,

I that have loved thee thus before thou
fad'st;
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy
waning.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's
spent;
Then what my faith hath been thyself
shall see,
And that thou wast unkind thou mayst
repent.
Thou mayst repent that thou hast scorned
my tears,
When winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

54

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable
Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwrack of my ill-adventured youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's un-
truth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

55

Let others sing of knights and paladins
In agëd accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits
records;
But I must sing of thee, and those fair
eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
When yet the unborn shall say, "Lo where
she lies,
Whose beauty made him speak that else
was dumb."
These are the arks, the trophies, I erect
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark and Time's consuming rage.
Though the error of my youth in them ap-
pear,
Suffice they show I lived and loved thee dear.

## SONG, FROM *HYMEN'S TRIUMPH*

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Heigh ho!

## TO THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND

He that of such a height hath built his
mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts
so strong
As neither fear nor hope can shake the
frame
Of his resolvëd powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he
may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man
survey!
And with how free an eye doth he look
down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passions mainly
beat
On flesh and blood; where honor, power,
renown
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble
feet
As frailty doth, and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.
He looks upon the mightiest monarchs'
wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right; the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.

Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails;
Justice, he sees, (as if seducëd) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.
He sees the face of Right to appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colors, all attires,
To serve his ends and make his courses hold.
He sees that, let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.
Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes,
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.
Although his heart so near allied to earth
Cannot but pity the perplexëd state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility;
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon, not strange, but as foredone.
And whilst distraught Ambition compasses
And is encompassed; whilst as Craft deceives
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes; he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.
Thus, Madam, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared
The best of Glory with her sufferings;
By whom, I see, you labor all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your powers can bear.
Which, Madam, are so soundly fashionëd
By that clear judgment that hath carried you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inured to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.
Which makes, that, whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of your self remain;
Where no vain breath of the impudent molests,
That hath secured within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what malice from without procures
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.
And whereas none rejoice more in revenge
Than women use to do; yet you well know
That wrong is better checked by being contemned
Than being pursued; leaving to him to avenge
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemned
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.
Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The center of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!
And how turmoiled they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,

But work beyond their years; and even deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death; that when ability expires,
Desire lives still;—so much delight they have
To carry toil and travail to the grave.
Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reckonings of their glory. And you know
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepared, that fears no ill to come.
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumëd are
Either in war, or peace conceiving war.
This concord, Madam, of a well-tuned mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of heaven that, though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind,
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man, nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord, but still agree,
Equal in Fortune's inequality.
And this note, Madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In the inheritance of fame you must possess;
You that have built you by your great deserts,
Out of small means, a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honored name
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

## FROM *THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND*

"Out from the horror of infernal deeps
My poor afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,
Attended with my shame that never sleeps,
The spot wherewith my kind, and youth, did stain it.
My body found a grave where to contain it,
A sheet could hide my face, but not my sin,
For Fame finds never tomb to enclose it in.

"And, which is worse, my soul is now denied
Her transport to the sweet Elysian rest,
The joyful bliss for ghosts repurified,
The ever-springing gardens of the blest;
Charon denies me waftage with the rest,
And says my soul can never pass the river,
Till lovers' sighs on earth shall it deliver.

"So shall I never pass; for how should I
Procure this sacrifice amongst the living?
Time hath long since worn out the memory
Both of my life, and live's unjust depriving;
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reviving.
Rosamond hath little left her but her name,
And that disgraced, for time hath wronged the same.

"No Muse suggests the pity of my case,
Each pen doth overpass my just complaint,
Whilst others are preferred, though far more base.
Shore's wife is graced, and passes for a saint;
Her legend justifies her foul attaint.
Her well-told tale did such compassion find
That she is passed, and I am left behind.

"Which seen with grief, my miserable ghost
(Whilom invested in so fair a veil,
Which whilst it lived was honored of the most,
And being dead gives matter to bewail)
Comes to solicit thee (whilst others fail)
To take this task, and in thy woeful song
To form my case and register my wrong.

"Although I know thy just lamenting Muse,
Toiled in the affliction of thine own distress,
In others' cares hath little time to use,
And therefore mayst esteem of mine the less,
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redress,
The joys depending on a woman's grace,
So move thy mind a woeful woman's case.

"Delia may hap to deign to read our story,
And offer up her sighs among the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'st be graced, and I be blessed;
That indulgence would profit me the best,
Such power she hath by whom thy youth is led,
To joy the living and to bless the dead.

"So I, through beauty made the woefull'st wight,
By beauty might have comfort after death;
That, dying fairest, by the fairest might
Find life above on earth, and rest beneath.
She that can bless us with one happy breath
Give comfort to thy Muse to do her best,
That thereby thou mayst joy, and I might rest."

Thus said, forthwith, moved with a tender care
And pity (which my self could never find),
What she desired, my Muse deigned to declare,
And therefore willed her boldly tell her mind.
And I more willing took this charge assigned
Because her griefs were worthy to be known,
And, telling hers, might hap forget mine own.

"Then write," quoth she, "the ruin of my youth;
Report the downfall of my slippery state;
Of all my life reveal the simple truth,
To teach to others what I learned too late.
Exemplify my frailty, tell how Fate
Keeps in eternal dark our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come to know them 'tis forbidden.

"For whilst the sunshine of my fortune lasted
I joyed the happiest warmth, the sweetest heat
That ever yet imperious beauty tasted;
I had what glory ever flesh could get.
But this fair morning had a shameful set.
Disgrace darked honor, sin did cloud my brow,
As note the sequel, and I'll tell thee how.

"The blood I stained was good and of the best,
My birth had honor and my beauty fame;
Nature and Fortune joined to make me blest,
Had I had grace to have known to use the same.
My education showed from whence I came,
And all concurred to make me happy first,
That so great hope might make me more accurst.

"Happy lived I whilst parent's eye did guide
The indiscretion of my feeble ways,
And country home kept me from being eyed,
Where best unknown I spent my sweetest days;
Till that my friends mine honor sought to raise
To higher place, which greater credit yields,
Deeming such beauty was unfit for fields.

"From country then to court I was preferred,
From calm to storms, from shore into the deeps;
There where I perished, where my youth first erred,
There where I lost the flower which honor keeps,
There where the worser thrives, the better weeps;
Ah me! (poor wench), on this unhappy shelf
I grounded me, and cast away myself.

"There whereas frail and tender beauty stands
With all assaulting powers environëd,
Having but prayërs and weak feeble hands
To hold their honor's fort unvanquishëd;
There where to stand, and be unconquerëd,
Is to be above the nature of our kind,
That cannot long for pity be unkind.

"For thither comed, when years had armed my youth
With rarest proof of beauty ever seen,
When my reviving eye had learned the truth
That it had power to make the winter green,
And flower affections whereas none had been,
Soon could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world do homage to mine eyes.

"For age I saw—though years with cold conceit
Congealed their thoughts against a warm desire—
Yet sigh their want, and look at such a bait;
I saw how youth was wax before the fire.
I saw by stealth, I framed my look a lyre,
Yet well perceived how Fortune made me then
The envy of my sex and wonder unto men.

"Look how a comet at the first appearing
Draws all men's eyes with wonder to behold it,
Or as the saddest tale at sudden hearing
Makes silent listening unto him that told it,
So did my speech, when rubies did unfold it;
So did the blazing of my blush appear,
To amaze the world, that holds such sights so dear.

"Ah Beauty, siren, fair enchanting good,
Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes,
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood
More than the words or wisdom of the wise;
Still harmony, whose diapason lies
Within a brow; the key which passions move
To ravish sense, and play a world in love.

"What might I then not do whose power was such?
What cannot women do that know their power?
What women knows it not (I fear too much)
How bliss or bale lies in their laugh or lour?
Whilst they enjoy their happy blooming flower,
Whilst Nature decks them in their best attires
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

"Such one was I, my beauty was mine own,
No borrowed blush which bankrupt beauties seek,
That new-found shame, a sin to us unknown,
The adulterate beauty of a falsëd cheek;
Vilde stain to honor, and to women eke,
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with defect to cover our defect.

"Impiety of times, Chastity's abator,
Falsehood, wherein thyself thyself deniest,
Treason to counterfeit the seal of Nature,
The stamp of heaven, impressëd by the highest.
Disgrace unto the world, to whom thou liest,
Idol unto thyself, shame to the wise,
And all that honor thee idolatrize.

"Far was that sin from us, whose age was pure,
When simple beauty was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But modesty, pure cheeks, a virtuous breast.
This was the pomp wherewith my youth was blessed,
These were the weapons which mine honor won,
In all the conflicts which mine eyes begun.

"Which were not small; I wrought on no mean object,
A crown was at my feet, scepters obeyed me;
Whom Fortune made my king Love made my subject;
Who did command the land most humbly prayed me;
Henry the Second, that so highly weighed me,
Found well (by proof) the privilege of beauty,
That it had power to countermand all duty.

"For after all his victories in France
And all the triumphs of his honor won,
Unmatched by sword, was vanquished by a glance,
And hotter wars within his breast begun,
Wars whom whole legions of desires drew on;
Against all which, my chastity contends,
With force of honor, which my shame defends.

"No armor might be found that could defend
Transpiercing rays of crystal pointed eyes;
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No, not his age (yet old men should be wise).
But shows deceive, outward appearance lies.
Let none, for seeming so, think saints of others,
For all are men, and all have sucked their mothers.

"Who would have thought a monarch would have ever
Obeyed his hand-maid of so mean estate,
Vulture ambition feeding on his liver,
Age having worn his pleasures out of date?
But hap comes never, or it comes too late,
For such a dainty which his youth found not,
Unto his feeble age did chance allot.

"Ah Fortune, never absolutely good,
For that some cross still counter-checks our luck;
As here behold the incompatible blood
Of age and youth was that whereon we stuck;
Whose loathing we from Nature's breasts do suck,
As opposite to what our blood requires;
For equal age doth equal like desires.

"But mighty men, in highest honor sitting,
Naught but applause and pleasure can behold;
Soothed in their liking, careless what is fitting,
May not be suffered once to think they're old;
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
Miserable fortune to forget so far
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

"Yet must I needs excuse so great defect;
For drinking of the Lethe of mine eyes
He's forced forget himself, and all respect
Of majesty, whereon his state relies;
And now of loves and pleasures must devise.
For thus revived again, he serves and su'th,
And seeks all means to undermine my youth.

"Which never by assault he could recover,
So well encamped in strength of chaste desires
My clean-armed thoughts repelled an unchaste lover.
The crown that could command what it requires
I lesser prized than chastity's attires.
The unstainëd veil which innocents adorns,
The ungath'rëd rose, defended with the thorns.

"And safe mine honor stood, till that in truth
One of my sex, of place and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to entrap my youth.
One in the habit of like frailty clad,
One who the livery of like weakness had.
A seeming matron, yet a sinful monster,
As by her words the chaster sort may conster.

"She set upon me with the smoothest speech
That court and age could cunningly devise;
The one, authentic, made her fit to teach,
The other learned her how to subtilize.
Both were enough to circumvent the wise;
A document that well might teach the sage
That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

" 'Daughter,' said she, 'behold thy happy chance,
That hast the lot cast down into thy lap
Whereby thou mayst thy honor great advance,
Whilst thou, unhappy, wilt not see thy hap;
Such fond respect thy youth doth so enwrap
To oppose thyself against thine own good fortune,
That points thee out and seems thee to importune.

" 'Dost thou not see how that thy king, thy Jove,
Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate
And showers down gold and treasure from above,
Whilst thou dost shut thy lap against thy fate?
Fie, fondling, fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth; that canst not see
What is the fortune that doth follow thee.

" 'Thou must not think thy flower can always flourish
And that thy beauty will be still admired;
But that those rays which all these flames do nourish,
Cancelled with time, will have their date expired,
And men will scorn what now is so desired.
Our frailty's doom is written in the flowers,
Which flourish now, and fade ere many hours.'

. . . . . .

"Thus wrought to sin, soon was I trained from court
To a solitary grange, there to attend
The time the king should thither make resort,
Where he love's long-desirëd work should end.

Thither he daily messages doth send,
With costly jewels (orators of love)
Which (ah, too well men know) do women move.

"The day before the night of my defeature
He greets me with a casket richly wrought,
So rare that Art did seem to strive with Nature
To express the cunning workman's curious thought;
The mystery whereof I prying sought,
And found engraven on the lid above
Amymone, how she with Neptune strove.

"Amymone, old Danaus' fairest daughter,
As she was fetching water all alone
At Lerna; whereas Neptune came and caught her;
From whom she strived and struggled to be gone,
Beating the air with cries and piteous moan;
But all in vain, with him she's forced to go;
'Tis shame that men should use poor maidens so.

"There might I see describëd how she lay
At those proud feet not satisfied with prayer;
Wailing her heavy hap, cursing the day,
In act so piteous to express despair.
And by how much more grieved, so much more fair.
Her tears upon her cheeks, poor care-full girl,
Did seem against the sun crystal and pearl;

"Whose pure clear streams (which lo so fair appears)
Wrought hotter flames (oh miracle of love
That kindles fire in water, heat in tears,
And makes neglected beauty mightier prove,
Teaching afflicted eyes affects to move!)
To show that nothing ill becomes the fair
But cruelty which yields unto no prayer.

"This having viewed, and therewith something moved,
Figured I find within the other squares
Transformëd Io, Jove's dearly loved,
In her affliction how she strangely fares.
Strangely distressed (oh beauty, born to cares!)
Turned to a heifer, kept with jealous eyes,
Always in danger of her hateful spies.

"These precedents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was shown,
Might have fore-warned me well what would ensue,
And others' harms have made me shun mine own.
But Fate is not prevented, though fore-known.
For that must hap, decreed by heavenly powers,
Who work our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

"Witness the world, wherein is nothing rifer
Than miseries unkenned before they come.
Who can the characters of chance decipher,
Written in clouds of our concealëd doom?
Which though perhaps have been revealed to some,
Yet that so doubtful (as success did prove them)
That men must know they have the heavens above them.

"I saw the sin wherein my foot was ent'ring,
I saw how that dishonor did attend it,
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was vent'ring,
Yet had I not the power for to defend it;
So weak is sense, when error hath condemned it.
We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet we choose the worst, and soon repent.

"And now I come to tell the worst of illness,
Now draws the date of mine affliction near.
Now when the dark had wrapped up all in stillness
And dreadful black had dispossessed the clear,
Comed was the Night (mother of sleep and fear)
Who with her sable mantle friendly covers
The sweet-stol'n sport of joyful meeting lovers.

"When, lo, I joyed my lover, not my love,
And felt the hand of lust most undesired;
Enforced the unprovëd bitter sweet to prove,
Which yields no natural pleasure when 'tis hired.

Love's not constrained, nor yet of due required.
Judge they who are unfortunately wed
What 'tis to come unto a loathëd bed.

"But soon his age received his short contenting,
And sleep sealed up his languishing desires;
When he turns to his rest, I to repenting.
Into myself my waking thought retires.
My nakedness had proved my senses liars.
Now op'nëd were mine eyes to look therein;
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

"Now did I find myself unparadised
From those pure fields of my so clean beginning.
Now I perceived how ill I was advised,
My flesh gan loathe the new-felt touch of sinning.
Shame leaves us by degrees, not at first winning;
For Nature checks a new offence with loathing,
But use of sin doth make it seem as nothing.

"And use of sin did work in me a boldness,
And love in him incorporates such zeal
That jealousy increased with age's coldness.
Fearing to lose the joy of all his weal,
Or doubting time his stealth might else reveal,
He's driven to devise some subtle way
How he might safeliest keep so rich a prey.

"A stately palace he forthwith did build,
Whose intricate innumerable ways
With such confusëd errors so beguiled
The unguided enterers; with uncertain strays
And doubtful turnings kept them in delays;
With bootless labor leading them about,
Able to find no way, nor in, nor out.

"Within the closëd bosom of which frame,
That served a center to that goodly round,
Were lodgings, with a garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that e'er adorned the ground,
And all the pleasures that delight hath found
To entertain the sense of wanton eyes;
Fuel of love, from whence lust's flames arise.

"Here I, enclosed from all the world asunder,
The Minotaur of shame kept for disgrace,
The monster of Fortune, and the world's wonder,
Lived cloist'rëd in so desolate a case.
None but the king might come into the place,
With certain maids that did attend my need,
And he himself came guided by a thread.

"O Jealousy, daughter of Envy and Love,
Most wayward issue of a gentle sire;
Fostered with fears, thy father's joys to improve,
Mirth-marring monster, born a subtle liar,
Hateful unto thyself, flying thine own desire,
Feeding upon suspect, that doth renew thee—
Happy were lovers if they never knew thee.

"Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our heart;
Hundred-eyed Argus, ever waking spy,
Pale hag, infernal Fury, pleasure's smart.
Envious observer, prying in every part,
Suspicious, fearful, gazing still about thee,
Oh would to God that love could be without thee!

"Thou didst deprive, through false suggesting fear,
Him of content, and me of liberty,
The only good that women hold so dear,
And turn'st my freedom to captivity,
First made a prisoner, ere an enemy.
Enjoined the ransom of my body's shame,
Which, though I paid, could not redeem the same.

"What greater torment ever could have been
Than to enforce the fair to live retired?
For what is beauty if it be not seen?
Or what is't to be seen if not admired?
And though admired, unless in love desired?
Never were cheeks of roses, locks of amber,
Ordained to live imprisoned in a chamber.

"Nature created beauty for the view,
Like as the fire for heat, the sun for light;
The fair do hold this privilege as due
By ancient charter, to live most in sight,
And she that is debarred it hath not right.
In vain our friends from this do us dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

"Witness the fairest streets that Thames doth visit,
The wondrous concourse of the glittering fair;
For what rare woman decked with beauty is it
That thither covets not to make repair?
The solitary country may not stay her.
Here is the center of all beauty's best—
Excepting Delia, left to adorn the west.

"Here doth the curious, with judicial eyes,
Contemplate beauty gloriously attired;
And herein all our chiefest glory lies,
To live where we are praised and most desired.
Oh how we joy to see ourselves admired,
Whilst niggardly our favors we discover!
We love to be beloved, yet scorn the lover.

"Yet would to God my foot had never moved
From country safety, from the fields of rest,
To know the danger to be highly loved
And live in pomp to brave among the best.
Happy for me, better had I been blessed,
If I unluckily had never strayed,
But lived at home, a happy country maid.

"Whose unaffected innocency thinks
No guileful fraud, as doth the courtly liver.
She's decked with truth; the river where she drinks
Doth serve her for her glass, her counsel-giver.
She loves sincerely, and is lovëd ever.
Her days are peace, and so she ends her breath
(True life that knows not what's to die till death).

"So should I never have been regist'rëd
In the black book of the unfortunate;
Nor had my name enrolled with maids misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so high a rate.
Nor had I taught, through my unhappy fate,
This lesson, which myself learned with expense,
How most it hurts that most delights the sense.

"Shame follows sin, disgrace is duly given,
Impiety will out, never so closely done;
No walls can hide us from the eye of Heaven,
For shame must end what wickedness begun.
Forth breaks reproach when we least think thereon.
And this is ever proper unto courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

"Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Entering the closet of the palace dweller,
Abroad revealing what is most forbidden,
Of truth and falsehood both an equal teller.
'Tis not a guard can serve for to expel her.
The sword of justice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from uttering secret things.

"And this our stealth she could not long conceal
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned,
The wrongëd queen, who could so closely deal
That she the whole of all our practise learned,
And watched a time when least it was discerned,
In absence of the king, to wreak her wrong,
With such revenge as she desirëd long.

"The labyrinth she entered by that thread
That served a conduct to my absent lord,
Left there by chance, reserved for such a deed;
Where she surprised me whom she so abhorred.
Enraged with madness, scarce she speaks a word,
But flies with eager fury to my face,
Offering me most unwomanly disgrace.

"Look how a tigress that hath lost her whelp
Runs fiercely ranging through the woods astray,
And seeing herself deprived of hope or help
Furiously assaults what's in her way,
To satisfy her wrath, not for a prey;
So fell she on me in outrageous wise,
As could disdain and jealousy devise.

"And after all her vile reproaches used,
She forced me take the poison she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abused,

And free her fears, and ease her jealous thought.
No cruelty her wrath could leave unwrought,
No spiteful act that to revenge is common;
No beast being fiercer than a jealous woman.

"'Here take,' saith she, 'thou impudent, unclean,
Base, graceless strumpet, take this next your heart.
Your love-sick heart, that over-charged hath been
With pleasure's surfeit, must be purged with art.
This potion hath a power that will convert
To naught those humours that oppress you so.
And, girl, I'll see you take it ere I go.

"'What! stand you now amazed, retire you back?
Tremble you, minion? Come, dispatch with speed.
There is no help, your champion now you lack,
And all these tears you shed will nothing stead;
Those dainty fingers needs must do the deed.
Take it, or I will drench you else by force,
And trifle not, lest that I use you worse.'

"Having this bloody doom from hellish breath,
My woeful eyes on every side I cast:
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last;
All hope of pity and of comfort past.
No means, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must give myself my end.

"Those hands, that beauty's ministers had been,
They must give death, that me adorned of late;
That mouth, that newly gave consent to sin,
Must now receive destruction in thereat;
That body, which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice itself to appease the wrong.
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

"And she no sooner saw I had it taken
But forth she rushes, proud with victory,
And leaves me alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me.
Death and myself alone together be;
To whom she did her full revenge refer.
Oh poor weak conquest both for him and her!

"Then straight my conscience summons up my sin
To appear before me in a hideous face;
Now doth the terror of my soul begin,
When every corner of that hateful place
Dictates mine error, and reveals disgrace;
Whilst I remain oppressed in every part,
Death in my body, horror at my heart.

"Down on my bed my loathsome self I cast,
The bed that likewise gives in evidence
Against my soul, and tells I was unchast,
Tells I was wanton, tells I followed sense;
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence,
Must here the right of heaven needs satisfy,
And where I wanton lay must wretched die.

. . . . . .

"But now the poison, spread through all my veins,
Gan dispossess my living senses quite;
And naught-respecting Death, the last of pains,
Placed his pale colors, the ensign of his might,
Upon his new-got spoil before his right.
Thence chased my soul, setting my day ere noon,
When I least thought my joys could end so soon.

"And as, conveyed to untimely funerals,
My scarce cold corse not suffered longer stay,
Behold, the king, by chance, returning, falls
To encounter with the same upon the way,
As he repaired to see his dearest joy.
Not thinking such a meeting could have been,
To see his love, and seeing been unseen.

"Judge those whom chance deprives of sweetest treasure
What 'tis to lose a thing we hold so dear,
The best delight wherein our soul takes pleasure,

The sweet of life, that penetrates so near.
What passions feels that heart, enforced to bear
The deep impression of so strange a sight,
That overwhelms us, or confounds us quite?

"Amazed he stands, nor voice nor body stirs,
Words had no passage, tears no issue found,
For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears;
Confused affects each other do confound.
Oppressed with grief, his passions had no bound;
Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb.

"At length, extremity breaks out a way,
Through which the imprisoned voice, with tears attended,
Wails out a sound that sorrows do bewray.
With arms across, and eyes to heaven bended,
Vaporing out sighs that to the skies ascended—
Sighs, the poor ease calamity affords,
Which serve for speech when sorrow wanteth words—

"'O heavens,' quoth he, 'why do mine eyes behold
The hateful rays of this unhappy sun?
Why have I light to see my sins controlled,
With blood of mine own shame thus vildly done?
How can my sight endure to look thereon?
Why doth not black eternal darkness hide
That from mine eyes my heart cannot abide?

"'What saw my life wherein my soul might joy?
What had my days, whom troubles still afflicted,
But only this, to counterpoise annoy?
This joy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted;
This sweet, whose loss hath all distress inflicted;
This, that did season all my sour of life,
Vexed still at home with broils, abroad in strife.

"'Vexed still at home with broils, abroad in strife,
Dissension in my blood, jars in my bed,
Distrust at board, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, days in dread.
Such life hath tyrants, and this life I led.
These miseries go masked in glittering shows,
Which wise men see, the vulgar little knows.'

"Thus as these passions do him overwhelm,
He draws him near my body to behold it.
And as the vine married unto the elm
With strict embraces, so doth he enfold it;
And as he in his careful arms doth hold it,
Viewing the face that even Death commends,
On senseless lips millions of kisses spends.

"'Pitiful mouth,' saith he, 'that living gavest
The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish,
Oh be it lawful now that dead thou havest
This sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss.
And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
Motives of love, born to be matchëd never,
Entombed in your sweet circles, sleep for ever.

"'Ah, how methinks I see Death dallying seeks
To entertain itself in Love's sweet place;
Decayëd roses of discolored cheeks
Do yet retain dear notes of former grace;
And ugly Death sits fair within her face,
Sweet remnants resting of vermilion red,
That Death itself doubts whether she be dead.

"'Wonder of beauty, oh receive these plaints,
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee;
For lo, my soul, that now already faints,
That loved thee living, dead will not forsake thee,
Hastens her speedy course to overtake thee.
I'll meet my death, and free my self thereby,
For, ah! what can he do that cannot die?

"'Yet ere I die, thus much my soul doth vow,
Revenge shall sweeten death with ease of mind;
And I will cause posterity shall know
How fair thou wert above all women kind;
And after-ages monuments shall find,
Showing thy beauty's title, not thy name,
Rose of the world, that sweet'nëd so the same.'

"This said, though more desirous yet to say
(For sorrow is unwilling to give over),
He doth repress what grief would else bewray,
Lest he too much his passions should discover;
And yet respect scarce bridles such a lover,
So far transported that he knows not whither,
For love and majesty dwell ill together.

"Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pomp could devise,
At Godstow, where my body was interred
And richly tombed in honorable wise;
Where yet as now scarce any note descries
Unto these times the memory of me,
Marble and brass so little lasting be.

"For those walls which the credulous devout
And apt-believing ignorant did found,
With willing zeal, that never called in doubt
That Time their works should ever so confound,
Lie like confusëd heaps as underground.
And what their ignorance esteemed so holy
The wiser ages do account as folly.

"And were it not thy favorable lines
Re-edified the wrack of my decays,
And that thy accents willingly assigns
Some farther date, and give me longer days,
Few in this age had known my beauty's praise.
But, thus renewed, my fame redeems some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy rhyme,

"Then when Confusion in her course shall bring
Sad desolation on the times to come,
When mirthless Thames shall have no swan to sing,
All music silent, and the Muses dumb;
And yet even then it must be known to some
That once they flourished, though not cherished so,
And Thames had swans as well as ever Po.

"But here an end. I may no longer stay;
I must return to attend at Stygian flood.
Yet ere I go, this one word more I pray,
Tell Delia, now her sigh may do me good,
And will her note the frailty of our blood.
And if I pass unto those happy banks,
Then she must have her praise, thy pen her thanks."

So vanished she, and left me to return
To prosecute the tenor of my woes,
Eternal matter for my Muse to mourn.
But yet the world hath heard too much of those;
My youth such errors must no more disclose.
I'll hide the rest, and grieve for what hath been;
Who made me known must make me live unseen.

## FROM *THE HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS BETWEEN THE HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER*

### Book I

1

I sing the Civil Wars, tumultuous broils
And bloody factions of a mighty land;
Whose people, haughty, proud with foreign spoils,
Upon themselves turn back their conquering hand;
Whilst kin their kin, brother the brother foils,
Like ensigns all against like ensigns band,
Bows against bows, the crown against the crown;
Whilst, all pretending right, all right's thrown down.

2

What Fury, Oh what madness held thee so,
Dear England (too, too prodigal of blood)
To waste so much, and war without a foe,
Whilst France, to see thy spoils, at pleasure stood!

How much might'st thou have purchased
with less woe,
To have done thee honor, and thy people
good!
Thine might have been whatever lies
between
The Alps and us, the Pyrenees and Rhene.

3

Yet now what reason have we to com-
plain,
Since thereby came the calm we did enjoy,
The bliss of thee, Eliza? Happy gain
For all our losses; whenas no other way
The heavens could find, but to unite again
The fatal severed families, that they
Might bring forth thee; that in thy peace
might grow
That glory which few times could ever
show.

4

Come, sacred Virtue; I no Muse, but thee,
Invoke in this great labor I intend.
Do thou inspire my thoughts; infuse in me
A power to bring the same to happy end.
Raise up a work for later times to see,
That may thy glory and my pains commend.
Make me these tumults rightly to rehearse;
And give peace to my life, life to my verse.

5

And thou, Charles Montjoy, who didst once
afford
Rest for my fortunes on thy quiet shore,
And cheered'st me on these measures to
record
In graver tones than I had used before:
Behold, my gratitude makes good my word
Engaged to thee, although thou be no more;
That I, who heretofore have lived by thee,
Do give thee now a room to live with me.

6

And Memory, preserv'ress of things done,
Come thou, unfold the wounds, the wrack,
the waste;
Reveal to me how all the strife begun
'Twixt Lancaster and York in ages past;
How causes, counsels, and events did run
So long as these unhappy times did last;
Unintermixed with fictions, fantasies.
I versify the truth, not poetize.

7

And, to the end we may with better ease
Discern the true discourse, vouchsafe to
show
What were the times foregoing, near to these,
That these we may with better profit know.
Tell how the world fell into this disease,
And how so great distemperature did grow.
So shall we see by what degrees it came;
How things at full do soon wax out of
frame.

## MUSOPHILUS

### Containing a General Defence of All Learning

*Philocosmus:*

Fond man, Musophilus, that thus dost spend
In an ungainful art thy dearest days,
Tiring thy wits, and toiling to no end
But to attain that idle smoke of praise,
Now when this busy world cannot attend
The untimely music of neglected lays!
Other delights than these, other desires,
This wiser profit-seeking age requires.

*Musophilus:*

Friend Philocosmus, I confess indeed
I love this sacred art thou sett'st so light,
And though it never stand my life in stead,
It is enough it gives myself delight;
The whiles my unafflicted mind doth feed
On no unholy thoughts for benefit.
Be it that my unseasonable song
Come out of time; that fault is in the time,
And I must not do Virtue so much wrong
As love her aught the worse for others'
crime.
And yet I find some blessëd spirits among
That cherish me, and like, and grace my
rhyme.
Again, that I do more in soul esteem
Than all the gain of dust the world doth
crave;
And if I may attain but to redeem
My name from dissolution and the grave
I shall have done enough, and better deem
To have lived to be, than to have died to
have.
Short-breathed mortality would yet extend
That span of life so far forth as it may
And rob her Fate; seek to beguile her end

Of some few lingering days of after-stay,
That all this little All might not descend
Into the dark, a universal prey.
And give our labors yet this poor delight,
That when our days do end, they are not done;
And though we die, we shall not perish quite,
But live two lives, where other have but one.

*Philocosmus:*

Silly desires of self-abusing man,
Striving to gain the inheritance of air,
That having done the uttermost he can
Leaves yet, perhaps, but beggary to his heir.
All that great purchase of the breath he wan
Feeds not his race, or makes his house more fair.
And what art thou the better, thus to leave
A multitude of words to small effect,
Which other times may scorn, and so deceive
Thy promised name of what thou dost expect?
Besides, some viperous critic may bereave
The opinion of thy worth, for some defect,
And get more reputation of his wit
By but controlling of some word or sense
Than thou shalt honor for contriving it,
With all thy travail, care, and diligence;
Being learning now enough to contradict
And censure others with bold insolence.
Besides, so many so confusedly sing,
Whose diverse discords have the music marred,
And in contempt that mystery doth bring,
That he must sing aloud that will be heard.
And the received opinion of the thing,
For some unhallowed string that vildly jarred,
Hath so unseasoned now the ears of men
That who doth touch the tenor of that vein
Is held but vain; and his unreck'nëd pen
The title but of levity doth gain;
A poor light gain, to recompense their toil
That thought to get eternity the while.
And therefore, leave the left and outworn course
Of unregarded ways, and labor how
To fit the times with what is most in force;
Be new with men's affections that are new;
Strive not to run an idle counter-course
Out from the scent of humours men allow.
For not discreetly to compose our parts
Unto the frame of men (which we must be)
Is to put off our selves, and make our arts
Rebels to nature and society;
Whereby we come to bury our deserts
In the obscure grave of singularity.

*Musophilus:*

Do not profane the work of doing well,
Seducëd man, that canst not look so high
From out that mist of earth, as thou canst tell
The ways of right, which virtue doth descry;
That overlooks the base contemptibly,
And low-laid follies of mortality.
Nor mete out truth and right-discerning praise
By that wrong measure of confusion,
The vulgar foot; that never takes his ways
By reason, but by imitation,
Rolling on with the rest, and never weighs
The course which he should go, but what is gone.
Well were it with mankind, if what the most
Did like were best; but ignorance will live
By others' square, as by example lost;
And man to man must th' hand of error give
That none can fall alone, at their own cost;
And all because men judge not, but believe.
For what poor bounds have they, whom but the earth bounds?
What is their end whereto their care attains,
When the thing got relieves not, but confounds,
Having but travail to succeed their pains?
What joy hath he of living, that propounds
Affliction but his end, and grief his gains?
Gathering, encroaching, wresting, joining to,
Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,
Repairing, altering, and so much ado,
To his soul's toil and body's travailing.
And all this doth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordains to have the inheriting.

And his fair house raised high in Envy's eye,
Whose pillars reared, perhaps, on blood and wrong,
The spoils and pillage of iniquity,
Who can assure it to continue long?
If Rage spared not the walls of piety,
Shall the profanest piles of sin keep strong?
How many proud aspiring palaces
Have we known made the prey of wrath and pride,
Leveled with the earth, left to forgetfulness
Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide,
Or civil tumults, or an orderless
Order, pretending change of some strong side!
Then where is that proud title of thy name,
Written in ice of melting vanity?
Where is thine heir left to possess the same?
Perhaps not so well as in beggary.
Something may rise to be beyond the shame
Of vile and unregarded poverty.
Which I confess, although I often strive
To clothe in the best habit of my skill,
In all the fairest colors I can give,
Yet for all that, methinks she looks but ill.
I cannot brook that face which, dead-alive,
Shows a quick body, but a buried will.
Yet oft we see the bars of this restraint
Holds goodness in, which loose wealth would let fly;
And fruitless riches barrener than want
Brings forth small worth from idle liberty;
Which when disorders shall again make scant,
It must refetch her state from poverty.
But yet in all this interchange of all,
Virtue, we see, with her fair grace, stands fast.
For what high races hath there come to fall,
With low disgrace, quite vanishëd and past,
Since Chaucer lived; who yet lives and yet shall,
Though (which I grieve to say) but in his last.
Yet what a time hath he wrested from Time
And won upon the mighty waste of days,
Unto the immortal honor of our clime!
That by his means came first adorned with bays;
Unto the sacred relics of whose rhyme
We yet are bound in zeal to offer praise.
And could our lines, begotten in this age,
Obtain but such a blessëd hand of years,
And 'scape the fury of that threatening rage
Which in confusëd clouds ghastly appears,
Who would not strain his travails to engage,
When such true glory should succeed his cares?
But whereas he came planted in the spring
And had the sun before him of respect,
We, set in the autumn, in the withering
And sullen season of a cold defect,
Must taste those sour distastes the times do bring
Upon the fullness of a cloyed neglect;
Although the stronger constitutions shall
Wear out the infection of distempered days,
And come with glory to outlive this fall,
Recovering of another spring of praise,
Cleared from the oppressing humours wherewithal
The idle multitude surcharge their lays.
Whenas, perhaps, the words thou scornest now
May live, the speaking picture of the mind,
The extract of the soul, that labored how
To leave the image of herself behind,
Wherein Posterity, that love to know
The just proportion of our spirits, may find,
For these lines are the veins, the arteries,
And undecaying life-strings of those hearts
That still shall pant, and still shall exercise
The motion, spirit and nature both imparts;
And shall with those alive so sympathize
As, nourished with their powers, enjoy their parts.
O blessëd Letters, that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all:
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto counsel call;
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel, and what doth us befall.
Soul of the world, Knowledge, without thee
What hath the earth that truly glorious is?
Why should our pride make such a stir to be,

To be forgot? What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading and the world's delight?
And let the unnatural and wayward race,
Born of one womb with us, but to our shame,
That never read to observe, but to disgrace,
Raise all the tempest of their power, to blame.
That puff of folly never can deface
The work a happy genius took to frame.
Yet why should civil Learning seek to wound
And mangle her own members with despite?
Prodigious wits! that study to confound
The life of wit, to seem to know aright;
As if themselves had fortunately found
Some stand from off the earth beyond our sight,
Whence, overlooking all as from above,
Their grace is not to work, but to reprove.
But how came they placed in so high degree,
Above the reach and compass of the rest?
Who hath admitted them only to be
Free-denizons of skill, to judge the best?
From whom the world as yet could never see
The warrant of their wit soundly expressed.
To acquaint our times with that perfection
Of high conceit which only they possess,
That we might have things exquisitely done,
Measured with all their strict observances,
Such would, I know, scorn a translation,
Or bring but others' labors to the press;
Yet oft these monster-breeding mountains will
Bring forth small mice of great expected skill.
Presumption, ever fullest of defects,
Fails, in the doing, to perform her part;
And I have known proud words and poor effects,
Of such indeed as do condemn this art.
But let them rest; it ever hath been known
They others' virtues scorn that doubt their own.
And for the divers disagreeing cords
Of inter-jangling ignorance, that fill
The dainty ears, and leave no room for words,
The worthier minds neglect, or pardon, will.
Knowing the best he hath, he frankly fords,
And scorns to be a niggard of his skill;
And that the rather, since this short-lived race,
Being fatally the sons but of one day,
That now with all their power ply it apace
To hold out with the greatest might they may
Against Confusion, that hath all in chase
To make of all an universal prey.
For now great Nature hath laid down at last
That mighty birth wherewith so long she went
And over-went the times of ages past,
Here to lie in, upon our soft content;
Where fruitful she hath multiplied so fast
That all she hath on these times seemed t' have spent.
All that which might have many ages graced
Is born in one, to make one cloyed with all;
Where plenty hath impressed a deep distaste
Of best and worst, and all in general;
That Goodness seems Goodness to have defaced,
And Virtue hath to Virtue given the fall.
For Emulation, that proud nurse of Wit,
Scorning to stay below or come behind,
Labors upon that narrow top to sit
Of sole perfection in the highest kind.
Envy and Wonder looking after it
Thrust likewise on, the self-same bliss to find;
And so long striving, till they can no more,
Do stuff the place, or others' hopes shut out;
Who, doubting to overtake those gone before,
Give up their care and cast no more about;
And so in scorn leave all as fore-possessed,
And will be none where they may not be best.
Ev'n like some empty creek, that long hath lain
Left or neglected of the river by,
Whose searching sides, pleased with a wandering vein,
Finding some little way that close did lie,
Steal in at first, than other streams again
Second the first, then more, then all supply;

Till all the mighty main hath borne at last
The glory of his chiefest power that way,
Plying this new-found pleasant room so fast
Till all be full, and all be at a stay;
And then about and back again doth cast,
Leaving that full to fall another way:
So fares this humourous world, that evermore,
Rapt with the current of a present course,
Runs into that which lay contemned before,
Then, glutted, leaves the same and falls to a worse,
Now Zeal holds all, no life but to adore,
Then cold in spirit, and faith is of no force.
Straight all that holy was unhallowed lies,
The scatt'rëd carcasses of ruined vows;
Then Truth is false, and now hath Blindness eyes,
Then Zeal trusts all, now scarcely what it knows;
That evermore, to foolish or to wise,
It fatal is to be seduced with shows.
Sacred Religion, mother of Form and Fear,
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit decked!
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear!
What stately piles we prodigal erect!
How sweet perfumed thou art, how shining clear!
How solemnly observed, with what respect!
Another time, all plain, all quite thread-bare,
Thou must have all within and naught without,
Sit poorly without light, disrobed, no care
Of outward grace to amuse the poor devout;
Powerless, unfollowed, scarcely men can spare
The necessary rites to set thee out.
Either Truth, Goodness, Virtue are not still
The selfsame which they are, and always one,
But alter to the project of our will,
Or we our actions make them wait upon,
Putting them in the livery of our skill,
And cast them off again when we have done.
You mighty lords, that with respected grace
Do at the stern of fair example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand,
Keep a right course, bear up from all disgrace,
Observe the point of glory to our land;
Hold up disgracëd Knowledge from the ground,
Keep Virtue in request, give Worth her due,
Let not Neglect with barbarous means confound
So fair a good, to bring in night anew.
Be not, Oh be not accessory found
Unto her death, that must give life to you.
Where will you have your virtuous name safe laid?
In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure?
Do you not see those prostrate heaps betrayed
Your fathers' bones, and could not keep them sure?
And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid,
And think they will be to your honor truer?
No, no, unsparing Time will proudly send
A warrant unto Wrath; that with one frown
Will all these mockeries of Vain-glory rend,
And make them, as before, ungraced, unknown;
Poor idle honors that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keep their own.
And whereto serve that wondrous trophy now
That on the goodly plain near Wilton stands?
That huge dumb heap, that cannot tell us how,
Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whose hands,
Nor for whose glory, it was set to show
How much our pride mocks that of other lands?
Whereon whenas the gazing passenger
Hath greedy looked with admiration,
And fain would know his birth, and what he were,
How there erected and how long agone,
Inquires and asks his fellow traveler
What he hath heard, and his opinion,
And he knows nothing; then he turns again
And looks, and sighs, and then admires afresh,

And in himself with sorrow doth complain
The misery of dark forgetfulness;
Angry with Time that nothing should remain
Our greatest wonder's wonder to express.
Then Ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
Robbing fair Art and Cunning of their right,
Tells how those stones were by the Devil's force
From Africk brought to Ireland in a night,
And thence to Britanny, by magic course,
From giants' hands redeemed, by Merlin's sleight.
And then near Ambri placed, in memory
Of all those noble Britons murthered there
By Hengist and his Saxon treachery,
Coming to parley in peace at unaware.
With this old legend then Credulity
Holds her content, and closes up her care.
But is Antiquity so great a liar?
Or do her younger sons her age abuse,
Seeing after-comers still so apt to admire
The grave authority that she doth use
That reverence and respect dares not require
Proof of her deeds, or once her words refuse?
Yet wrong they did us to presume so far
Upon our easy credit and delight;
For, once found false, they straight became to mar
Our faith and their own reputation quite,
That now her truths hardly believëd are;
And, though she avouch the right, she scarce hath right.
And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame
That stands corrupted so with Time's despite,
And giv'st false evidence against their fame
That set thee there to testify their right,
And art become a traitor to their name
That trusted thee with all the best they might,
Thou shalt stand still belied and slanderëd,
The only gazing-stock of Ignorance;
And by thy guile the wise, admonishëd,
Shall never more desire such heaps to advance,
Nor trust their living glory with the dead
That cannot speak, but leave their fame to chance.
Considering in how small a room do lie,
And yet lie safe, as fresh as if alive,
All those great worthies of antiquity,
Which long fore-lived thee, and shall long survive,
Who stronger tombs found for eternity
Than could the powers of all the earth contrive;
Where they remain these trifles to upbraid
Out of the reach of spoil, and way of rage.
Though Time with all his power of years hath laid
Long battery, backed with undermining Age,
Yet they make head, only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conquering forces wage;
Pleading the heav'ns' prescription to be free
And t' have a grant, to endure as long as he.

*Philocosmus:*

Behold how every man, drawn with delight
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way;
Striving to make his course seem only right
Doth his own rest and his own thoughts betray;
Imagination bringing bravely dight
Her pleasing images in best array,
With flattering glasses that must show him fair
And others foul, his skill and wit the best,
Others seduced, deceived, and wrong in their,
His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest;
Not seeing how these minions in the air
Present a face of things falsely expressed,
And that the glimmering of these errors shown
Are but a light to let him see his own.
Alas, poor Fame, in what a narrow room,
As an encagëd parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst us, where even as good be dumb
As speak and to be heard with no attent!
How can you promise of the time to come
Whenas the present are so negligent?
Is this the walk of all your wide renown,
This little point, this scarce discernëd isle,
Thrust from the world, with whom our speech unknown
Made never any traffic of our style?
And in this all, where all this care is shown,

To enchant your fame to last so long a while?
And for that happier tongues have won so much,
Think you to make your barbarous language such?
Poor narrow limits for so mighty pains,
That cannot promise any foreign vent!
And yet, if here, to all, your wondrous veins
Were generally known, it might content.
But lo, how many reads not, or disdains
The labor of the chief and excellent!
How many thousands never heard the name
Of Sidney, or of Spenser, or their books?
And yet brave fellows, and presume of Fame,
And seem to bear down all the world with looks?
What then shall they expect of meaner frame,
On whose endeavors few or none scarce looks?
Do you not see these pamphlets, libels, and rhymes,
These strange confusëd tumults of the mind,
Are grown to be the sickness of these times,
The great disease inflicted on mankind?
Your virtues, by your follies made your crimes,
Have issue with your indiscretion joined.
Schools, arts, professions, all in so great store,
Pass the proportion of the present state;
Where, being as great a number as before
And fewer rooms them to accommodate,
It cannot be but they must throng the more
And kick and thrust and shoulder with debate.
For when the greater wits cannot attain
The expected good, which they account their right,
And yet perceive others to reap that gain,
Of far inferior virtues in their sight,
They present, with the sharp of envy, strain
To wound them with reproaches and despite;
And for these cannot have as well as they,
They scorn their faith should deign to look that way.

Hence discontented sects and schisms arise,
Hence interwounding controversies spring,
That feed the simple, and offend the wise
Who know the consequence of cavilling.
Disgrace that these to others do devise
Contempt and scorn on all in the end doth bring,
Like scolding wives, reckoning each other's fault,
Make standers-by imagine both are naught.
For when to these rare dainties Time admits
All comers, all complexions, all that will,
Where none should be let in but choicest wits,
Whose mild discretion could comport with skill—
For when the place their humour neither fits
Nor they the place—who can expect but ill?
For, being unapt for what they took in hand
And for aught else whereto they shall be addressed,
They ev'n become the incumbrance of the land,
As out of rank, disordering all the rest.
This grace of theirs, to seem to understand,
Mars all their grace to do, without their rest.
Men find that action is another thing
Than what they in discoursing papers read.
The world's affairs require in managing
More arts than those wherein you clerks proceed.
Whilst timorous Knowledge stands considering,
Audacious Ignorance hath done the deed.
For who knows most, the more he knows to doubt;
The least discourse is commonly most stout.
This sweet enchanting Knowledge turns you clean
Out from the fields of natural delight,
And makes you hide, unwilling to be seen
In the open concourse of a public sight.
This skill, wherewith you have so cunning been,
Unsinews all your powers, unmans you quite.
Public society and commerce of men
Require another grace, another port.

This eloquence, these rhymes, these phrases then,
Begot in shades, do serve us in no sort.
The unmaterial swelling of your pen
Touch not the spirit that action doth import.
A manly style, fitted to manly ears,
Best 'grees with wit. Not that which goes so gay
And commonly the gaudy liv'ry wears
Of nice corruptions, which the times do sway,
And waits on th' humour of his pulse that bears
His passions set to such a pleasing key;
Such dainties serve only for stomachs weak;
For men do foulest, when they finest speak.
Yet do I not dislike that in some wise
Be sung the great heroical deserts
Of brave renownëd spirits; whose exercise
Of worthy deeds may call up others' hearts,
And serve a model for posterities,
To fashion them fit for like glorious parts;
But so that all our spirits may tend hereto
To make it not our grace to say, but do.

*Musophilus:*

Much thou hast said, and willingly I hear,
As one that am not so possessed with love
Of what I do, but that I rather bear
An ear to learn than a tongue to disprove.
I know men must, as carried in their sphere,
According to their proper motions, move,
And that course likes them best which they are on;
Yet truth hath certain bounds, but falsehood none.
I do confess our limits are but small
Compared with all the whole vast earth beside;
All which, again, rated to that great All,
Is likewise as a point scarcely descried;
So that in these respects we may this call
A point but of a point, where we abide.
But if we shall descend from that high stand
Of over-looking contemplation,
And cast our thoughts but to, and not beyond
This spacious circuit which we tread upon,
We then may estimate our mighty land
A world within a world, standing alone.
Where if our fame confined cannot get out,
What, shall we imagine it is penned
That hath so great a world to walk about,
Whose bounds with her reports have both one end?
Why shall we not rather esteem her stout,
That farther than her own scorn to extend?
Where being so large a room, both to do well
And eke to hear the applause of things well done,
That farther if men shall our virtues tell,
We have more mouths, but not more merit, won;
It doth not greater make that which is laudable;
The flame is bigger blown, the fire all one.
And for the few that only lend their ear
That few is all the world; which with a few
Do ever live and move and work and stir.
This is the heart doth feel and only know.
The rest of all, that only bodies bear,
Roll up and down, and fill up but the row,
And serves as others' members, not their own,
The instruments of those that do direct.
Then what disgrace is this, not to be known
To those know not to give themselves respect?
And though they swell with pomp of folly blown,
They live ungraced, and die but in neglect.
And for my part, if only one allow
The care my laboring spirits take in this,
He is to me a theater large enow
And his applause only sufficient is;
All my respect is bent but to his brow,
That is my All; and all I am is his.
And if some worthy spirits be pleasëd too,
It shall more comfort breed, but not more will.
But what if none? It cannot yet undo
The love I bear unto this holy skill.
This is the thing that I was born to do,
This is my scene, this part must I fulfil.
Let those that know not breath esteem of wind,
And set to a vulgar air their servile song,
Rating their goodness by the praise they find,
Making their worth on others' fits belong,
As Virtue were the hireling of the mind,
And could not live if Fame had ne'er a tongue.

Hath that all-knowing power that holds within
The goodly prospective of all this frame
(Where whatsoever is, or what hath been,
Reflects a certain image of the same)
No inward pleasures to delight her in
But she must gad to seek an alms of Fame?
Must she, like to a wanton courtezan,
Open her breasts for show, to win her praise,
And blaze her fair bright beauty unto man
As if she were enamored of his ways,
And knew not weakness, nor could rightly scan
To what defects his humourous breath obeys?
She that can tell how proud Ambition
Is but a beggar and hath naught at all
But what is given of mere devotion,
For which how much it sweats! how much it's thrall!
What toil it takes! and yet, when all is done,
The ends in expectation never fall:
Shall she join hands with such a servile mate,
And prostrate her fair body, to commit
Folly with earth, and to defile that state
Of clearness, for so gross a benefit;
Having reward dwelling within her gate
And glory of her own to furnish it,
Herself a recompense sufficient
Unto herself, to give her own content?
Is't not enough that she hath raised so high
Those that be hers, that they may sit and see
The earth below them, and this All to lie
Under their view, taking the true degree
Of the just height of swoll'n mortality,
Right as it is, not as it seems to be?
And, undeceivëd with the paralax
Of a mistaking eye of passion, know
By these masked outsides what the inward lacks;
Measuring man by himself, not by his show;
Wondering not at their rich and golden backs
That have poor minds and little else to show;
Nor taking that for them which well they see
Is not of them, but rather is their load,
The lies of Fortune, wherewithal men be
Deemëd within, when they be all abroad,
Whose ground, whose grass, whose earth have cap and knee,
Which they suppose is on themselves bestowed;
And think, like Isis' ass, all honors are
Given unto them alone, the which are done
Unto the painted idol which they bear,
That only makes them to be gazëd on;
For take away their pack, and show them bare,
And see what beast this Honor rides upon.
Hath Knowledge lent to hers the privy key
To let them in unto the highest stage
Of causes, secrets, counsels; to survey
The wits of men, their heats, their colds, their rage;
That build, destroy, praise, hate, say, and gainsay,
Believe and unbelieve, all in one age?
And shall we trust goodness as it proceeds
From that unconstant mouth, which with one breath
Will make it bad again unless it feeds
The present humour that it favoreth?
Shall we esteem and reckon how it heeds
Our works, that his own vows unhalloweth?
Then whereto serves it to have been enlarged
With this free manumission of the mind,
If for all that we still continue charged
With those discoverëd errors which we find?
As if our knowledge only were discharged,
Yet we ourselves stayed in a servile kind;
That Virtue must be out of countenance,
If this gross spirit, or that weak shallow brain,
Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,
Neglect, distaste, uncomprehend, disdain;
When such sick eyes can never cast a glance
But through the colors of their proper stain.
Though, I must needs confess, the small respect
That these great seeming-best of men do give,
Whose brow begets the inferior sort's neglect,
Might move the weak irresolute to grieve.
But stronger, see how justly this defect
Hath overtook the times wherein we live;

That Learning needs must run the common fate
Of all things else, thrust on by her own weight,
Comporting not herself in her estate
Under this burthen of a self-conceit.
Our own dissentious hands opening the gate
Unto contempt, that on our quarrels wait,
Discoverëd have our inward government,
And let in hard opinion to disgrace
The general, for some weak impotent
That bear out their disease with a stol'n face;
Who (silly souls) the more wit they have spent
The less they showed, not bettering their bad case.
And see how soon this rolling world can take
Advantage for her dissolution,
Fain to get loose from this withholding stake
Of civil science and discretion.
How glad it would run wild, that it might make
One formless form of one confusion!
Like tyrant Ottoman's blindfolded state,
Which must know nothing more but to obey;
For this seeks greedy Ignorance to abate
Our number, order, living, form, and sway;
For this it practises to dissipate
The unshelt'rëd troops, till all be made away.
For, since our fathers' sins pulled first to ground
The pale of their dissev'rëd dignity,
And overthrew that holy reverend bound
That parted learning and the laity,
And laid all flat in common, to confound
The honor and respect of piety,
It did so much envile the estimate
Of the opened and invulgared mysteries,
Which now reduced unto the basest rate
Must wait upon the Norman subtleties,
Who, being mounted up into their state,
Do best with wrangling rudeness sympathize.
And yet, though now set quite behind the train
Of vulgar sway, and light of power weighed light,
Yet would this giddy innovation fain
Down with it lower, to abase it quite;
And those poor remnants that do yet remain
The spoilëd marks of their divided right
They wholly would deface, to leave no face
Of reverend distinction and degree,
As if they weighed no difference in this case
Betwixt Religion's age and infancy;
Where the one must creep, the other stand with grace,
Lest turned to a child it overturnëd be.
Though to pull back the on-running state of things
(Gathering corruption, as it gathers days)
Unto the form of their first orderings
Is the best means that dissolution stays,
And to go forward, backward, right, men brings
To observe the line from whence they took their ways,
Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
Not level to the time's condition,
To alter course may bring men more astray,
And leaving what was known, to light on none;
Since every change the reverence doth decay
Of that which alway should continue one.
For this is that close-kept Palladium
Which, once removed, brings ruin evermore.
This stirred makes men fore-settlëd, to become
Curious to know what was believed before;
Whilst Faith disputes, that usëd to be dumb,
And more men strive to talk than to adore.
For never head-strong Reformation will
Rest, till to the extreme opposite it run,
And over-run the mean, distrusted still
As being too near of kin to that men shun;
For good, and bad, and all must be one ill
When once there is another truth begun.
So hard it is an even hand to bear
In tampering with such maladies as these,
Lest that our forward passions lance too near,
And make the cure prove worse than the disease.
For with the worst we will not spare the best,
Because it grows with that which doth displease;

And faults are easier looked in than redressed;
Men running with such eager violence,
At the first view of errors fresh in quest,
As they, to rid an inconvenience,
Stick not to raise a mischief in the stead,
Which after mocks their weak improvidence.
And therefore do make not your own sides bleed
To prick at others, you that would amend
By pulling down, and think you can proceed
By going back unto the farther end;
Let stand that little covert left behind,
Whereon your succors and respects depend.
And bring not down the prizes of the mind
With under-rating of yourselves so base,
You that the mighties' doors do crouching find,
To sell yourselves to buy a little grace,
Or wait whole months to out-bid Simony
For that which being got is not your place;
For if it were, what needed you to buy
What was your due? Your thirsting shows your shift,
And little worth that seeks injuriously
A worthier from his lawful room to lift.
We cannot say that you were then preferred,
But that your money was, or some worse gift.
Oh scattering gatherers, that without regard
Of times to come will, to be made, undo,
As if you were the last of men, prepared
To bury in your graves all other too,
Dare you profane that holy portion
Which never sacrilegious hand durst do?
Did form-establishing Devotion,
To maintain a respective reverence,
Extend her bountiful provision
With such a charitable providence
For your deforming hands to dissipate
And make God's due your impious expense?
No marvel then though the overpest'rëd State
Want room for goodness, if our little hold
Be less'nëd unto such a narrow rate
That Reverence cannot sit fit as it should.
And yet what need we thus for rooms complain
That shall not want void rooms if this course hold?
And more than will be filled; for who will strain
To get an empty title to betray
His hopes, and travail for an honor vain,
And gain a port without support or stay?
What need hath Envy to malign their state
That will themselves, so kind, give it away?
This makes indeed our number pass the rate
Of our provisions; which if dealt aright
Would yield sufficient room to accommodate,
More than we have in places requisite.
The ill disposing only doth us set
In disarray and out of order quite.
Whiles other gifts then of the mind shall get,
Under our colors, that which is our dues,
And to our travails neither benefit,
Nor grace, nor honor, nor respect accrues;
The sickness of the State's soul, Learning, then
The body's great distemperature ensues.
For if that Learning's rooms to learnëd men
Were as their heritage distributed,
All this disordered thrust would cease; for when
The fit were called, the unworthy frustrated,
These would be ashamed to seek, those to be unsought,
And staying their turn were sure they should be sped.
Then would our drooping Academies, brought
Again in heart, regain that reverend hand
Of lost Opinion, and no more be thought
The unnecessary furnish of the land,
Nor, discouraged with their small esteem,
Confused, irresolute, and wavering stand,
Caring not to become profound, but seem
Contented with a superficial skill,
Which for a slight reward enough they deem
When the one succeeds as well as the other will,
Seeing shorter ways lead sooner to their end,
And others' longer travails thrive so ill.
Then would they only labor to extend
Their now unsearching spirit beyond these bounds
Of others' powers, wherein they must be penned
As if there were besides no other grounds,

And set their bold *Plus ultra* far without
The pillars of those axioms Age propounds,
Discovering daily more and more about,
In that immense and boundless ocean
Of Nature's riches; never yet found out,
Nor fore-closed, with the wit of any man.
So far beyond the ordinary course
That other unindustrious ages ran
That these more curious times they might divorce
From the opinion they are linked unto
Of our disable and unactive force,
To show true knowledge can both speak and do;
Armed for the sharp, which in these days they find,
With all provisions that belong thereto;
That their experience may not come behind
The time's conceit; but leading in their place
May make men see the weapons of the mind
Are States' best strengths, and kingdoms' chiefest grace;
And rooms of charge, charged full with worth and praise,
Makes Majesty appear with her full face,
Shining with all her beams, with all her rays,
Unscanted of her parts, unshadowëd
In any darkened point; which still bewrays
The wane of power, when power's unfurnishëd,
And hath not all those entire complements
Wherewith the State should for her state be sped.
And though the fortune of some age consents
Unto a thousand errors grossly wrought,
Which, flourished over with their fair events,
Have passed for current, and good courses thought,
The least whereof, in other times, again
Most dangerous inconveniences have brought;
Whilst to the times, not to men's wits, pertain
The good successes of ill managed deeds;
Though the ignorant deceived with colors vain
Miss of the causes whence this luck proceeds,
Foreign defects giving home-faults the way
Make ev'n that weakness sometimes well succeeds.

I grant that some unlett'rëd practic may
(Leaving beyond the Alps faith and respect
To God and man) with impious cunning sway
The courses fore-begun with like effect,
And without stop maintain the turning on,
And have his errors deemed without defect.
But when some powerful opposition
Shall, with a sound encountering shock, disjoint
The fore-contrivëd frame, and thereupon
The experience of the present disappoint,
And other stirring spirits, and other hearts
Built huge for action, meeting in a point,
Shall drive the world to summon all their arts,
And all too little for so real might,
When no advantages of weaker parts
Shall bear out shallow counsels from the light,
And this sense-opening action (which doth hate
Unmanly craft) shall look to have her right,
Who then holds up the glory of the State,
Which lett'rëd arms, and armëd letters won?
Who shall be fittest to negotiate,
Contemned Justinian, or else Littleton?
When it shall not be held wisdom to be
Privately made, and publicly undone;
But sound designs that judgment shall decree
Out of a true discern of the clear ways
That lie direct, with safe-going equity,
Embroiling not their own and others' days;
Extending forth their providence, beyond
The circuit of their own particular;
That ev'n the ignorant may understand
How that Deceit is but a caviller,
And true unto itself can never stand,
But still must with her own conclusions war.
Can Truth and Honesty, wherein consists
The right repose on earth, the surest ground
Of Trust, come weaker armed into the lists
Than Fraud or Vice, that doth itself confound?
Or shall Presumption, that doth what it lists,
Not what it ought, carry her courses sound?

Then, what safe place out of confusion
Hath plain-proceeding Honesty to dwell?
What suit of grace hath Virtue to put on,
If Vice shall wear as good, and do as well?
If Wrong, if Craft, if Indiscretion
Act as fair parts, with ends as laudable?
Which all this mighty volume of events,
The world, the universal map of deeds,
Strongly controls, and proves from all dissents
That the directest courses best succeeds,
When Craft, wrapped still in many cumberments,
With all her cunning thrives not, though it speeds.
For should not grave and learned Experience,
That looks with the eyes of all the world beside,
And with all ages holds intelligence,
Go safer than Deceit without a guide?
Which in the by-paths of her diffidence
Crossing the ways of Right, still runs more wide?
Who will not grant? And therefore this observe,
No state stands sure, but on the grounds of right,
Of virtue, knowledge, judgment to preserve,
And all the powers of learning requisite;
Though other shifts a present turn may serve,
Yet in the trial they will weigh too light.
And do not thou contemn this swelling tide
And stream of words, that now doth rise so high
Above the usual banks, and spreads so wide
Over the borders of antiquity;
Which, I confess, comes ever amplified
With the abounding humours that do multiply;
And is with that same hand of happiness
Enlarged, as vices are out of their bands;
Yet so, as if let out but to redress,
And calm, and sway the affections it commands,
Which as it stirs, it doth again repress
And brings in the out-gone malice that withstands.
Power above powers, O heavenly Eloquence,
That with the strong rein of commanding words
Dost manage, guide, and master the eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their swords:
Shall we not offer to thy excellence
The richest treasure that our wit affords?
Thou that canst do much more with one poor pen
Than all the powers of princes can effect,
And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men
Better than force or rigor can direct:
Should we this ornament of glory then,
As the unmaterial fruits of shades, neglect?
Or should we careless come behind the rest
In power of words, that go before in worth,
Whenas our accents equal to the best
Is able greater wonders to bring forth;
When all that ever hotter spirits expressed
Comes bett'rëd by the patience of the North?
And who, in time, knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
To enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in the yet unformëd Occident
May come refined with the accents that are ours?
Or who can tell for what great work in hand
The greatness of our style is now ordained?
What powers it shall bring in, what spirits command,
What thoughts let out, what humours keep restrained,
What mischief it may powerfully withstand,
And what fair ends may thereby be attained?
And as for Poesy, mother of this force,
That breeds, brings forth, and nourishes this might,
Teaching it in a loose, yet measured course,
With comely motions how to go upright,
And fostering it with bountiful discourse
Adorns it thus in fashions of delight,
What should I say? since it is well approved
The speech of heaven, with whom they have commerce
That only seem out of themselves removed

And do with more than human skills converse.
Those numbers wherewith heaven and earth are moved
Show, weakness speaks in prose, but power in verse.
Wherein thou likewise seemest to allow
That the acts of worthy men should be preserved,
As in the holiest tombs we can bestow
Upon their glory that have well deserved;
Wherein thou dost no other virtue show
Than what most barbarous countries have observed,
When all the happiest nations hitherto
Did with no lesser glory speak than do.
Now to what else thy malice shall object,
For schools, and arts, and their necessity,
When from my lord, whose judgment must direct
And form and fashion my ability,
I shall have got more strength, thou shalt expect,
Out of my better leisure, my reply.

## ANTHONY MUNDAY (1553–1633)

Beauty sat bathing by a spring,
  Where fairest shades did hide her;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
  The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
  To see what was forbidden:
But better memory said, fie!
  So vain desire was chidden.
    Hey nonny, nonny, etc.

Into a slumber then I fell,
  When fond imagination
Seemëd to see, but could not tell
  Her feature or her fashion.
But even as babes in dreams do smile,
  And sometime fall a-weeping,
So I awaked, as wise this while
  As when I fell a-sleeping.
    Hey nonny, nonny, etc.

# BARNABY BARNES (1569?–1609)

## PARTHENOPHIL AND PARTHENOPHE

### Sonnet 31

I BURN, yet am I cold; I am a-cold, yet burn.
In pleasing, discontent; in discontentment, pleased.
Diseased, I am in health; and healthful, am diseased.
In turning back, proceed; proceeding, I return.
In mourning, I rejoice; and in rejoicing, mourn.
In pressing, I step back; in stepping back, I pressed.
In gaining, still I lose; and in my losses, gain.
Grounded, I waver still; and wavering, still am grounded.
Unwounded, yet not sound; and being sound, am wounded.
Slain, yet am I alive; and yet alive, am slain.
Hounded, my heart rests still; still resting, is it hounded.
In pain, I feel no grief; yet void of grief, in pain.
Unmoved, I vex myself; unvexed, yet am I moved.
Beloved, she loves me not; yet is she my beloved.

### Sonnet 66

Ah, sweet Content! where is thy mild abode?
Is it with shepherds and light-hearted swains
Which sing upon the downs and pipe abroad,
Tending their flocks and cattle on the plains?
Ah, sweet Content! where dost thou safely rest?
In heaven with angels which the praises sing
Of him that made, and rules at his behest,
The minds and hearts of every living thing?
Ah, sweet Content! where doth thine harbor hold?
Is it in churches, with religious men
Which please the gods with prayërs manifold,
And in their studies meditate it then?
Whether thou dost in heaven or earth appear,
Be where thou wilt, thou wilt not harbor here.

# BARTHOLOMEW GRIFFIN (*Fl.* 1596)

## FIDESSA, MORE CHASTE THAN KIND

### Sonnet 16

For I have lovëd long, I crave reward.
Reward me not unkindly; think on kindness.
Kindness becometh those of high regard;
Regard with clemency a poor man's blindness.
Blindness provokes to pity when it crieth;
It crieth, "Give!" Dear lady, show some pity.
Pity, or let him die that daily dieth.
Dieth he not oft, who often sings this ditty?
This ditty pleaseth me, although it choke me.
Methinks Dame Echo weepeth at my moaning,
Moaning the woes that to complain provoke me.
Provoke me now no more; but hear my groaning.
Groaning both day and night doth tear my heart;
My heart doth know the cause, and triumphs in the smart.

### Sonnet 23

Fly to her heart; hover about her heart.
With dainty kisses mollify her heart.
Pierce with thy arrows her obdurate heart.
With sweet allurements ever move her heart.
At midday and at midnight touch her heart.
Be lurking closely, nestle about her heart.
With power (thou art a god!) command her heart.
Kindle thy coals of love about her heart.
Yea, even into thyself transform her heart.
Ah, she must love! Be sure thou have her heart.
And I must die, if thou have not her heart.
Thy bed, if thou rest well, must be her heart.
He hath the best part, sure, that hath her heart;
What have I not, if I have but her heart!

### Sonnet 62

Most true that I must fair Fidessa love.
Most true that fair Fidessa cannot love.
Most true that I do feel the pains of love.
Most true that I am captive unto love.
Most true that I deluded am with love.
Most true that I do find the sleights of love.
Most true that nothing can procure her love.
Most true that I must perish in my love.
Most true that she contemns the god of love.
Most true that he is snarëd with her love.
Most true that she would have me cease to love.
Most true that she herself alone is love.
Most true that though she hated, I would love.
Most true that dearest life shall end with love.

# WILLIAM PERCY (1575–1648)

## COELIA

### Sonnet 15, *Echo*

What is the fair, to whom so long I plead?
(*Echo*) *Lead.*
What is her face, so angel-like? (*Echo*)
*Angel-like.*
Then unto saints in mind she's not unlike?
(*Echo*) *Unlike.*
What may be hoped of one so evil nat'rëd?
(*Echo*) *Hatred.*
Oh then my woes how shall I ope best?
(*Echo*) *Hope best!*
Then she is flexible? (*Echo*) *She is flexible.*
Fie, no, it is impossible! (*Echo*) *Possible.*
About her straight then only our best!
(*Echo*) *You're best.*
How must I first her loves to me approve?
(*Echo*) *Prove!*
How if she say I may not kiss her? (*Echo*)
*Kiss her.*
For all her bobs I must them bear, or miss
her? (*Echo*) *Yes, sir!*
Then will she yield at length to Love?
(*Echo*) *To love.*
Even so? (*Echo*) *Even so!* By Narcisse!
Is it true? (*Echo*) *True.*
Of thine honesty? (*Echo*) *Aye.* Adieu!
(*Echo*) *Adieu!*

### Sonnet 19

It shall be said I died for Coelia!
Then quick, thou grisly man of Erebus,
Transport me hence unto Proserpina,
To be adjudged as "wilful amorous";
To be hung up within the liquid air,
For all the sighs which I in vain have wasted;
To be through Lethe's waters cleansëd fair,
For those dark clouds which have my looks
o'ercasted;
To be condemned to everlasting fire,
Because at Cupid's fire I wilful brent me;
And to be clad, for deadly dumps, in mire.
Among so many plagues which shall torment
me
One solace I shall find, when I am over:
It will be known I died a constant lover.

# JOSHUA SYLVESTER (1563–1618)

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven in honor of my love.
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should go.
Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you, like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were done.
Wheresoe'er I am—below, or else above you—
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

## THE FRUITS OF A CLEAR CONSCIENCE

To shine in silk and glister all in gold,
To flow in wealth and feed on dainty fare,
To have thy houses stately to behold,
Thy prince's favor, and the people's care:
The groaning gout, the colic, or the stone,
Will mar thy mirth, and turn it all to moan.

But be it that thy body subject be
To no such sickness or the like annoy,
Yet if thy conscience be not firm and free,
Riches are trash, and honor's but a toy.
This peace of conscience is the perfect joy
Wherewith God's children in the world be blest;
Wanting the which, as good want all the rest.

The want thereof made Adam hide his head.
The want of this made Cain to wail and weep.
This want, alas, makes many go to bed,
When they, God wot, have little list to sleep.
Strive, oh, then strive, to entertain and keep
So rich a jewel, and so rare a guest;
Which being had, a rush for all the rest.

# ANONYMOUS LYRICS, AND LYRICS OF UNCERTAIN AUTHORSHIP

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, etc.

I love no roast but a nutbrown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt, and throughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, etc.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm shold;
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side go bare, etc.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scourëd bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

Still (?) or Stevenson (?)

## MAIDS AND WIDOWS

If ever I marry, I'll marry a maid;
To marry a widow, I am sore afraid;
For maids they are simple, and never will grutch,
But widows full oft, as they say, know too much.

A maid is so sweet, and so gentle of kind,
That a maid is the wife I will choose to my mind.
A widow is froward, and never will yield;
Or if such there be, you will meet them but seeld.

A maid ne'er complaineth, do what so you will;
But what you mean well, a widow takes ill.
A widow will make you a drudge and a slave,
And, cost ne'er so much, she will ever go brave.

A maid is so modest, she seemeth a rose
When it first beginneth the bud to unclose;
But a widow full-blowen full often deceives,
And the next wind that bloweth shakes down all her leaves.

The widows be lovely, I never gainsay,
But too well all their beauty they know to display;
But a maid hath so great hidden beauty in store,
She can spare to a widow, yet never be poor.

Then, if ever I marry, give me a fresh maid,
If to marry with any I be not afraid;
But to marry with any, it asketh much care;
And some bachelors hold they are best as
they are.

ANON.

---

AM not I in blessëd case,
Treasure and pleasure to possess?
I would not wish no better place
If I may still have wealthiness,
And to enjoy in perfect peace,
My lady, lady.
My pleasant pleasure shall increase,
My dear lady.

Helen may not comparëd be,
Nor Cressida that was so bright;
These cannot stain the shine of thee,
Nor yet Minerva of great might;
Thou passest Venus far away,
Lady, lady;
Love thee I will, both night and day,
My dear lady.

My mouse, my nobs, and coney sweet,
My hope and joy, my whole delight;
Dame Nature may fall at thy feet,
And may yield to thee her crown of right.
I will thy body now embrace,
Lady, lady;
And kiss thy sweet and pleasant face,
My dear lady.

ANON.

## LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG

LOVE me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still, I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward, nor too bold;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true as touch;
Love me little, more than such,
For I fear the end.
I am with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent
To be steadfast friend.
Love me little, love me long, etc.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live;
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
Whiles that life endures.
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now, when in my May of youth;
This my love assures.
Love me little, love me long, etc.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persever;
Give me that, with true endeavor
I will it restore.
A suit of durance let it be
For all weathers—that for me,
For the land or for the sea,
Lasting evermore.
Love me little, love me long, etc.

Winter's cold, or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests, on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel.
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain;
So to thee, farewell!
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

ANON.

---

FAIN would I have a pretty thing
To give unto my lady.
I name no thing, nor I mean no thing,
But as pretty a thing as may be.

Twenty journeys would I make,
And twenty ways would hie me,
To make adventure for her sake
To set some matter by me.
But I would fain have, etc.

Some do long for pretty knacks,
And some for strange devices:
God send me that my lady lacks,
I care not what the price is.
Thus fain, etc.

Some go here and some go there,
  Where gazes be not geason;
And I go gaping everywhere,
  But still come out of season.
    Yet fain, etc.

I walk the town and tread the street,
  In every corner seeking.
The pretty thing I cannot meet
  That's for my lady's liking.
    Fain, etc.

The mercers pull me going by;
  The silk-wives say, "What lack ye?"
"The thing you have not," then say I.
  "Ye foolish fools, go pack ye!"
    But fain, etc.

It is not all the silk in Cheape,
  Nor all the golden treasure,
Nor twenty bushels on a heap,
  Can do my lady pleasure.
    But fain, etc.

The gravers of the golden shows
  With jewels do beset me;
The shemsters in the shops, that sews,
  They do nothing but let me.
    But fain, etc.

But were it in the wit of man
  By any means to make it,
I could for money buy it than,
  And say, "Fair lady, take it!"
    Thus fain, etc.

O lady, what a luck is this:
  That my good willing misseth
To find what pretty thing it is
  That my good lady wisheth!
    Thus fain would I have had this pretty thing
      To give unto my lady.
    I said no harm, nor I meant no harm,
      But as pretty a thing as may be.

ANON.

## A NEW COURTLY SONNET OF THE LADY GREENSLEEVES

GREENSLEEVES was all my joy,
  Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
  And who but Lady Greensleeves?

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong
  To cast me off discourteously;
And I have lovëd you so long,
  Delighting in your company.
    Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

I have been ready at your hand,
  To grant whatever you would crave.
I have both wagëd life and land,
  Your love and goodwill for to have.
    Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
  That were wrought fine and gallantly;
I kept thee both at board and bed,
  Which cost my purse well favoredly.
    Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
  The cloth so fine as fine might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
  And all this cost I spent on thee.
    Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
  With gold embrodered gorgeously;
Thy petticoat of sendal right;
  And thus I bought thee gladly.
    Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

Thy girdle of gold so red,
  With pearls bedeckëd sumptuously;
The like no other lasses had,
  And yet thou wouldst not love me.
    Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

Thy purse and eke thy gay gilt knives,
  Thy pincase gallant to the eye,
No better wore the burgess wives,
  And yet thou wouldst not love me.
    Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
  With gold all wrought above the knee;
Thy pumps as white as was the milk,
  And yet thou wouldst not love me.
    Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

Thy gown was of the grossie green,
  Thy sleeves of satin hanging by,
Which made thee be our harvest queen,
  And yet thou wouldst not love me.
    Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

Thy garters fringëd with the gold,
And silver aglets hanging by,
Which made thee blithe for to behold,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride wherever likëd thee;
No lady ever was so brave,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

My men were clothëd all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee;
All this was gallant to be seen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

They set thee up, they took thee down,
They served thee with humility;
Thy foot might not once touch the ground,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

For every morning when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties orderly,
To cheer thy stomach from all woes,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing
But still thou hadst it readily;
Thy music still to play and sing,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

And who did pay for all this gear
That thou didst spend when pleasëd thee?
Even I that am rejected here,
And thou disdain'st to love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

Well, I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see,
And that yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.
Greensleeves was all my joy, etc.

Greensleeves, now farewell! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee;
For I am still thy lover true—
Come once again and love me!
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves?

ANON.

## A NOSEGAY ALWAYS SWEET

FOR LOVERS TO SEND FOR TOKENS OF LOVE AT NEW YEAR'S TIDE, OR FOR FAIRINGS, AS THEY IN THEIR MINDS SHALL BE DISPOSED TO WRITE.

A NOSEGAY, lacking flowers fresh,
To you now I do send;
Desiring you to look thereon,
When that you may intend;
For flowers fresh begin to fade,
And Boreas in the field
Even with his hard congealëd frost
No better flowers doth yield.

But if that winter could have sprung
A sweeter flower than this,
I would have sent it presently
To you withouten miss:
Accept this then as time doth serve,
Be thankful for the same,
Despise it not, but keep it well,
And mark each flower his name.

Lavender is for lovers true,
Which evermore be fain,
Desiring always for to have
Some pleasure for their pain;
And when that they obtainëd have
The love that they require,
Then have they all their perfect joy,
And quenchëd is the fire.

Rosemary is for remembrance
Between us day and night;
Wishing that I might always have
You present in my sight.
And when I cannot have
As I have said before,
Then Cupid with his deadly dart
Doth wound my heart full sore.

Sage is for sustenance,
That should man's life sustain;
For I do still lie languishing
Continually in pain,

And shall do still until I die,
Except thou favor show.
My pain and all my grievous smart
Full well you do it know.

Fennel is for flatterers,
An evil thing it is sure;
But I have always meant truly,
With constant heart most pure;
And will continue in the same
As long as life doth last,
Still hoping for a joyful day
When all our pains be past.

Violet is for faithfulness
Which in me shall abide;
Hoping likewise that from your heart
You will not let it slide;
And will continue in the same
As you have now begun,
And then for ever to abide,
Then you my heart have won.

Thyme is to try me,
As each be triëd must,
Letting you know while life doth last
I will not be unjust;
And if I should I would to God
To hell my soul should bear,
And eke also that Belzebub
With teeth he should me tear.

Roses is to rule me
With reason as you will,
For to be still obedient
Your mind for to fulfil;
And thereto will not disagree
In nothing that you say,
But will content your mind truly
In all things that I may.

Gillyflowers is for gentleness,
Which in me shall remain,
Hoping that no sedition shall
Depart our hearts in twain.
As soon the sun shall lose his course,
The moon against her kind
Shall have no light, if that I do
Once put you from my mind.

Carnations is for graciousness,
Mark that now by the way,
Have no regard to flatterers,
Nor pass not what they say;
For they will come with lying tales
Your ears for to fulfil.
In any case do you consent
Nothing unto their will.

Marigolds is for marriage,
That would our minds suffice,
Lest that suspicion of us twain
By any means should rise.
As for my part, I do not care,
Myself I will still use
That all the women in the world
For you I will refuse.

Pennyroyal is to print your love
So deep within my heart,
That when you look this Nosegay on,
My pain you may impart;
And when that you have read the same,
Consider well my woe,
Think ye then how to recompense
Even him that loves you so.

Cowslips is for counsel,
For secrets us between,
That none but you and I alone
Should know the thing we mean.
And if you will thus wisely do,
As I think to be best,
Then have you surely won the field
And set my heart at rest.

I pray you keep this Nosegay well,
And set by it some store.
And thus farewell! The gods thee guide
Both now and evermore!
Not as the common sort do use,
To set it in your breast,
That when the smell is gone away,
On ground he takes his rest.

WILLIAM HUNNIS(?)

---

WHILE that the sun with his beams hot
Scorchëd the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting besides a crystal fountain
In shadow of a green oak tree,
Upon his pipe this song played he:
Adieu, love, adieu, love, untrue love!
Untrue love, untrue love, adieu, love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;
And evermore you sobbed and sighed,
Burning in flames beyond all measure.
Three days endured your love to me,
And it was lost in other three.
Adieu, love, adieu, love, etc.

Another shepherd you did see,
To whom your heart was soon enchainëd;
Full soon your love was leapt from me,
Full soon my place he had obtainëd;
Soon came a third your love to win,
And we were out, and he was in.
Adieu, love, adieu, love, etc.

Sure you have made me passing glad
That you your mind so soon removëd,
Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best belovëd;
For all my love was past and done
Two days before it was begun.
Adieu, love, adieu, love, untrue love!
Untrue love, untrue love, adieu, love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

ANON.

---

BEAUTY, alas, where wast thou born,
Thus to hold thyself in scorn?
Whenas beauty kissed to woo thee,
Thou by beauty dost undo me:
Heigh-ho! despise me not.

I and thou in sooth are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none;
Wanton thou, and wilt thou, wanton,
Yield a cruel heart to plant on?
Do me right, and do me reason;
Cruelty is cursëd treason:
Heigh-ho! I love, heigh-ho! I love,
Heigh-ho! and yet he eyes me not.

LODGE(?) or GREENE(?)

---

MY flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,
My rams speed not, all is amiss;
Love is dying, faith's defying,
Heart's renying, causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot;
Where her faith was firmly fixed in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross wrought all my loss;
O frowning Fortune, cursëd fickle dame!
For now I see inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I, all fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me, living in thrall.
Heart is bleeding, all help needing,
Oh cruel speeding fraughted with gall!
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtal dog, that wont to have played,
Plays not at all but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep procures to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight;
How sighs resound through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquished men in bloody fight.

Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping fearfully.
All the pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass, thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan;
Poor Corydon must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is none.

BARNFIELD(?)

---

BROWN is my love, but graceful:
And each renownëd whiteness,
Matched with thy lovely brown, loseth its brightness.

Fair is my love, but scornful:
Yet have I seen despisëd
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well prizëd.

ANON.

---

COME, little babe, come, silly soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thyself unhappy chief;
Sing lullaby and lap it warm,
Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.

Thou little think'st and less dost know
  The cause of this thy mother's moan;
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
  And I myself am all alone.
Why dost thou weep? why dost thou wail,
And know'st not yet what thou dost ail?

Come, little wretch!—Ah, silly heart!
  Mine only joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart,
  That may the destinies implore,
'Twas I, I say, against my will;
I wail the time, but be thou still.

And dost thou smile? Oh, thy sweet face!
  Would God himself he might thee see!
No doubt thou soon wouldst purchase grace,
  I know right well, for thee and me.
But come to mother, babe, and play,
For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
  Thy father home again to send,
If death do strike me with his lance,
  Yet mayst thou me to him commend.
If any ask thy mother's name,
Tell how by love she purchased blame.

Then will his gentle heart soon yield.
  I know of him a noble mind.
Although a lion in the field,
  A lamb in town thou shalt him find.
Ask blessing, babe, be not afraid!
His sugared words hath me betrayed.

Then mayst thou joy and be right glad,
  Although in woe I seem to moan.
Thy father is no rascal lad,
  A noble youth of blood and bone;
His glancing looks, if he once smile,
Right honest women may beguile.

Come, little boy, and rock asleep!
  Sing lullaby, and be thou still!
I, that can do naught else but weep,
  Will sit by thee and wail my fill.
God bless my babe, and lullaby,
From this thy father's quality.

NICHOLAS BRETON(?)

---

I SAW my lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advancëd so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
  Her face was full of woe;
But such a woe, believe me, as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

  Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion wise; tears a delightful thing;
Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare.
  She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move,
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

  O fairer than aught else
The world can show! leave off in time to grieve.
Enough, enough; your joyful look excels;
  Tears kill the heart, believe.
Oh, strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

ANON.

---

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
  Oh sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexëd?
  Oh punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexëd
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
Oh sweet content! Oh sweet, oh sweet content!
  Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
  Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispëd spring?
  Oh sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
  Oh punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
Oh sweet content! Oh sweet, oh sweet content!
  Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
  Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

DEKKER(?)

---

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby,
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you,
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby,
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

DEKKER(?)

## PHILLIDA'S LOVE-CALL TO HER CORYDON AND HIS REPLYING

*Phyl.* CORYDON, arise, my Corydon!
Titan shineth clear.
*Cor.* Who is it that calleth Corydon?
Who is it that I hear?
*Phyl.* Phyllida, thy true love, calleth thee,
Arise then, arise then,
Arise and keep thy flock with me!
*Cor.* Phyllida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock with thee.

*Phyl.* Here are cherries ripe, my Corydon;
Eat them for my sake.
*Cor.* Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.
*Phyl.* Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,
To knit thee, to knit thee
A pair of stockings white as milk.
*Cor.* Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

*Phyl.* I will gather flowers, my Corydon,
To set in thy cap.
*Cor.* I will gather pears, my lovely one,
To put in thy lap.
*Phyl.* I will buy my true love garters gay
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about his legs so tall.
*Cor.* I will buy my true love yellow say
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about her middle small.

*Phyl.* When my Corydon sits on a hill
Making melody—
*Cor.* When my lovely one goes to her wheel
Singing cheerily—

*Phyl.* Sure methinks my true love doth excel
For sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.
*Cor.* And methinks my true love bears the bell
For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

*Phyl.* Had my Corydon, my Corydon,
Been, alack! her swain—
*Cor.* Had my lovely one, my lovely one,
Been in Ida plain—
*Phyl.* Cynthia Endymion had refused,
Preferring, preferring,
My Corydon to play withal.
*Cor.* The queen of love had been excused,
Bequeathing, bequeathing,
My Phyllida the golden ball.

*Phyl.* Yonder comes my mother, Corydon,
Whither shall I fly?
*Cor.* Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
While she passeth by.
*Phyl.* Say to her thy true love was not here;
Remember, remember,
To-morrow is another day.
*Cor.* Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear;
Farewell then, farewell then,
Heaven keep our loves alway!

ANON.

## A NYMPH'S DISDAIN OF LOVE

"HEY, down a down!" did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting,
"Than love there is no vainer thing,
For maidens most unfitting."
And so think I, with a down, down, derry!

When women knew no woe,
But lived themselves to please,
Men's feigning guiles they did not know,
The ground of their disease.
Unborn was false suspect,
No thought of jealousy;
From wanton toys and fond affect
The virgin's life was free.
"Hey, down a down!" did Dian sing, etc.

At length men usëd charms,
To which what maids gave ear,
Embracing gladly endless harms,
Anon enthrallëd were.
Thus women welcomed woe
Disguised in name of love,
A jealous hell, a painted show:
So shall they find, that prove.
"Hey, down a down!" did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting,
"Than love there is no vainer thing,
For maidens most unfitting."
And so think I, with a down, down, derry!

ANON.

---

CRABBÉD Age and Youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare;
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
Oh, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee—
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

SHAKESPEARE(?)

---

FAIR is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty;
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joinëd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coinëd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burned with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burned out love, as soon as straw outburneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foiled the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

SHAKESPEARE(?)

---

THE nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale,
Puts down all drink when it is stale!
The toast, the nutmeg, and the ginger
Will make a sighing man a singer.
Ale gives a buffet in the head,
But ginger under-props the brain;
When ale would strike a strong man dead
Then nutmeg tempers it again.
The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale,
Puts down all drink when it is stale!

MARSTON(?)

---

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

ANON.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,
And dupped the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, "Before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed."
"So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed."

ANON.

---

And will a' not come again?
And will a' not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

SHAKESPEARE(?)

## WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW

### PART THE FIRST

A poor soul sat sighing under a sicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee;
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the green willow shall be my garlànd.

He sighed in his singing, and after each groan,
Come, willow, willow, willow!
I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone;
O willow, etc.

My love she is turnëd; untrue she doth prove;
O willow, willow, willow!
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, etc.

Oh pity me (cried he), ye lovers, each one;
O willow, willow, willow!
Her heart's hard as marble; she rues not my moan.
O willow, etc.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, willow, willow!
The salt tears fell from him, which drownëd his face;
O willow, etc.

The mute birds sat by him, made tame by his moans;
O willow, willow, willow!
The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.
O willow, etc.

Let nobody blame me, her scorns I do prove;
O willow, willow, willow!
She was born to be fair; I, to die for her love.
O willow, etc.

Oh that beauty should harbor a heart that's so hard!
Sing willow, willow, willow!
My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, etc.

Let love no more boast him in palace or bower;
O willow, willow, willow!
For women are trothless, and float in an hour.
O willow, etc.

But what helps complaining? In vain I complain;
O willow, willow, willow!
I must patiently suffer her scorn and disdain.
O willow, etc.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,
O willow, willow, willow!
He that 'plains of his false love, mine's falser than she.
O willow, etc.

The willow wreath wear I, since my love did fleet;
O willow, willow, willow!
A garland for lovers forsaken most meet.
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the green willow shall be my garlànd.

PART THE SECOND

Low laid by my sorrow, begot by disdain;
O willow, willow, willow!
Against her too cruel, still, still I complain,
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the green willow shall be my garlànd!

O love too injurious, to wound my poor heart!
O willow, willow, willow!
To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart.
O willow, etc.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garlànd,
O willow, willow, willow!
A sign of her falseness before me doth stand.
O willow, etc.

As here it doth bid to despair and to die,
O willow, willow, willow!
So hang it, friends, o'er me in grave where I lie;
O willow, etc.

In grave where I rest me, hang this to the view,
O willow, willow, willow!
Of all that do know her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, etc.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, willow, willow!
"Here lies one, drank poison for potion most sweet."
O willow, etc.

Though she thus unkindly hath scornëd my love,
O willow, willow, willow!
And carelessly smiles at the sorrows I prove;
O willow, etc.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,
O willow, willow, willow!
Cause once well I loved her, and honored her name.
O willow, etc.

The name of her sounded so sweet in mine ear,
O willow, willow, willow!
It raised my heart lightly, the name of my dear.
O willow, etc.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my grief;
O willow, willow, willow!
It now brings me anguish, then brought me relief.
O willow, etc.

Farewell, fair false hearted; plaints end with my breath!
O willow, willow, willow!
Thou dost loathe me, I love thee, though cause of my death.
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the green willow shall be my garlànd.

ANON.

## PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME

OH! What a pain is love!
How shall I bear it?
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind
That my strength faileth;
And wavers with the wind,
As a ship that saileth.
Please her the best I may,
She looks another way.
Alack and wel-a-day!
Phillida flouts me.

At the fair yesterday,
She did pass by me;
She looked another way,
And would not spy me.
I wooed her for to dine,
But could not get her.
Will had her to the wine,
He might intreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she looked askance.
Oh, thrice unhappy chance!
Phillida flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
Do not disdain me.
I am my mother's joy;
Sweet, entertain me!
She'll give me, when she dies,
All that is fitting,
Her poultry and her bees
And her geese sitting,
A pair of mattress beds,
And a bag full of shreds.
And yet for all this goods
Phillida flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine
Wrought with good Coventry,
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity.
But i' faith, if she flinch,
She shall not wear it.
To Tib, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart
So soon from her to part.
Death strikes me with his dart!
Phillida flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream,
All the year lasting;
And drink the crystal stream,
Pleasant in tasting;
Whig and whey whilst thou burst,
And bramble berries,
Pie-lid and pasty crust,
Pears, plums, and cherries.
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a wether's skin—
Yet all's not worth a pin.
Phillida flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
And in time take me.
I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me.
For Doll, the dairymaid,
Laughed on me lately,
And wanton Winifred
Favors me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose;
What wanton signs are those!
Phillida flouts me.

I cannot work and sleep
All at a season;
Love wounds my heart so deep,
Without all reason.
I gin to pine away
With grief and sorrow,
Like to a fatted beast,
Penned in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year;
And all for very fear,
Phillida flouts me.

---

Absence, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance and length:
Do what thou canst for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
He soon hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is present, time doth tarry.

My senses want their outward motions
Which now within
Reason doth win,
Redoubled in her secret notions;
Like rich men that take pleasure
In hiding more than handling treasure.

By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain;
There I embrace and kiss her,
And so I both enjoy and miss her.

Donne (?)

---

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets.
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

ANON.

---

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on;
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

ANON.

---

Sister, awake! Close not your eyes,
The day her light discloses;
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.

See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping;
Lo, how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping!

Therefore awake, make haste I say,
And let us without staying
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the park a maying.

ANON.

## THE SILVER SWAN

The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached unlocked her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:
"Farewell, all joys, O death, come close mine eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise."

ANON.

---

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her free behavior, winning looks,
Will make a lawyer burn his books;
I touched her not, alas! not I,
And yet I love her till I die.

Had I her fast betwixt mine arms,
Judge you that think such sports were harms,
Were't any harm? no, no, fie, fie,
For I will love her till I die.

Should I remain confinëd there
So long as Phoebus in his sphere,
I to request, she to deny,
Yet would I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingëd and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change;
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

ANON.

---

We be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the seas;
We spend our lives in jeopardy,
While others live at ease.
Shall we go dance the round, the round,
Shall we go dance the round?
And he that is a bully boy
Come pledge me on this ground.

We care not for those martial men
That do our states disdain;
But we care for the merchant men
Who do our states maintain;
To them we dance this round, around,
To them we dance this round;
And he that is a bully boy
Come pledge me on this ground.

ANON.

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616)

## FROM *VENUS AND ADONIS*

Even as the sun with purple-colored face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn.
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are:
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favor, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I 'll smother thee with kisses;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good.
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blushed and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens—Oh, how quick is love!—
The steed is stallëd up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she pushed him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips.
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;
What follows more she murthers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuffed or prey be gone,
Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dewed with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fastened in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is bettered with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being looked on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.
"Oh, pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

"I have been wooed, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne 'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begged for that which thou unasked shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His battered shield, his uncontrollëd crest,
And for my sake hath learned to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overruled I overswayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain.
Strong-tempered steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
Oh, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foiled the god of fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What see'st thou in the ground? Hold up thy head.
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

"Art thou ashamed to kiss? Then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night.
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight.
These blue-veined violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted.
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;

Beauty within itself should not be wasted.
Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favored, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured, crookëd, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despisëd, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee.
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevelled hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse.
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

. . . . . .

Now which way shall she turn? What shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
"Pity," she cries, "some favor, some remorse!"
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbors by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud.
The strong-necked steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controllëd with.

His ears up-pricked; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compassed crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapors doth he send.
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say "Lo, thus my strength is tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "Holla" or his "Stand, I say"?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly, they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feathered wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind.
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent.
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he was enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unbacked breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast.
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barred the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopped, or river stayed,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage.
So of concealëd sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbëd mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

Oh, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flashed forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels.
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

Oh, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdained the wooing.
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prisoned in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe.
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Showed like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

. . . . . .

Once more the ruby-colored portal opened,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betokened
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh.
Even as the wind is hushed before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth.
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessëd bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent.
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marred.
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turned to day;
Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth.
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fixed,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mixed,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"Oh, where am I?" quoth she; "in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drenched, or in the fire?
What hour is this? Or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy

"Oh, thou didst kill me. Kill me once again.
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murdered this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
Oh, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banished by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years.
Before I know myself seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears.
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early plucked is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "Adieu,"
The honey fee of parting tendered is.
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

. . . . . .

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? Shall we? Wilt thou make the match?"
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws;
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,

Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be.
She hath assayed as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me. Let me go.
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
Oh, be advised! Thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture.
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage—wondrous dread!—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"Oh, let him keep his loathsome cabin still!
Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I feared thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'Kill, kill!'
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear.

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stained with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination.
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtilty,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare.
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breathed horse keep with thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles.
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer.
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths. Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still.
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise.
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?" "No matter where," quoth he;
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends.
The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth she.
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall."
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, Oh, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

"Now of this dark night I perceive the reason.
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemned of treason,
For stealing molds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

"And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood;
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damned despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under.
Both favor, savor, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thawed, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the mid-day sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal. The lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme.
The kiss I gave you is bestowed in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armëd in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barred of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger.
I hate not love, but your device in love
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase. Oh strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled
Since sweating Lust on earth usurped his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forgëd lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen.
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distressed.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

. . . . . .

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnished gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that sucked an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love.
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn.
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay.
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud.
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part.
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismayed,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more.
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither.
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet not at all respecting;
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kennelled in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venomed sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouthed mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratched ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

"Hard-favored tyrant, ugly, meager, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,"—thus chides she Death—

"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

. . . . . .

"Fie, fie, fond love! thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemmed with thieves;
Trifles unwitnessëd with eye or ear
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murdered with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smothered up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexëd in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprisoned in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And being opened threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trenched
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drenched.
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and seemed with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopped, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be.
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turned to fire, my heart to lead.
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that 's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? What canst thou boast
Of things long since, or anything ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colors fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him."

. . . . . .

By this the boy that by her side lay killed
Was melted like a vapor from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spilled,
A purple flower sprung up, chequered with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death.
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes.
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right.
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest;
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night.
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is conveyed;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

## FROM *THE RAPE OF LUCRECE*

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare,
Thou nursest all, and murth'rest all that are.
Oh, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betrayed the hours thou gav'st me to repose,
Cancelled my fortunes, and enchainëd me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in agëd things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammered steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends.
Oh, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight.
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursëd crimeful night.
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans.
Stone him with hardened hearts, harder than stones,
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curlëd hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathëd slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdainëd scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honored or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is missed,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words! servants to shallow fools,
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators.
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirmed despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defilëd blood."

## SONNETS

### 2

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tattered weed, of small worth held.
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an ill-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

### 12

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

### 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

25

Let those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlooked for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buriëd,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famousëd for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled
Is from the book of honor razëd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

29

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanëd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

33

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

35

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done.
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—

And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

55

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

60

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crookëd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

64

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

66

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disablëd,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

87

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate.
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprison growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

98

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

106

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing.
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

110

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end;
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

Oh, no! it is an ever-fixëd mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

138

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearnëd in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue.
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
Oh, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told.
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

144

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colored ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turned fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## SONGS FROM THE PLAYS

### FROM *LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST*

If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown.
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

---

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
"Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo!" Oh word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
"Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo!" Oh word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
"Tu-whit, tu-who!" A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
"Tu-whit, tu-who!" A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

## FROM *TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA*

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirëd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

## FROM *A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM*

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

---

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.
*Chorus:* Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here.
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.
*Chorus:* Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night, with lullaby.

---

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the churchway paths to glide.
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house.
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

### FROM *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishëd?
Reply, reply.
It is engend'rëd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

### FROM *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into "Hey nonny, nonny!"

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into "Hey nonny, nonny!"

---

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily.
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be utterëd,
Heavily, heavily.

### FROM *AS YOU LIKE IT*

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

---

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend rememb'rëd not.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! etc.

---

What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it.
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

---

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding!
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding!
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding!
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownëd with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding!
Sweet lovers love the spring.

## FROM *TWELFTH NIGHT*

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

---

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, oh, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

---

I AM gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, "Ah-ha!" to the devil.
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil.

---

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

## FROM *MEASURE FOR MEASURE*

TAKE, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain.

## FROM *MACBETH*

*First Witch:* THRICE the brinded cat hath mewed.
*Sec. Witch:* Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.
*Third Witch:* Harpier cries; 'tis time, 'tis time!
*First Witch:* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelt'rëd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmëd pot.
*All:* Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
*Sec. Witch:* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
*All:* Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
*Third Witch:* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
*All:* Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
*Sec. Witch:* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

## FROM *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned.
Cup us, till the world go round!
Cup us, till the world go round!

## FROM *CYMBELINE*

HARK, hark! The lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes.
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

---

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownëd be thy grave!

## FROM *THE WINTER'S TALE*

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
With hey! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey! the sweet birds, oh, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

---

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber;
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy!
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy!

## FROM *THE TEMPEST*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Curtsied when you have, and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
(*Burden, dispersedly*) Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark!
(*Burden, dispersedly*) Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, "Cock-a-diddle-dow!"

---

Full fathom five thy father lies.
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong!
Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell!

---

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

# SIR FRANCIS BACON (1561–1626)

THE world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span;
In his conception wretched, from the womb
So to the tomb;
Cursed from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

Yet whilst with sorrow here we live oppressed,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools;
The rural part is turned into a den
Of savage men;
And where's a city from foul vice so free
But may be termed the worst of all the three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head;
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse;
These would have children; those that have them moan
Or wish them gone.
What is it, then, to have or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease;
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil;
Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease,
We're worse in peace.
What then remains, but that we still should cry
For being born, and, being born, to die?

# GEORGE CHAPMAN (1559?–1634)

## FROM THE TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S *ILIAD*

### The Third Book

*The Argument*

Paris, betwixt the hosts, to single fight,
Of all the Greeks dares the most hardy knight.
King Menelaus doth accept his brave,
Conditioning that he again should have
Fair Helena, and all she brought to Troy,
If he subdued; else Paris should enjoy
Her and her wealth in peace. Conquest doth grant
Her dear wreath to the Grecian combatant;
But Venus to her champion's life doth yield
Safe rescue, and conveys him from the field
Into his chamber, and for Helen sends,
Whom much her lover's foul disgrace offends.
Yet Venus still for him makes good her charms,
And ends the second combat in his arms.

*Another Argument*

Gamma the single fight doth sing
'Twixt Paris and the Spartan king.

When every least commander's will best
soldiers had obeyed,
And both the hosts were ranged for fight,
the Trojans would have frayed
The Greeks with noises, crying out, in
coming rudely on,
At all parts like the cranes that fill, with
harsh confusion
Of brutish clangës, all the air, and in ridic-
ulous war
(Eschewing the unsuffered storms, shot
from the winter's star)
Visit the ocean, and confer the Pygmei
soldiers' death.
The Greeks charged silent, and like men
bestowed their thrifty breath
In strength of far-resounding blows, still
entertaining care
Of either's rescue, when their strength
did their engagements dare.
And as, upon a hill's steep tops, the south
wind pours a cloud,
To shepherds thankless, but by thieves,
that love the night, allowed,
A darkness letting down that blinds a
stone's cast off men's eyes,
Such darkness from the Greeks' swift feet
(made all of dust) did rise.
But, ere stern conflict mixed both strengths,
fair Paris stepped before
The Trojan host; athwart his back a pan-
ther's hide he wore,
A crookëd bow, and sword, and shook two
brazen-headed darts;
With which well-armed, his tongue pro-
voked the best of Grecian hearts
To stand with him in single fight. Whom
when the man wronged most
Of all the Greeks so gloriously saw stalk
before the host;
As when a lion is rejoiced (with hunger
half forlorn)
That finds some sweet prey, as a hart,
whose grace lies in his horn,
Or sylvan goat, which he devours, though
never so pursued
With dogs and men; so Sparta's king ex-
ulted, when he viewed
The fair-faced Paris so exposed to his so
thirsted wreak,
Whereof his good cause made him sure.
The Grecian front did break,
And forth he rushed, at all parts armed,
leaped from his chariot,
And royally prepared for charge. Which
seen, cold terror shot
The heart of Paris, who retired as head-
long from the king
As in him he had shunned his death. And
as a hilly spring
Presents a serpent to a man, full under-
neath his feet,
Her blue neck, swollen with poison, raised,
and her sting out, to greet
His heedless entry, suddenly his walk he
altereth,
Starts back amazed, is shook with fear,
and looks as pale as death;

So Menelaus Paris scared; so that divine-faced foe
Shrunk in his beauties. Which beheld by Hector, he let go
This bitter check at him: "Accursed, made but in beauty's scorn,
Impostor, woman's man! O heaven, that thou hadst ne'er been born,
Or, being so manless, never lived to bear man's noblest state,
The nuptial honor! Which I wish, because it were a fate
Much better for thee than this shame. This spectacle doth make
A man a monster. Hark! how loud the Greeks laugh, who did take
Thy fair form for a continent of parts as fair. A rape
Thou mad'st of nature, like their queen. No soul, an empty shape,
Takes up thy being; yet how spite to every shade of good
Fills it with ill! For as thou art, thou couldst collect a brood
Of others like thee, and far hence fetch ill enough to us,
Even to thy father; all these friends make those foes mock them thus
In thee, for whose ridiculous sake so seriously they lay
All Greece, and fate, upon their necks. O wretch! Not dare to stay
Weak Menelaus? But 'twas well; for in him thou hadst tried
What strength lost beauty can infuse, and with the more grief died
To feel thou robb'dst a worthier man, to wrong a soldier's right.
Your harp's sweet touch, curled locks, fine shape, and gifts so exquisite,
Given thee by Venus, would have done your fine dames little good,
When blood and dust had ruffled them, and had as little stood
Thyself in stead; but what thy care of all these in thee flies
We should inflict on thee ourselves. Infectious cowardice
In thee hath terrified our host; for which thou well deserv'st
A coat of tombstone, not of steel in which, for form, thou serv'st."
To this thus Paris spake (for form, that might inhabit heaven),
"Hector, because thy sharp reproof is out of justice given,
I take it well; but though thy heart, inured to these affrights,
Cuts through them as an axe through oak, that more used more excites
The workman's faculty, whose art can make the edge go far,
Yet I, less practised than thyself in these extremes of war,
May well be pardoned, though less bold; in these your worth exceeds,
In others mine. Nor is my mind of less force to the deeds
Required in war, because my form more flows in gifts of peace.
Reproach not, therefore, the kind gifts of golden Cyprides.
All heaven's gifts have their worthy price; as little to be scorned
As to be won with strength, wealth, state; with which to be adorned
Some men would change state, wealth, or strength. But, if your martial heart
Wish me to make my challenge good, and hold it such a part
Of shame to give it over thus, cause all the rest to rest,
And, 'twixt both hosts, let Sparta's king and me perform our best
For Helen and the wealth she brought; and he that overcomes
Or proves superior any way, in all your equal dooms,
Let him enjoy her utmost wealth, keep her, or take her home,
The rest strike leagues of endless date, and hearty friends become;
You dwelling safe in gleby Troy, and Greeks retire their force
T' Achaia, that breeds fairest dames, and Argos, fairest horse."
He said, and his amendsful words did Hector highly please,
Who rushed betwixt the fighting hosts, and made the Trojans cease,
By holding up in midst his lance. The Grecians noted not
The signal he for parley used, but at him fiercely shot,
Hurled stones, and still were levelling darts. At last the king of men,
Great Agamemnon, cried aloud: "Argives! for shame, contain!

Youths of Achaia, shoot no more; the fair-
helmed Hector shows
As he desired to treat with us." This said,
all ceased from blows,
And Hector spake to both the hosts: "Tro-
jans, and hardy Greeks,
Hear now what he that stirred these wars,
for their cessation seeks.
He bids us all, and you, disarm, that he
alone may fight
With Menelaus, for us all, for Helen and
her right,
With all the dower she brought to Troy;
and he that wins the day,
Or is, in all the art of arms, superior any
way,
The queen and all her sorts of wealth let
him at will enjoy;
The rest strike truce, and let love seal
firm leagues 'twixt Greece and Troy."
The Greek host wondered at this brave;
silence flew everywhere;
At last spake Sparta's warlike king: "Now
also give me ear,
Whom grief gives most cause of reply. I
now have hope to free
The Greeks and Trojans of all ills they
have sustained for me,
And Alexander, that was cause I stretched
my spleen so far.
Of both then, which is nearest fate, let
his death end the war;
The rest immediately retire, and greet all
homes in peace.
Go then, to bless your champion and
give his powers success,
Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sun (the
gods on whom ye call)
Two lambs, a black one and a white, a
female and a male;
And we another, for ourselves, will fetch,
and kill to Jove.
To sign which rites bring Priam's force,
because we well approve
His sons perfidious, envious, and, out of
practised bane
To faith when she believes in them, Jove's
high truce may profane.
All young men's hearts are still unstaid;
but in those well-weighed deeds
An old man will consent to pass things
past, and what succeeds
He looks into, that he may know how best
to make his way
Through both the fortunes of a fact, and
will the worst obey."
This granted, and delightful hope both
Greeks and Trojans fed,
Of longed-for rest from those long toils
their tedious war had bred.
Their horses then in rank they set, drawn
from their chariots round,
Descend themselves, took off their arms,
and placed them on the ground,
Near one another; for the space 'twixt both
the hosts was small.
Hector two heralds sent to Troy, that they
from thence might call
King Priam, and to bring the lambs to rate
the truce they swore.
But Agamemnon to the fleet Talthybius
sent before,
To fetch their lamb; who nothing slacked
the royal charge was given.
Iris, the rainbow, then came down, am-
bassadress from heaven,
To white-armed Helen. She assumed at
every part the grace
Of Helen's last love's sister's shape, who
had the highest place
In Helen's love, and had to name Laodice,
most fair
Of all the daughters Priam had, and made
the nuptial pair
With Helicaon, royal sprout of old Antenor's
seed.
She found queen Helena at home, at work
about a weed,
Woven for herself; it shined like fire, was
rich, and full of size,
The work of both sides being alike; in
which she did comprise
The many labors warlike Troy and brass-
armed Greece endured
For her fair sake, by cruel Mars and his
stern friends procured.
Iris came in in joyful haste, and said: "Oh
come with me,
Loved nymph, and an admirëd sight of
Greeks and Trojans see,
Who first on one another brought a war
so full of tears,
Even thirsty of contentious war. Now
every man forbears,
And friendly by each other sits, each
leaning on his shield,
Their long and shining lances pitched
fast by them in the field.

Paris and Sparta's king alone must take up all the strife;
And he that conquers only call fair Helena his wife."
Thus spake the thousand-colored dame, and to her mind commends
The joy to see her first espoused, her native towers, and friends;
Which stirred a sweet desire in her; to serve the which she hied,
Shadowed her graces with white veils, and (though she took a pride
To set her thoughts at gaze, and see, in her clear beauty's flood,
What choice of glory swum to her yet tender womanhood)
Seasoned with tears her joys, to see more joys the more offence,
And that perfection could not flow from earthly excellence.
Thus went she forth, and took with her her women most of name,
Aethra, Pitthëus' lovely birth, and Clymene, whom fame
Hath for her fair eyes memorized. They reached the Scaean towers,
Where Priam sat to see the fight, with all his counsellors;
Panthous, Lampus, Clytius, and stout Hicetaon,
Thymoetes, wise Antenor, and profound Ucalegon;
All grave old men; and soldiërs they had been, but for age
Now left the wars; yet counsellors they were exceeding sage.
And as in well-grown woods, on trees, cold spiny grasshoppers
Sit chirping, and send voices out that scarce can pierce our ears
For softness and their weak faint sounds; so, talking on the tower,
These seniors of the people sat; who when they saw the power
Of beauty in the queen ascend, even those cold-spirited peers,
Those wise and almost withered men, found this heat in their years,
That they were forced (though whispering) to say: "What man can blame
The Greeks and Trojans to endure, for so admired a dame,
So many miseries, and so long? In her sweet countenance shine
Looks like the goddesses. And yet (though never so divine)
Before we boast, unjustly still, of her enforcëd prize,
And justly suffer for her sake, with all our progenies,
Labor and ruin, let her go; the profit of our land
Must pass the beauty." Thus, though these could bear so fit a hand
On their affections, yet when all their gravest powers were used,
They could not choose but welcome her, and rather they accused
The gods than beauty; for thus spake the most-famed king of Troy:
"Come, lovëd daughter, sit by me, and take the worthy joy
Of thy first husband's sight, old friends, and princes near allied,
And name me some of these brave Greeks, so manly beautified.
Come, do not think I lay the wars endured by us on thee;
The gods have sent them, and the tears in which they swum to me.
Sit then, and name this goodly Greek, so tall and broadly spread,
Who than the rest that stand by him is higher by the head;
The bravest man I ever saw, and most majestical;
His only presence makes me think him king amongst them all."
The fairest of her sex replied: "Most reverend father-in-law,
Most loved, most feared, would some ill death had seized me, when I saw
The first mean why I wronged you thus; that I had never lost
The sight of these my ancient friends, of him that loved me most,
Of my sole daughter, brothers both, with all those kindly mates,
Of one soil, one age, born with me, though under different fates!
But these boons envious stars deny; the memory of these
In sorrow pines those beauties now, that then did too much please;
Nor satisfy they your demand, to which I thus reply:
That's Agamemnon, Atreus' son, the great in empery;

A king whom double royalty doth crown,
being great and good,
And one that was my brother-in-law, when
I contained my blood
And was more worthy; if at all I might be
said to be,
My being being lost so soon in all that
honored me."
The good old king admired, and said:
"O Atreus' blessëd son,
Born unto joyful destinies, that hast the
empire won
Of such a world of Grecian youths as I
discover here!
I once marched into Phrygia, that many
vines doth bear,
Where many Phrygians I beheld, well-
skilled in use of horse,
That of the two men, like two gods, were
the commanded force,
Otrëus, and great Mygdonus, who on
Sangarius' sands
Set down their tents, with whom myself,
for my assistant bands,
Was numbered as a man in chief; the cause
of war was then
The Amazon dames, that in their facts
affected to be men.
In all there was a mighty power, which yet
did never rise
To equal these Achaian youths, that have
the sable eyes."
Then (seeing Ulysses next) he said:
"Loved daughter, what is he
That lower than great Atreus' son seems
by the head to me,
Yet in his shoulders and big breast presents
a broader show?
His armor lies upon the earth; he up and
down doth go
To see his soldiers keep their ranks, and
ready have their arms,
If, in this truce, they should be tried by any
false alarms.
Much like a well-grown bell-wether, or
feltred ram, he shows,
That walks before a wealthy flock of fair
white-fleecëd ewes."
High Jove and Leda's fairest seed to
Priam thus replies:
"This is the old Laertes' son, Ulysses,
called the wise;
Who, though unfruitful Ithaca was made
his nursing seat,
Yet knows he every sort of sleight, and is
in counsels great."
The wise Antenor answered her: "'Tis
true, renowmëd dame;
For, some times past, wise Ithacus to Troy
a legate came,
With Menelaus, for your cause; to whom
I gave receipt
As guests, and welcomed to my house with
all the love I might.
I learned the wisdom of their souls and
humours of their blood;
For when the Trojan council met, and these
together stood,
By height of his broad shoulders had
Atrides eminence,
Yet, set, Ulysses did exceed, and bred more
reverence.
And when their counsels and their words
they wove in one, the speech
Of Atreus' son was passing loud, small, fast,
yet did not reach
To much, being naturally born laconical;
nor would
His humour lie for anything, or was, like the
other, old;
But when the prudent Ithacus did to his
counsels rise,
He stood a little still, and fixed upon the
earth his eyes,
His scepter moving neither way, but held it
formally,
Like one that vainly doth affect. Of
wrathful quality
And frantic (rashly judging him) you would
have said he was,
But when, out of his ample breast, he gave
his great voice pass,
And words that flew about our ears like
drifts of winter's snow,
None thenceforth might contend with him,
though naught admired for show."
The third man agëd Priam marked was
Ajax Telamon,
Of whom he asked: "What lord is that, so
large of limb and bone,
So raised in height that to his breast I see
there reacheth none?"
To him the goddess of her sex, the large-
veiled Helen, said:
"That lord is Ajax Telamon, a bulwark in
their aid.
On the other side stands Idomen, in Crete
of most command,

And round about his royal sides his Cretan captains stand;
Oft hath the warlike Spartan king given hospitable due
To him within our Lacene court, and all his retinue.
And now the other Achive dukes I generally discern;
All which I know, and all their names could make thee quickly learn.
Two princes of the people yet I nowhere can behold,
Castor, the skilful knight on horse, and Pollux, uncontrolled
For all stand-fights, and force of hand; both at a burthen bred,
My natural brothers; either here they have not followëd
From lovely Sparta, or, arrived within the sea-born fleet,
In fear of infamy for me, in broad field shame to meet."
Nor so; for holy Tellus' womb enclosed those worthy men
In Sparta, their belovëd soil. The voiceful heralds then
The firm agreement of the gods through all the city ring;
Two lambs, and spirit-refreshing wine (the fruit of earth) they bring,
Within a goat-skin bottle closed; Idaeus also brought
A massy glittering bowl, and cups, that all of gold were wrought;
Which bearing to the king, they cried: "Son of Laomedon,
Rise, for the well-rode peers of Troy and brass-armed Greeks, in one,
Send to thee to descend the field, that they firm vows may make;
For Paris and the Spartan king must fight for Helen's sake
With long-armed lances; and the man that proves victorious,
The woman and the wealth she brought shall follow to his house;
The rest knit friendship, and firm leagues; we safe in Troy shall dwell,
In Argos and Achaia they, that do in dames excel."
He said; and Priam's agëd joints with chillëd fear did shake,
Yet instantly he bade his men his chariot ready make.
Which soon they did, and he ascends. He takes the reins, and guide
Antenor calls; who instantly mounts to his royal side,
And through the Scaean ports to field the swift-foot horse they drive.
And when at them of Troy and Greece the agëd lords arrive,
From horse, on Troy's well-feeding soil, 'twixt both the hosts they go.
When straight uprose the king of men, uprose Ulysses too,
The heralds in their richest coats repeat, as was the guise,
The true vows of the gods (termed theirs, since made before their eyes).
Then in a cup of gold they mix the wine that each side brings,
And next pour water on the hands of both the kings of kings.
Which done, Atrides drew his knife, that evermore he put
Within the large sheath of his sword; with which away he cut
The wool from both fronts of the lambs, which (as a rite in use
Of execration to their heads that brake the plighted truce)
The heralds of both hosts did give the peers of both; and then,
With hands and voice advanced to heaven, thus prayed the king of men:
"O Jove, that Ida dost protect, and hast the titles won
Most glorious, most invincible; and thou all-seeing Sun,
All-hearing, all-recomforting; Floods; Earth; and Powers beneath,
That all the perjuries of men chastise even after death!
Be witnesses, and see performed the hearty vows we make.—
If Alexander shall the life of Menelaus take,
He shall from henceforth Helena, with all her wealth, retain,
And we will to our household gods, hoist sail, and home again.
If by my honored brother's hand be Alexander slain,
The Trojans then shall his forced queen, with all her wealth, restore,
And pay convenient fine to us and ours for evermore.

If Priam and his sons deny to pay this, thus agreed,
When Alexander shall be slain; for that perfidious deed,
And for the fine, will I fight here, till dearly they repay,
By death and ruin, the amends that falsehood keeps away."
This said, the throats of both the lambs cut with his royal knife,
He paid them panting on the earth, till, quite deprived of life,
The steel had robbed them of their strength; then golden cups they crowned,
With wine out of a cistern drawn; which poured upon the ground,
They fell upon their humble knees to all the deities,
And thus prayed one of both the hosts, that might do sacrifice:
"O Jupiter, most high, most great, and all the deathless Powers!
Who first shall dare to violate the late-sworn oaths of ours,
So let the bloods and brains of them, and all they shall produce,
Flow on the stained face of the earth, as now this sacred juice;
And let their wives with bastardice brand all their future race."
Thus prayed they; but with wished effects their prayers Jove did not grace;
When Priam said: "Lords of both hosts, I can no longer stay
To see my loved son try his life, and so must take my way
To wind-exposëd Ilion. Jove yet and heaven's high states
Know only which of these must now pay tribute to the Fates."
Thus, putting in his coach the lambs, he mounts and reins his horse;
Antenor to him; and to Troy both take their speedy course.
Then Hector, Priam's martial son, stepped forth, and met the ground
With wise Ulysses, where the blows of combat must resound;
Which done, into a helm they put two lots, to let them know
Which of the combatants should first his brass-piled javelin throw;
When all the people standing by, with hands held up to heaven,
Prayed Jove the conquest might not be by force or fortune given,
But that the man who was in right the author of most wrong
Might feel his justice, and no more these tedious wars prolong,
But, sinking to the house of death, leave them (as long before)
Linked fast in leagues of amity, that might dissolve no more.
Then Hector shook the helm that held the equal dooms of chance,
Looked back, and drew; and Paris first had lot to hurl his lance.
The soldiers all sat down enranked, each by his arms and horse
That then lay down and cooled their hoofs. And now the allotted course
Bids fair-haired Helen's husband arm; who first makes fast his greaves
With silver buckles to his legs; then on his breast receives
The curets that Lycaon wore (his brother), but made fit
For his fair body; next his sword he took, and fastened it,
All damasked, underneath his arm; his shield then grave and great
His shoulders wore; and on his head his glorious helm he set,
Topped with a plume of horse's hair, that horribly did dance,
And seemed to threaten as he moved; at last he takes his lance,
Exceeding big and full of weight, which he with ease could use.
In like sort, Sparta's warlike king himself with arms endues.
Thus armed at either army both, they both stood bravely in,
Possessing both hosts with amaze, they came so chin to chin,
And with such horrible aspects each other did salute.
A fair large field was made for them; where wraths, for hugeness mute,
And mutual, made them mutually at either shake their darts
Before they drew. Then Paris first with his long javelin parts;
It smote Atrides' orby targe, but ran not through the brass,
For in it (arming well the shield) the head reflected was.

Then did the second combatant apply him to his spear,
Which ere he threw, he thus besought almighty Jupiter:
"O Jove! Vouchsafe me now revenge, and that my enemy,
For doing wrong so undeserved, may pay deservedly
The pains he forfeited; and let these hands inflict those pains,
By conquering, ay, by conquering dead, him on whom life complains;
That any now, or any one of all the brood of men
To live hereafter, may with fear from all offence abstain,
Much more from all such foul offence to him that was his host,
And entertained him as the man whom he affected most."
This said, he shook and threw his lance; which strook through Paris' shield,
And, with the strength he gave to it, it made the curets yield,
His coat of mail, the breast, and all, and drove his entrails in,
In that low region where the guts in three small parts begin;
Yet he, in bowing of his breast, prevented sable death.
This taint he followed with his sword, drawn from a silver sheath,
Which lifting high, he strook his helm full where his plume did stand,
On which it piecemeal brake, and fell from his unhappy hand.
At which he sighing stood, and stared upon the ample sky,
And said: "O Jove, there is no god given more illiberally
To those that serve thee than thyself; why have I prayed in vain?
I hoped my hand should have revenged the wrongs I still sustain
On him that did them, and still dares their foul defence pursue;
And now my lance hath missed his end, my sword in shivers flew,
And he 'scapes all." With this, again he rushed upon his guest,
And caught him by the horse-hair plume that dangled on his crest,
With thought to drag him to the Greeks; which he had surely done,
And so, besides the victory, had wondrous glory won,
(Because the needle-painted lace, with which his helm was tied
Beneath his chin, and so about his dainty throat implied,
Had strangled him); but that, in time, the Cyprian seed of Jove
Did break the string, with which was lined that which the needle wove,
And was the tough thong of a steer; and so the victor's palm
Was, for so full a man-at-arms, only an empty helm.
That then he swung about his head, and cast among his friends,
Who scrambled and took't up with shouts. Again then he intends
To force the life-blood of his foe, and ran on him amain
With shaken javelin; when the queen that lovers loves, again
Attended, and now ravished him from that encounter quite,
With ease, and wondrous suddenly; for she, a goddess, might.
She hid him in a cloud of gold, and never made him known
Till in his chamber, fresh and sweet, she gently set him down,
And went for Helen; whom she found in Scaea's utmost height,
To which whole swarms of city dames had climbed to see the sight.
To give her errand good success, she took on her the shape
Of beldame Graea, who was brought by Helen, in her rape,
From Lacedaemon, and had trust in all her secrets still,
Being old, and had, of all her maids, the main bent of her will,
And spun for her her finest wool. Like her, love's empress came,
Pulled Helen by the heavenly veil, and softly said: "Madame,
My lord calls for you, you must needs make all your kind haste home;
He's in your chamber, stays, and longs; sits by your bed; pray come,
'Tis richly made, and sweet; but he more sweet, and looks so clear,
So fresh, and movingly attired, that, seeing, you would swear

He came not from the dusty fight, but from a courtly dance,
Or would to dancing." This she made a charm for dalliance;
Whose virtue Helen felt, and knew, by her so radiant eyes,
White neck, and most enticing breasts, the deified disguise.
At which amazed, she answered her: "Unhappy deity!
Why lov'st thou still in these deceits to wrap my fantasy?
Or whither yet, of all the towns given to their lust beside,
In Phrygia, or Maeonia, com'st thou to be my guide,
If there (of divers-languaged men) thou hast, as here in Troy,
Some other friend to be my shame; since here thy latest joy
By Menelaus now subdued; by him shall I be borne
Home to his court, and end my life in triumphs of his scorn?
And to this end would thy deceits my wanton life allure?
Hence, go thyself to Priam's son, and all the ways abjure
Of gods or godlike-minded dames, nor even turn again
Thy earth-affecting feet to heaven, but for his sake sustain
Toils here; guard, grace him endlessly, till he requite thy grace
By giving thee my place with him; or take his servant's place,
If all dishonorable ways your favors seek to serve
His never-pleased incontinence; I better will deserve
Than serve his dotage now. What shame were it for me to feed
This lust in him; all honored dames would hate me for the deed!
He leaves a woman's love so shamed, and shows so base a mind,
To feel nor my shame nor his own; griefs of a greater kind
Wound me than such as can admit such kind delights so soon."
The goddess, angry that past shame her mere will was not done,
Replied: "Incense me not, you wretch, lest, once incensed, I leave
Thy cursed life to as strange a hate as yet it may receive
A love from me; and lest I spread through both hosts such despite,
For those plagues they have felt for thee, that both abjure thee quite,
And setting thee in midst of both, turn all their wraths on thee,
And dart thee dead; that such a death may wreak thy wrong of me."
This strook the fair dame with such fear, it took her speech away,
And, shadowed in her snowy veil, she durst not but obey;
And yet, to shun the shame she feared, she vanished undescried
Of all the Trojan ladies there, for Venus was her guide.
Arrived at home, her women both fell to their work in haste;
When she, that was of all her sex the most divinely graced,
Ascended to a higher room, though much against her will,
Where lovely Alexander was, being led by Venus still.
The laughter-loving dame discerned her moved mind by her grace,
And, for her mirth's sake, set a stool full before Paris' face,
Where she would needs have Helen sit; who, though she durst not choose
But sit, yet looked away for all the goddess' power could use,
And used her tongue too, and to chide whom Venus soothed so much,
And chid, too, in this bitter kind: "And was thy cowardice such,
So conquered, to be seen alive? Oh would to God thy life
Had perished by his worthy hand to whom I first was wife!
Before this thou wouldst glorify thy valor and thy lance,
And past my first love's boast them far. Go once more, and advance
Thy braves against his single power; this foil might fall by chance.
Poor conquered man! 'Twas such a chance as I would not advise
Thy valor should provoke again. Shun him, thou most unwise,
Lest next, thy spirit sent to hell, thy body be his prize."

He answered: "Pray thee, woman, cease to chide and grieve me thus.
Disgraces will not ever last. Look on their end. On us
Will other gods, at other times, let fall the victor's wreath,
As on him Pallas put it now. Shall our love sink beneath
The hate of fortune? In love's fire let all hates vanish. Come,
Love never so inflamed my heart; no, not when, bringing home
Thy beauty's so delicious prize, on Cranaë's blest shore
I longed for, and enjoyed thee first." With this he went before,
She after, to the odorous bed. While these to pleasure yield,
Perplexed Atrides, savage-like, ran up and down the field,
And every thickest troop of Troy and of their far-called aid
Searched for his foe, who could not be by any eye betrayed;
Nor out of friendship (out of doubt) did they conceal his sight,
All hated him so like their deaths, and owed him such despite.
At last thus spake the king of men: "Hear me, ye men of Troy,
Ye Dardans, and the rest, whose powers you in their aids employ.
The conquest on my brother's part ye all discern is clear,
Do you then Argive Helena, with all her treasure here,
Restore to us, and pay the mulct that by your vows is due,
Yield us an honored recompense, and all that should accrue
To our posterities, confirm; that when you render it
Our acts may here be memorized." This all Greeks else thought fit.

## FROM THE TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S *ODYSSEY*

### From the Twelfth Book

I first informed them that we were to fly
The heavenly-singing Sirens' harmony,
And flower-adornëd meadow; and that I
Had charge to hear their song, but fettered fast
In bands, unfavored, to the erected mast,
From whence if I should pray or use command
To be enlarged, they should with much more band
Contain my strugglings. This I simply told
To each particular, nor would withhold
What most enjoined mine own affection's stay,
That theirs the rather might be taught to obey.
In mean time flew our ships, and straight we fetched
The Sirens' isle; a spleenless wind so stretched
Her wings to waft us, and so urged our keel.
But having reached this isle, we could not feel
The least gasp of it, it was stricken dead,
And all the sea in prostrate slumber spread;
The Sirens' devil charmed all. Up then flew
My friends to work, struck sail, together drew,
And under hatches stowed them, sat, and plied
The polished oars, and did in curls divide
The white-head waters. My part then came on.
A mighty waxen cake I set upon,
Chopped it in fragments with my sword, and wrought
With strong hand every piece, till all were soft.
The great power of the sun, in such a beam
As then flew burning from his diadem,
To liquefaction helped us. Orderly
I stopped their ears; and they as fair did ply
My feet and hands with cords, and to the mast
With other halsers made me soundly fast.
Then took they seat, and forth our passage strook;
The foamy sea beneath their labor shook.
Rowed on, in reach of an erected voice,
The Sirens soon took note, without our noise,
Tuned those sweet accents that made charms so strong,

And these learned numbers made the Sirens' song:
"Come here, thou worthy of a world of praise,
That dost so high the Grecian glory raise,
Ulysses! Stay thy ship, and that song hear
That none passed ever but it bent his ear,
But left him ravished, and instructed more
By us than any ever heard before.
For we know all things whatsoever were
In wide Troy labored; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustained
By those high issues that the gods ordained.
And whatsoever all the earth can show
To inform a knowledge of desert, we know."
This they gave accent in the sweetest strain
That ever opened an enamored vein.
When my constrained heart needs would have mine ear
Yet more delighted, force way forth, and hear.
To which end I commanded with all sign
Stern looks could make (for not a joint of mine
Had power to stir) my friends to rise, and give
My limbs free way. They freely strived to drive
Their ship still on. When, far from will to loose,
Eurylochus and Perimedes rose
To wrap me surer, and oppressed me more
With many a halser than had use before.
When, rowing on without the reach of sound,
My friends unstopped their ears, and me unbound,
And that isle quite we quitted. But again
Fresh fears employed us. I beheld a main
Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend,
A horrid murmur hearing. Every friend
Astonished sat; from every hand his oar
Fell quite forsaken; with the dismal roar
Were all things there made echoes; stone-still stood
Our ship itself, because the ghastly flood
Took all men's motions from her in their own.
I through the ship went, laboring up and down
My friends' recovered spirits. One by one
I gave good words, and said: that well were known
These ills to them before, I told them all,
And that these could not prove more capital
Than those the Cyclops blocked us up in, yet
My virtue, wit, and heaven-helped counsels set
Their freedoms open. I could not believe
But they remembered it, and wished them give
My equal care and means now equal trust.
The strength they had for stirring up they must
Rouse and extend, to try if Jove had laid
His powers in theirs up, and would add his aid
To 'scape even that death. In particular then,
I told our pilot that past other men
He most must bear firm spirits, since he swayed
The continent that all our spirits conveyed,
In his whole guide of her. He saw there boil
The fiery whirlpools that to all our spoil
Enclosed a rock, without which he must steer,
Or all our ruins stood concluded there.
All heard me and obeyed, and little knew
That, shunning that rock, six of them should rue
The wrack another hid. For I concealed
The heavy wounds, that never would be healed,
To be by Scylla opened; for their fear
Would then have robbed all of all care to steer
Or stir an oar, and made them hide beneath,
When they and all had died an idle death.
But then even I forgot to shun the harm
Circe forewarned; who willed I should not arm,
Nor show myself to Scylla, lest in vain
I ventured life. Yet could not I contain,
But armed at all parts, and two lances took,
Up to the foredeck went, and thence did look
That rocky Scylla would have first appeared
And taken my life with the friends I feared.
From thence yet no place could afford her sight,

Though through the dark rock mine eye threw her light
And ransacked all ways. I then took a strait
That gave myself, and some few more, receit
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis; whence we saw
How horribly Charybdis' throat did draw
The brackish sea up, which when all abroad
She spit again out, never caldron sod
With so much fervor, fed with all the store
That could enrage it; all the rock did roar
With troubled waters; round about the tops
Of all the steep crags flew the foamy drops.
But when her draught the sea and earth dissundered,
The troubled bottoms turned up, and she thundered,
Far under shore the swart sands naked lay.
Whose whole stern sight the startled blood did fray
From all our faces. And while we on her
Our eyes bestowed thus to our ruin's fear,
Six friends had Scylla snatched out of our keel,
In whom most loss did force and virtue feel.
When looking to my ship, and lending eye
To see my friends' estates, their heels turned high
And hands cast up I might discern, and hear
Their calls to me for help, when now they were
To try me in their last extremities.
And as an angler medicine for surprise
Of little fish sits pouring from the rocks
From out the crook'd horn of a fold-bred ox,
And then with his long angle hoists them high
Up to the air, then slightly hurls them by,
When helpless sprawling on the land they lie;
So easily Scylla to her rock had rapt
My woeful friends, and so, unhelped, entrapped,
Struggling they lay beneath her violent rape,
Who in their tortures, desperate of escape,
Shrieked as she tore, and up their hands to me
Still threw for sweet life. I did never see,
In all my sufferance ransacking the seas,
A spectacle so full of miseries.

# THOMAS CAMPION (1567?–1619)

## FROM *A BOOK OF AIRS*, 1601

1

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west and straight again revive,
But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armor should not be,
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless alarm came from the camp of love.
But fools do live, and waste their little light,
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends,
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb;
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.

3

I care not for these ladies
That must be wooed and prayed,
Give me kind Amaryllis,
The wanton country maid.
Nature art disdaineth,
Her beauty is her own.
Her when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say no.

If I love Amaryllis,
She gives me fruit and flowers,
But if we love these ladies,
We must give golden showers.
Give them gold that sell love,
Give me the nut-brown lass,
Who when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say no.

These ladies must have pillows
And beds by strangers wrought;
Give me a bower of willows,
Of moss and leaves unbought,
And fresh Amaryllis,
With milk and honey fed,
Who when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say no.

6

When to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear
As any challenged echo clear;
But when she doth of mourning speak,
Even with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,
Led by her passion, so must I,
For when of pleasure she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring,
But if she doth of sorrow speak,
Even from my heart the strings do break.

12

Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee,
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
Nor fair nor sweet, unless thou pity me.
I will not soothe thy fancies. Thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine.

Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure;
I'll not be wrapped up in those arms of thine.
Now show it, if thou be a woman right—
Embrace, and kiss, and love me, in despite!

15

When the god of merry love
As yet in his cradle lay,
Thus his withered nurse did say:
"Thou a wanton boy wilt prove
To deceive the powers above;
For by thy continual smiling
I see thy power of beguiling."

Therewith she the babe did kiss;
When a sudden fire out came
From those burning lips of his,
That did her with love inflame;
But none would regard the same,
So that, to her day of dying,
The old wretch lived ever crying.

18

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity,

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armor for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things,

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

19

Hark, all you ladies that do sleep;
The fairy queen Proserpina
Bids you awake and pity them that weep.
You may do in the dark
What the day doth forbid;
Fear not the dogs that bark,
Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan,
The fairy queen Proserpina
Will send abroad her fairies every one,
That shall pinch black and blue
Your white hands and fair arms
That did not kindly rue
Your paramours' harms.

In myrtle arbors on the downs
The fairy queen Proserpina
This night by moon-shine leading merry rounds
Holds a watch with sweet love,
Down the dale, up the hill;
No plaints or groans may move
Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with love,
The fairy queen Proserpina
Will make you fairer than Dionë's dove;
Roses red, lilies white,
And the clear damask hue,
Shall on your cheeks alight.
Love will adorn you.

All you that love, or loved before,
The fairy queen Proserpina
Bids you increase that loving humour more.
They that yet have not fed
On delight amorous,
She vows that they shall lead
Apes in Avernus.

20

When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admirëd guest,
The beauteous spirits do ingirt thee round,
White Iopë, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;
Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,

Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake.
When thou hast told these honors done to thee,
Then tell, oh tell, how thou didst murther me.

## FROM *TWO BOOKS OF AIRS*

### Book I

1

Author of light, revive my dying sprite;
Redeem it from the snares of all-confounding night.
Lord, light me to thy blessëd way,
For, blind with worldly vain desires, I wander as a stray.
Sun and moon, stars and underlights I see,
But all their glorious beams are mists and darkness, being compared to thee.

Fountain of health, my soul's deep wounds recure,
Sweet showers of pity rain, wash my uncleanness pure.
One drop of thy desirëd grace
The faint and fading heart can raise, and in joy's bosom place.
Sin and Death, hell and tempting fiends may rage;
But God his own will guard, and their sharp pains and grief in time assuage.

11

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast.
Oh come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.
Ever-blooming are the joys of heaven's high paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapor dims our eyes.
Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessëd only see;
Oh come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee.

14

As by the streams of Babylon
Far from our native soil we sat,
Sweet Sion, thee we thought upon,
And every thought a tear begat.

Aloft the trees that spring up there
Our silent harps we pensive hung.
Said they that captived us, "Let's hear
Some song which you in Sion sung."

Is then the song of our God fit
To be profaned in foreign land?
Oh Salem, thee when I forget,
Forget his skill may my right hand!

Fast to the roof cleave may my tongue,
If mindless I of thee be found,
Or if, when all my joys are sung,
Jerusalem be not the ground.

Remember, Lord, how Edom's race
Cried in Jerusalem's sad day:
"Hurl down her walls, her towers deface,
And, stone by stone, all level lay!"

Curst Babel's seed! For Salem's sake
Just ruin yet for thee remains.
Blest shall they be thy babes that take
And 'gainst the stones dash out their brains!

20

Jack and Joan they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their week-days' work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day;
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the summer queen;
Lash out, at a country feast,
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale;
Climb up to the apple loft
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy.
All their pleasure is content;
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows
And deck her windows with green boughs;
She can wreaths and tutties make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.

Jack knows what brings gain or loss,
And his long flail can stoutly toss,
Makes the hedge, which others break,
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights,
Though you scorn the home-spun gray
And revel in your rich array,
Though your tongues dissemble deep
And can your heads from danger keep,
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain.

## Book II

### 7

Give beauty all her right,
She's not to one form tied;
Each shape yields fair delight,
Where her perfections 'bide.
Helen, I grant, might pleasing be;
And Ros'mond was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends;
Some swelling lips and red;
Pale looks have many friends,
Through sacred sweetness bred.
Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,
Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound
To one unmovëd clime.
She visits every ground
And favors every time.
Let the old loves with mine compare,
My sovereign is as sweet and fair.

## FROM *THE THIRD AND FOURTH BOOK OF AIRS*

## Book III

### 12

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours,
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze,
And cups o'erflow with wine,
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine.

Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey Love,
While youthful revels, masques, and courtly sights
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All do not all things well;
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted riddles tell,
Some poëms smoothly read.
The summer hath his joys,
And winter his delights;
Though Love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights.

### 18

Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair;
And thrice three times tie up this true love's knot,
And murmur soft, "She will, or she will not."

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling brier;
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave;
That all thy fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you fairies, dance with me a round;
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise;
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

### 20

Fire, fire, fire, fire!
Lo here I burn in such desire
That all the tears that I can strain
Out of mine idle empty brain
Cannot allay my scorching pain.
Come, Trent, and Humber, and fair Thames;
Dread Ocean, haste with all thy streams,
And if you cannot quench my fire,
Oh drown both me and my desire!

Fire, fire, fire, fire!
There is no hell to my desire.
See, all the rivers backward fly,
And the Ocean doth his waves deny,
For fear my heat should drink them dry!
Come, heavenly showers, then, pouring down;
Come you that once the world did drown!
Some then you spared, but now save all,
That else must burn, and with me fall.

27

Never love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man.
Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see,
And hang the head, as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore
Make a show of love to more.
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one.
For what is courtship but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men when their affairs require
Must a while themselves retire,
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk.
If these and such-like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear.

Book IV

7

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow,
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy
Till "Cherry ripe!" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row;
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow.
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
Till "Cherry ripe!" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till "Cherry ripe!" themselves do cry.

## VERSES FROM *OBSERVATIONS IN THE ART OF ENGLISH POESIE*

Rose-cheeked Laura, come
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
From consent divinely framëd;
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them.
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord,

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in themselves eternal.

# JOHN DONNE (1573–1631)

## SONG

Go and catch a falling star,
  Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
  Or who cleft the devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
  And find
  What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou beest born to strange sights,
  Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
  Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
  And swear
  No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
  Such a pilgrimage were sweet.
Yet do not, I would not go,
  Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
  Yet she
  Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

## THE INDIFFERENT

I CAN love both fair and brown;
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays,
Her who loves loneness best, and her who masks and plays,
Her whom the country formed, and whom the town,
Her who believes, and her who tries,
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
And her who is dry cork, and never cries.
I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices spent, and now would find out others?
Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?
Oh, we are not, be not you so;
Let me, and do you, twenty know;
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
Must I, who came to travel thorough you,
Grow your fixed subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song;
And by love's sweetest part, variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no more.
She went, examined, and returned ere long,
And said, "Alas! some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be,
Which think to 'stablish dangerous constancy.
But I have told them, 'Since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who are false to you.'"

## THE FLEA

MARK but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deniest me is;
It sucked me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be.
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead;
  Yet this enjoys before it woo,
  And pampered swells with one blood made of two;
  And this, alas! is more than we would do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, yea, more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is.

Though parents grudge, and you, we're
met,
And cloistered in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it sucked from
thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now.
'Tis true; then learn how false fears be;
Just so much honor, when thou yield'st
to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life
from thee.

## THE GOOD-MORROW

I WONDER by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved? Were we not weaned till
then?
But sucked on country pleasures, child-
ishly?
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a
dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have
gone;
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have
shown;
Let us possess one world; each hath one,
and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining
west?
Whatever dies, was not mixed equally;
If our two loves be one, or thou and I
Love so alike that none can slacken, none
can die.

## WOMAN'S CONSTANCY

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt
thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made
vow?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons which we were?
Or that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them
unloose?
Or, your own end to justify,
For having purposed change and false-
hood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would;
Which I abstain to do,
For by to-morrow I may think so too.

## LOVE'S INFINITENESS

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all;
I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move,
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure, which should purchase
thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters, I have
spent;
Yet no more can be due to me
Than at the bargain made was meant.
If then thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have thee all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,
All was but all which thou hadst then;
But if in thy heart since there be or shall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in
tears,
In sighs, in oaths, and letters, outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vowed by thee.
And yet it was, thy gift being general;
The ground, thy heart, is mine; what ever
shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet.
He that hath all can have no more,
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store;
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it.
Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing savest it.
But we will have a way more liberal
Than changing hearts, to join them; so we shall
Be one, and one another's all.

## THE CANONIZATION

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
My five grey hairs, or ruined fortune flout,
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his Honor, or his Grace,
Or the king's real, or his stamped face
Contemplate; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas! alas! who's injured by my love?
What merchant's ships have my sighs drowned?
Who says my tears have overflowed his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly,
We 're tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find the eagle and the dove.
The phoenix riddle hath more wit
By us; we two being one, are it.
So to one neutral thing both sexes fit;
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tomb or hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
And by these hymns all shall approve
Us canonized for love;

And thus invoke us: "You, whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes
(So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize)
Countries, towns, courts: beg from above
A pattern of your love."

## THE DREAM

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream;
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for fantasy.
Therefore thou waked'st me wisely; yet
My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it.
Thou art so truth that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truths, and fables histories;
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best
Not to dream all my dream, let 's act the rest.

As lightning, or a taper's light,
Thine eyes and not thy noise waked me;
Yet I thought thee
—For thou lovest truth—an angel, at first sight;
But when I saw thou sawest my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when
Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
I must confess, it could not choose but be
Profane, to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and staying showed thee thee,
But rising makes me doubt, that now
Thou art not thou.
That love is weak where fear's as strong as he;
'Tis not all spirit, pure and brave,
If mixture it of fear, shame, honor have;
Perchance as torches, which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me;
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; then I
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

## LOVE'S DEITY

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who died before the god of love was born.
I cannot think that he who then loved most
Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produced a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god meant not so much,
Nor he in his young godhead practised it;
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives. Correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
Love, till I love her who loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove.
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlieu of the god of love.
Oh were we wak'nëd by this tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too;
Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see.
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,
If she whom I love should love me.

## SONG

SWEETEST love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
To use myself in jest
Thus by feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way.
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

Oh how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall!
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste;
Thou art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill;
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil.
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep.
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

## COMMUNITY

GOOD we must love, and must hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good still;
But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate nor love,
But one and then another prove,
As we shall find our fancy bent.

If then at first wise Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
  Then some we might hate, and some choose;
But since she did them so create
That we may neither love nor hate,
  Only this rests, all all may use.

If they were good, it would be seen;
Good is as visible as green,
  And to all eyes itself betrays.
If they were bad, they could not last;
Bad doth itself and others waste.
  So they deserve nor blame nor praise.

But they are ours as fruits are ours;
He that but tastes, he that devours,
  And he that leaves all, doth as well.
Changed loves are but changed sorts of meat;
And when he hath the kernel eat,
  Who doth not fling away the shell?

## LOVE'S EXCHANGE

Love, any devil else but you
Would for a given soul give something too.
At court your fellows every day
Give the art of rhyming, huntsmanship, or play,
For them which were their own before;
Only I have nothing, which gave more,
But am, alas! by being lowly, lower.

I ask no dispensation now
To falsify a tear, or sigh, or vow;
I do not sue from thee to draw
A *non obstante* on nature's law;
These are prerogatives, they inhere
In thee and thine; none should forswear
Except that he Love's minion were.

Give me thy weakness, make me blind,
Both ways, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind.
Love, let me never know that this
Is love, or that love childish is;
Let me not know that others know
That she knows my pains, lest that so
A tender shame make me mine own new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou'rt just,
Because I would not thy first motions trust.
Small towns which stand stiff till great shot
Enforce them, by war's law condition not.
Such in Love's warfare is my case;
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at last to show this face;

This face, by which he could command
And change the idolatry of any land,
This face, which, wheresoe'er it comes,
Can call vowed men from cloisters, dead from tombs,
And melt both poles at once, and store
Deserts with cities, and make more
Mines in the earth than quarries were before.

For this, Love is enraged with me,
Yet kills not. If I must example be
To future rebels; if the unborn
Must learn by my being cut up and torn;
Kill, and dissect me, Love; for this
Torture against thine own end is;
Racked carcasses make ill anatomies.

## LOVE'S ALCHEMY

Some that have deeper digged love's mine than I,
Say, where his centric happiness doth lie.
  I have loved, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery.
  Oh! 'tis imposture all;
And as no chemic yet the elixir got,
  But glorifies his pregnant pot
  If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
  So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
  But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day
Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay?
  Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I can, if he can
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play?
  That loving wretch that swears
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
  Which he in her angelic finds,
  Would swear as justly that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.
  Hope not for mind in women; at their best
  Sweetness and wit they are but mummy, possessed.

## THE BAIT

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run
Warmed by thy eyes more than the sun;
And there the enamored fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish which every channel hath
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, beest loth,
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare or windowy net.

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait;
That fish that is not catched thereby,
Alas! is wiser far than I.

## THE COMPUTATION

For the first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce believed thou couldst be gone away;
For forty more I fed on favors past,
And forty on hopes that thou wouldst they might last;
Tears drowned one hundred, and sighs blew out two;
A thousand I did neither think nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think that I
Am, by being dead, immortal. Can ghosts die?

## THE APPARITION

When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead,
And that thou think'st thee free
From all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, feigned vestal, in worse arms shall see.
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he whose thou art then, being tired before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'st for more,
And in false sleep will from thee shrink.
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
A verier ghost than I.
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
I'd rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

## A VALEDICTION: FORBIDDING MOURNING

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
"The breath goes now," and some say, "No":

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of the earth brings harms and fears;
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
—Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refined
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assurëd of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if the other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like the other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

## THE FUNERAL

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm,
Nor question much,
That subtle wreath of hair, which crowns my arm.
The mystery, the sign you must not touch;
For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all,
These hairs which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do't; except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they 're condemned to die.

Whate'er she meant by it, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other hands these relics came.
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 'tis some bravery
That since you would have none of me, I bury some of you.

## THE RELIC

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
—For graves have learned that woman-head,
To be to more than one a bed—
And he that digs it spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will not he let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls at the last busy day
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mis-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up will bring
Us to the bishop and the king,
To make us relics; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men.
And, since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First, we loved well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we loved, nor why;
Difference of sex no more we knew,
Than our guardian angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;
Our hands ne'er touched the seals
Which nature, injured by late law, sets free.
These miracles we did; but now, alas!
All measure and all language I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

## THE ECSTASY

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swelled up, to rest
The violet's reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best.

Our hands were firmly cemented
With a fast balm, which thence did spring;
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string.

So to intergraft our hands, as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

As, 'twixt two equal armies, Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls—which to advance their state
Were gone out—hung 'twixt her and me.

And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay;
All day the same our postures were,
And we said nothing all the day.

If any, so by love refined
That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,

He—though he knew not which soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake the same—
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.

This ecstasy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love;
We see by this, it was not sex;
We see we saw not what did move.

But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love these mixed souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant;
The strength, the color, and the size—
All which before was poor and scant—
Redoubles still, and multiplies.

When love with one another so
Interanimates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loneliness controls.

We then, who are this new soul, know
Of what we are composed and made,
For the atomies of which we grow
Are souls, whom no change can invade.

But oh alas! so long, so far,
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though not we; we are
The intelligences, they the spheres.

We owe them thanks, because they thus
Did us to us at first convey,
Yielded their senses' force to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.

On man heaven's influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the air;
For soul into the soul may flow,
Though it to body first repair.

As our blood labors to beget
Spirits, as like souls as it can;
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtile knot which makes us man;

So must pure lovers' souls descend
To affections and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies.

To our bodies turn we then, that so
Weak men on love revealed may look;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is his book.

And if some lover, such as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change when we're to bodies gone.

## HOLY SONNETS

### I

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh.
Only thou art above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain.
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

5

I AM a little world made cunningly
Of elements and an angelic sprite;
But black sin hath betrayed to endless night
My world's both parts, and, oh! both parts must die.
You which beyond that heaven which was most high
Have found new spheres, and of new lands can write,
Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly,
Or wash it, if it must be drowned no more.
But, oh, it must be burnt! Alas, the fire
Of lust and envy have burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler. Let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heal.

9

IF poisonous minerals, and if that tree
Whose fruit threw death on else immortal us,
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
Cannot be damned; alas! why should I be?
Why should intent or reason, born in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
And, mercy being easy, and glorious
To God, in his stern wrath why threatens he?
But who am I, that dare dispute with thee,
O God? Oh, of thine only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
And drown in it my sin's black memory.
That thou remember them, some claim as debt;
I think it mercy if thou wilt forget.

14

BATTER my heart, three-personed God; for you
As yet but knock; breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurped town, to another due,
Labor to admit you, but, oh! to no end.
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lovëd fain,
But am betrothed unto your enemy.
Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

## A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

I

WILT thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

II

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

III

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thyself, that at my death thy son
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, thou hast done;
I fear no more.

## HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS

SINCE I am coming to that holy room,
Where, with thy choir of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy music; as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
That this is my south-west discovery,
*Per fretum febris*, by these straits to die;

I joy, that in these straits I see my west.
For, though their currents yield return to none,
What shall my west hurt me? As west and east
In all flat maps—and I am one—are one,
So death doth touch the resurrection.

Is the Pacific sea my home? Or are
The eastern riches? Is Jerusalem?
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar,
All straits, and none but straits are ways to them,
Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place.
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me;
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So in his purple wrapped, receive me, Lord;
By these his thorns give me his other crown;
And as to others' souls I preached thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own,
"Therefore that he may raise, the Lord throws down."

## UPON MR. THOMAS CORYAT'S CRUDITIES

Oh, to what height will love of greatness drive
Thy leavened spirit, sesqui-superlative?
Venice' vast lake thou hadst seen, and wouldst seek then
Some vaster thing, and found'st a courtezan.
That inland sea having discovered well,
A cellar-gulf, where one might sail to hell
From Heidelberg, thou longed'st to see; and thou
This book, greater than all, producest now.
Infinite work! which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor root;
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, because he can
Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
One half being made, thy modesty was such
That thou on the other half wouldst never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great lunatic?
Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes grows
To be far greater than the mother-nose?
Go then, and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Münster did towns, and Gesner authors show,
Mount now to Gallo-Belgicus; appear
As deep a statesman as a gazetteer.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
Talk of Will Conqueror, and Prester Jack.
Go, bashful man, lest here thou blush to look
Upon the progress of thy glorious book,
To which both Indies sacrifices send.
The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend,
Meaning to see't no more, upon the press:
The East sends hither her deliciousness,
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from thence,
The myrrh, the pepper, and the frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoop
To neighbor wares, when merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
If for vast tons of currans and of figs
Of medicinal and aromatic twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces subdivide;
If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home-manufactures, to thick popular fairs;
If omni-pregnant there upon warm stalls
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls;
Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
That they all kind of matter comprehend.

Thus thou, by means which the ancients never took,
A Pandect makest, and universal book.
The bravest heroes, for public good,
Scattered in divers lands their limbs and blood;
Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do public good, cut in anatomies;
So will thy book in pieces; for a lord
Which casts at Portescues, and all the board,
Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
For friends to pass time and keep company.
Can all carouse up thee? No, thou must fit
Measures, and fill out for the half-pint wit.
Some shall wrap pills, and save a friend's life so;
Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
Thou shalt not ease the critics of next age
So much, as once their hunger to assuage;
Nor shall wit-pirates hope to find thee lie
All in one bottom, in one library.
Some leaves may paste strings there in other books,
And so one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you;
But hardly much; and yet I think this true;
As Sibyl's was, your book is mystical,
For every piece is as much worth as all.
Therefore mine impotency I confess;
The healths which my brain bears must be far less;
Thy giant wit o'erthrows me; I am gone;
And rather than read all, I would read none.

## SATIRE III

Kind pity chokes my spleen; brave scorn forbids
Those tears to issue which swell my eyelids.
I must not laugh, nor weep sins, and be wise;
Can railing, then, cure these worn maladies?
Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
As worthy of all our souls' devotion
As virtue was in the first blinded age?
Are not heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
Lusts, as earth's honor was to them? Alas,
As we do them in means, shall they surpass
Us in the end? and shall thy father's spirit
Meet blind philosophers in heaven, whose merit
Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught so easy ways, and near
To follow, damned? Oh, if thou dar'st, fear this;
This fear great courage and high valor is.
Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch; and dar'st thou lay
Thee in ships, wooden sepulchres, a prey
To leaders' rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North discoveries; and thrice
Colder than salamanders, like divine
Children in the oven, fires of Spain, and the line,
Whose countries limbecs to our bodies be,
Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he
Which cries not, "Goddess!" to thy mistress, draw,
Or eat thy poisonous words? Courage of straw!
O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold, and
To thy foes, and his, who made thee to stand
Sentinel in his world's garrison, thus yield,
And for forbidden wars leave the appointed field?
Know thy foes; the foul devil (whom thou
Strivest to please), for hate, not love, would allow
Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and pass,
So the world's self, thy other loved foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this,
Dost love a withered and worn strumpet; last,
Flesh, itself's death, and joys which flesh can taste,
Thou lovest; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loathe.
Seek true religion. Oh where? Mirreus,
Thinking her unhoused here and fled from us,
Seeks her at Rome, there, because he doth know
That she was there a thousand years ago;
He loves her rags so, as we here obey
The state-cloth where the prince sate yesterday.
Crants to such brave loves will not be enthralled,
But loves her only who at Geneva is called
Religion, plain, simple, sullen, young,

Contemptuous, yet unhandsome; as among
Lecherous humours, there is one that judges
No wenches wholesome but coarse country drudges.
Graius stays still at home here, and because
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Still new, like fashions, bid him think that she
Which dwells with us is only perfect, he
Embraceth her whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as wards still
Take such wives as their guardians offer, or
Pay values. Careless Phrygius doth abhor
All, because all cannot be good; as one,
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so
As women do in divers countries go
In divers habits, yet are still one kind,
So doth, so is religion; and this blindness too much light breeds. But unmovëd thou
Of force must one, and forced but one allow;
And the right. Ask thy father which is she;
Let him ask his. Though Truth and Falsehood be
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is.
Be busy to seek her; believe me this,
He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
To adore, or scorn an image, or protest,
May all be bad. Doubt wisely; in strange way
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
To sleep, or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
Reach her, about must and about must go,
And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so.
Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,
Thy soul rest, for none can work in that night.
To will implies delay, therefore now do
Hard deeds, the body's pains; hard knowledge too
The mind's endeavors reach; and mysteries
Are like the sun, dazzling, yet plain to all eyes.
Keep the truth which thou hast found; men do not stand
In so ill case that God hath with his hand
Signed kings' blank-charters to kill whom they hate;
Nor are they vicars, but hangmen to fate.
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be tied
To man's laws, by which she shall not be tried
At the last day? oh, will it then boot thee
To say a Philip, or a Gregory,
A Harry, or a Martin, taught thee this?
Is not this excuse for mere contraries
Equally strong? Cannot both sides say so?
That thou mayst rightly obey power, her bounds know;
Those past, her nature and name is changed; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.
As streams are, power is; those blest flowers, that dwell
At the rough stream's calm head, thrive and do well,
But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
Through mills, and rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
Consumed in going, in the sea are lost.
So perish souls which more choose men's unjust
Power from God claimed, than God himself, to trust.

## ELEGY 5

### His Picture

Here take my picture. Though I bid farewell,
Thine, in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell.
'Tis like me now, but, I dead, 'twill be more,
When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.
When weatherbeaten I come back; my hand
Perhaps with rude oars torn, or sun-beams tanned,
My face and breast of haircloth, and my head
With care's harsh sudden hoariness o'erspread,
My body a sack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blue stains scattered on my skin;
If rival fools tax thee to have loved a man
So foul and coarse as, oh! I may seem then,

This shall say what I was; and thou shalt say,
"Do his hurts reach me? Doth my worth decay?
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love less what he did love to see?
That which in him was fair and delicate
Was but the milk which in love's childish state
Did nurse it; who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that which to disused tastes seems tough."

## ELEGY 7

Nature's lay idiot, I taught thee to love,
And in that sophistry, oh, thou dost prove
Too subtle. Fool, thou didst not understand
The mystic language of the eye nor hand;
Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the air
Of sighs, and say, "This lies, this sounds despair";
Nor by the eye's water cast a malady
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then the alphabet
Of flowers, how they, devisefully being set
And bound up, might with speechless secrecy
Deliver errands mutely, and mutually.
Remember since all thy words used to be
To every suitor, "Ay, if my friends agree";
Since household charms, thy husband's name to teach,
Were all the love-tricks that thy wit could reach;
And since an hour's discourse could scarce have made
One answer in thee, and that ill arrayed
In broken proverbs and torn sentences.
Thou art not by so many duties his
That, from the world's common having severed thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be seen nor see—
As mine; who have with amorous delicacies
Refined thee into a blissful paradise.
Thy graces and good words my creatures be;
I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee;
Which, oh! shall strangers taste? Must I, alas,
Frame and enamel plate, and drink in glass?
Chafe wax for other's seals? break a colt's force,
And leave him then, being made a ready horse?

## ELEGY 9

### The Autumnal

No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face.
Young beauties force our love, and that's a rape;
This doth but counsel, yet you cannot 'scape.
If 'twere a shame to love, here 'twere no shame;
Affection here takes reverence's name.
Were her first years the Golden Age? That's true,
But now she's gold oft tried, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time;
This is her tolerable tropic clime.
Fair eyes; who asks more heat than comes from hence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles graves; if graves they were,
They were Love's graves, for else he is nowhere.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit,
Vowed to this trench, like an anachorit,
And here, till hers, which must be his death, come,
He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.
Here dwells he; though he sojourn everywhere
In progress, yet his standing house is here;
Here, where still evening is, not noon, nor night;
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at revels, you at council, sit.
This is Love's timber; youth his underwood;
There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,
Which then comes seasonabliest, when our taste
And appetite to other things is past.
Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the platane tree,
Was loved for age, none being so large as she;
Or else because, being young, nature did bless
Her youth with age's glory, barrenness.
If we love things long sought, age is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compassing;
If transitory things, which soon decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.

But name not winter-faces, whose skin's slack,
Lank as an unthrift's purse; but a soul's sack;
Whose eyes seek light within, for all here's shade;
Whose mouths are holes, rather worn out, than made;
Whose every tooth to a several place is gone,
To vex their souls at resurrection;
Name not these living death's-heads unto me,
For these, not ancient, but antique be.
I hate extremes; yet I had rather stay
With tombs than cradles, to wear out a day.
Since such love's natural lation is, may still
My love descend, and journey down the hill,
Not panting after growing beauties; so
I shall ebb out with them who homeward go.

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF LADY MARKHAM

Man is the world, and death the ocean
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This sea environs all, and though as yet
God hath set marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and still pretend,
And breaks our banks whene'er it takes a friend.
Then our land waters, tears of passion, vent;
Our waters, then, above our firmament
—Tears which our soul doth for her sins let fall—
Take all a brackish taste, and funeral,
And even these tears which should wash sin, are sin.
We, after God's "No," drown our world again.
Nothing but man of all envenomed things
Doth work upon itself with inborn stings.
Tears are false spectacles; we cannot see,
Through passion's mist, what we are, or what she.
In her this sea of death hath made no breach,
But as the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
And leaves embroidered works upon the sand,
So is her flesh refined by death's cold hand.
As men of China, after an age's stay,
Do take up porcelain where they buried clay,
So at this grave, her limbec—which refines
The diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and mines,
Of which this flesh was—her soul shall inspire
Flesh of such stuff, as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompense it, shall
Make and name then the elixir of this all.
They say the sea, when it gains, loseth too;
If carnal death, the younger brother, do
Usurp the body, our soul, which subject is
To the elder death, by sin, is freed by this.
They perish both, when they attempt the just;
For graves our trophies are, and both deaths dust.
So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both;
For none to death sins, that to sin is loth;
Nor do they die which are not loth to die;
So hath she this and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.
Of what small spots pure white complains! Alas,
How little poison cracks a crystal glass!
She sinned, but just enough to let us see
That God's word must be true, "All, sinners be."
So much did zeal her conscience rarefy,
That extreme truth lacked little of a lie,
Making omissions acts, laying the touch
Of sin on things that sometimes may be such.
As Moses' cherubins, whose natures do
Surpass all speed, by him are wingëd too;
So would her soul, already in heaven, seem then
To climb by tears the common stairs of men.
How fit she was for God, I am content
To speak, that Death his vain haste may repent.
How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet
To have reformed this forward heresy
That women can no parts of friendship be,
How moral, how divine, shall not be told,
Lest they that hear her virtues think her old;
And lest we take Death's part, and make him glad
Of such a prey, and to his triumph add.

## TO MR. S. B.

O THOU which to search out the secret parts
  Of the India, or rather Paradise
  Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice
Lately launched into the vast sea of arts:
Disdain not in thy constant traveling
  To do as other voyagers, and make
  Some turns into less creeks, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring.
I sing not, siren-like, to tempt, for I
  Am harsh; nor as those schismatics with you,
  Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seeing in you bright sparks of poetry,
  I, though I brought no fuel, had desire
  With these articulate blasts to blow the fire.

# JOSEPH HALL (1574–1656)

## VIRGIDEMIARUM

### SATIRES

### BOOK I

*Prologue*

I FIRST adventure, with fool-hardy might,
To tread the steps of perilous despite.
I first adventure; follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist.
Envy waits on my back, Truth on my side;
Envy will be my page, and Truth my guide.
Envy the margent holds, and Truth the line.
Truth doth approve, but Envy doth repine.
For in this smoothing age who durst indite
Hath made his pen an hired parasite
To claw the back of him that beastly lives,
And prank base men in proud superlatives.
Whence damnëd Vice is shrouded quite from shame,
And crowned with Virtue's meed, immortal name!
Infamy dispossessed of native due,
Ordained of old on looser life to sue;
The world's eye blearëd with those shameless lies,
Masked in the show of meal-mouthed poesies.
Go, daring Muse, on with thy thankless task,
And do the ugly face of Vice unmask.
And if thou canst not thine high flight remit
So as it mought a lowly satire fit,
Let lowly satires rise aloft to thee.
Truth be thy speed, and Truth thy patron be.

*Satire 3*

With some pot-fury, ravished from their wit,
They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ.
As frozen dung-hills in a winter's morn
That void of vapor seemëd all beforn
Soon as the sun sends out his piercing beams
Exhale out filthy smoke and stinking steams,
So doth the base and the fore-barren brain
Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.
One higher pitched doth set his soaring thought
On crownëd kings, that Fortune hath low brought;
Or some uprearëd, high-aspiring swain,
As it might be the Turkish Tamberlaine.
Then weeneth he his base drink-drownëd sprite
Rapt to the threefold loft of heaven height,
When he conceives upon his feignëd stage
The stalking steps of his great personage,
Gracëd with huff-cap terms and thundering threats,
That his poor hearers' hair quite upright sets.
Such soon as some brave-minded hungry youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide-strainëd mouth
He vaunts his voice upon an hired stage,
With high-set steps, and princely carriage;
Now swooping in side-robes of royalty
That erst did scrub in lowsy brokery;
There if he can with terms Italianate,
Big-sounding sentences, and words of state,
Fair patch me up his pure iambic verse,
He ravishes the gazing scaffolders.
Then certes was the famous Corduban
Never but half so high tragedian.
Now, lest such frightful shows of Fortune's fall
And bloody tyrant's rage should chance appal
The dead-struck audience, 'midst the silent rout
Comes leaping in a self-misformëd lout,
And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimic face,
And justles straight into the prince's place.
Then doth the theater echo all aloud
With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd.
A goodly hotch-potch! when vile russetings
Are matched with monarchs and with mighty kings.

A goodly grace to sober tragic Muse
When each base clown his clumsy fist doth bruise,
And show his teeth in double rotten row,
For laughter at his self-resemblëd show.
Meanwhile our poets in high parliament
Sit watching every word and gesturement,
Like curious censors of some doughty gear,
Whispering their verdict in their fellow's ear.
Woe to the word whose margent in their scroll
Is noted with a black condemning coal!
But if each period might the synod please,
Ho!— Bring the ivy boughs and bands of bays.
Now when they part and leave the naked stage
Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,
To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye
That thus hath lavished his late halfpenny.
Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold
For every peasant's brass, on each scaffold!

*Satire 6*

Another scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes,
Matched with the lofty feet of elder times.
Give me the numbered verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue.
Manhood and garboils shall he chant with changëd feet,
And head-strong dactyls making music meet.
The nimble dactyl striving to out-go
The drawling spondees pacing it below.
The lingering spondees laboring to delay
The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay.
Whoever saw a colt wanton and wild,
Yoked with a slow-foot ox on fallow field
Can right aread how handsomely besets
Dull spondees with the English dactylets.
If Jove speak English in a thundering cloud,
"Thwick thwack!" and "riff raff!" roars he out aloud.
Fie on the forgëd mint that did create
New coin of words never articulate!

BOOK III

*Satire 1*

Time was, and that was termed the time of gold,
When world and time were young, that now are old,
When quiet Saturn swayed the mace of lead,
And pride was yet unborn, and yet unbred.
Time was that while the autumn fall did last
Our hungry sires gaped for the falling mast
Of the Dodonian oaks.
Could no unhuskëd acorn leave the tree,
But there was challenge made whose it might be.
And if some nice and likerous appetite
Desired more dainty dish of rare delight,
They scaled the storëd crab with claspëd knee,
Till they had sated their delicious eye;
Or searched the hopeful thicks of hedgy-rows,
For briery berries, or haws, or sourer sloes;
Or when they meant to fare the fin'st of all
They licked oak-leaves besprent with honey-fall.
As for the thrice three-angled beech-nut shell,
Or chestnut's armëd husk and hid kernel,
No squire durst touch, the law would not afford,
Kept for the court and for the king's own board.
Their royal plate was clay, or wood, or stone;
The vulgar, save his hand, else he had none.
Their only cellar was the neighbor brook;
None did for better care, for better look.
Was then no plaining of the brewer's scape,
Nor greedy vintner mixed the strainëd grape.
The king's pavilion was the grassy green,
Under safe shelter of the shady treen.
Under each bank men laid their limbs along,
Not wishing any ease, not fearing wrong,
Clad with their own, as they were made of old,
Not fearing shame, not feeling any cold.
But when by Ceres' huswifery and pain
Men learned to bury the reviving grain,
And father Janus taught the new-found vine
Rise on the elm, with many a friendly twine,
And base desire bade men to delven low
For needless metals, then gan mischief grow.
Then farewell, fairest age, the world's best days;
Thriving in ill as it in age decays.
Then crept in pride, and peevish covetise,
And men grew greedy, discordous, and nice.

Now man, that erst hail-fellow was with beast,
Wox on to ween himself a god at least.
No airy fowl can take so high a flight,
Though she her daring wings in clouds have dight,—
Nor fish can dive so deep in yielding sea,
Though Thetis' self should swear her safëty,—
Nor fearful beast can dig his cave so low
As could he further than earth's center go,—
As that the air, the earth, or ocean,
Should shield them from the gorge of greedy man.
Hath utmost Inde aught better than his own?
Then utmost Inde is near, and rife to gone.
O Nature! was the world ordained for naught
But fill man's maw, and feed man's idle thought?
Thy grandsire's words savored of thrifty leeks
Or manly garlic; but thy furnace reeks
Hot steams of wine, and can aloof descry
The drunken draughts of sweet autumnity.
They naked went, or clad in ruder hide,
Or home-spun russet, void of foreign pride;
But thou canst mask in garish gaudery
To suit a fool's far-fetchëd livery.
A French head joined to neck Italian,
Thy thighs from Germany, and breast from Spain;
An Englishman in none, a fool in all;
Many in one, and one in several.
Then men were men; but now the greater part
Beasts are in life and women are in heart.
Good Saturn's self, that homely emperor,
In proudest pomp was not so clad of yore
As is the under-groom of the ostlery,
Husbanding it in workday yeomanry.
Lo! the long date of those expirëd days,
Which the inspirëd Merlin's word foresays,
When dunghill peasants shall be dight as kings,
Then one confusion another brings.
Then farewell, fairest age, the world's best days;
Thriving in ill, as it in age decays.

# JOHN MARSTON (1575?–1634)

## THE SCOURGE OF VILLAINY

*In Lectores Prorsus Indignos*

Fie, Satire, fie! Shall each mechanic slave,
Each dunghill peasant, free perusal have
Of thy well labored lines? Each satin suit,
Each quaint fashion-monger, whose sole repute
Rests in his trim gay clothes, lie slavering,
Tainting thy lines with his lewd censuring?
Shall each odd puisne of the lawyers' inn,
Each barmy-froth, that last day did begin
To read his little, or his ne'er a whit,
Or shall some greater ancient, of less wit,
That never turned but brown tobacco leaves,
Whose senses some damned occupant bereaves,
Lie gnawing on thy vacant time's expense,
Tearing thy rhymes, quite altering the sense?
Or shall perfumed Castilio censure thee?
Shall he o'er-view thy sharp-fanged poesy?
Who ne'er read further than his mistress' lips,
Ne'er practised aught but some spruce capering skips,
Ne'er in his life did other language use
But "sweet lady, fair mistress, kind heart, dear cuz"?
Shall this phantasma, this Coloss, peruse
And blast with stinking breath my budding Muse?
Fie, wilt thou make thy wit a courtezan
For every broking handscrafts artisan?
Shall brainless cytern-heards, each jobernole,
Pocket the very genius of thy soul?
Aye, Philo, aye, I'll keep an open hall,
A common and a sumptuous festival;
Welcome all eyes, all ears, all tongues to me;
Gnaw peasants on my scraps of poesy,
Castilios, Cyprians, court-boys, Spanish blocks,
Ribanded ears, granado-netherstocks,
Fiddlers, scriveners, peddlers, tinkering knaves,
Base blue-coats, tapsters, broadcloth-minded slaves—
Welcome, i-faith, but may you ne'er depart
Till I have made your gallëd hides to smart.
Your gallëd hides? Avaunt, base muddy scum!
Think you a satire's dreadful sounding drum
Will brace itself, and deign to terrify
Such abject peasants' basest roguery?
No, no, pass on, ye vain fantastic troop
Of puffy youths. Know I do scorn to stoop
To rip your lives. Then hence, lewd nags, away,
Go read each post, view what is played today;
Then to Priapus' gardens. You, Castilio,
I pray thee let my lines in freedom go,
Let me alone, the madams call for thee,
Longing to laugh at thy wit's poverty.
Sirra livery cloak, you lazy slipper-slave,
Thou fawning drudge, what, wouldst thou satires have?
Base mind, away! Thy master calls, begone!
Sweet Gnato, let my poesy alone.
Go buy some ballad of the fairy king,
And of the beggar wench some roguy thing,
Which thou mayst chant unto the chamber-maid
To some vile tune, when that thy master's laid.
But will you needs stay? Am I forced to bear
The blasting breath of each lewd censurer?
Must naught but clothes, and images of men,
But spriteless trunks, be judges of thy pen?
Nay, then come all; I prostitute my Muse
For all the swarm of idiots to abuse.
Read all, view all, even with my full consent;
So you will know that which I never meant,
So you will ne'er conceive, and yet dispraise
That which you ne'er conceived, and laughter raise
Where I but strive in honest seriousness
To scourge some soul-polluting beastliness.
So you will rail, and find huge errors lurk
In every corner of my cynic work.
Proface, read on, for your extrem'st dislikes

Will add a pinion to my praise's flights.
Oh how I bristle up my plumes of pride,
Oh how I think my satire's dignified,
When I once hear some quaint Castilio,
Some supple-mouthed slave, some lewd Tubrio,
Some spruce pedant, or some span-new-come fry
Of inns a-court, striving to villify
My dark reproofs! Then do but rail at me;
No greater honor craves my poesy.

1. But ye diviner wits, celestial souls,
Whose free-born minds no kennel thought controlls,
Ye sacred spirits, Maia's eldest sons,

2. Ye substance of the shadows of our age,
In whom all graces link in marriage,
To you how cheerfully my poem runs!

3. True-judging eyes, quick-sighted censurers,
Heaven's best beauties, wisdom's treasurers,
Oh how my love embraceth your great worth!

4. Ye idols of my soul, ye blessëd spirits,
How should I give true honor to your merits,
Which I can better think than here paint forth!

You sacred spirits, Maia's eldest sons,
To you how cheerfully my poem runs!
Oh how my love embraceth your great worth,
Which I can better think than here paint forth!

Oh rare!

# THOMAS DEKKER (1570?–1641?)

## THE FIRST THREE-MAN'S SONG FROM *THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY*

Oh the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic and so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
Oh, and then did I unto my true love say,
"Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen!

"Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest choir,
Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale.
Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

"But oh, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo!
See where she sitteth; come away, my joy.
Come away, I prithee. I do not like the cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy."

Oh the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic and so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
And then did I unto my true love say,
"Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen!"

## THE SECOND THREE-MAN'S SONG FROM *THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY*

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed.
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Trowl the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee!
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily!

Down a down, hey down a down,
Hey derry, derry, down a down!
Close with the tenor, boy.
Ho, well done! to me let come!
Ring compass, gentle joy!

Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee; etc. (*repeat as often as there be men to drink; and at last, when all have drunk, this verse:*)

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed.
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

## SONG FROM *OLD FORTUNATUS*

Fortune smiles, cry holiday!
Dimples on her cheeks do dwell.
Fortune frowns, cry wel-a-day!
Her love is heaven, her hate is hell.
Since heaven and hell obey her power,
Tremble when her eyes do lour.
Since heaven and hell her power obey,
When she smiles, cry holiday!
Holiday with joy we cry
And bend, and bend, and merrily
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity,
Sing hymns to Fortune's deity.

*Chorus:* Let us sing merrily, merrily, merrily,
With our song let heaven resound,
Fortune's hands our heads have crowned;
Let us sing merrily, merrily, merrily.

## RICHARD BARNFIELD (1574–1627)

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast against a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
"Fie, fie, fie!" now would she cry;
"Teru, teru!" by-and-by;
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain.
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing;
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

# THOMAS HEYWOOD (1575?–1650?)

## SONG FROM *THE RAPE OF LUCRECE*

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft
To give my love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow!
To give my love good-morrow
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair love good-morrow!
To give my love good-morrow
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

## SONG FROM *THE FAIR MAID OF THE EXCHANGE*

Ye little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phyllis sweetly walks
Within her garden-alleys:
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lour;
Ah me! methinks I see her frown;
Ye pretty wantons, warble!

Go, tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still, methinks, I see her frown;
Ye pretty wantons, warble!

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her;
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown;
Ye pretty wantons, warble!

Oh fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber!
Sing round about her rosy bed
That, waking, she may wonder.
Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you!
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

# SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552?–1618)

## THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

*Melibaeus:* SHEPHERD, what's love, I pray thee tell?
*Faustus:* It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentence dwell;
It is perhaps that sauncing bell
That tolls all into heaven or hell;
And this is love, as I heard tell.

*Meli.* Yet what is love, I prithee say?
*Fau.* It is a work on holiday;
It is December matched with May,
When lusty bloods, in fresh array,
Hear ten months after of the play;
And this is love, as I hear say.

*Meli.* Yet what is love, good shepherd, sain?
*Fau.* It is a sunshine mixed with rain;
It is a tooth-ache, or like pain;
It is a game where none doth gain;
The lass saith no, and would full fain;
And this is love, as I hear sain.

*Meli.* Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?
*Fau.* It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray;
It is a thing will soon away;
Then, nymphs, take 'vantage while ye may;
And this is love, as I hear say.

*Meli.* Yet what is love, good shepherd, show?
*Fau.* A thing that creeps; it cannot go;
A prize that passeth to and fro;
A thing for one, a thing for moe;
And he that proves shall find it so;
And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

## REPLY TO MARLOW'S *THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE*

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S PILGRIMAGE

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Traveleth towards the land of heaven;

Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss;
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk appareled fresh like me.
I'll take them first
To quench their thirst
And taste of nectar suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessëd paths we'll travel,
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral and pearly bowers.
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the king's attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees.
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury
Against our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.

Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou givest salvation even for alms;
Not with a bribëd lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head!
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

---

As you came from the holy land
Of Walsinghame,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

How shall I know your true love,
That have met many one,
As I went to the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?

She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine
In the earth or the air.

Such a one did I meet, good sir,
Such an angelic face,
Who like a queen, like a nymph, did appear,
By her gait, by her grace.

She hath left me here all alone,
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
And me loved as her own.

What's the cause that she leaves you alone,
And a new way doth take,
Who loved you once as her own,
And her joy did you make?

I have loved her all my youth,
But now old, as you see.
Love likes not the falling fruit
From the withered tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless content,
And a trustless joy;
He is won with a world of despair,
And is lost with a toy.

Of womenkind such indeed is the love,
Or the word love abused,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excused.

But true love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never old, never dead,
From itself never turning.

## THE LIE

Go, soul, the body's guest,
  Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best;
  The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows
  And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the church, it shows
  What's good, and doth no good.
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
  Acting by others' action;
Not loved unless they give,
  Not strong but by a faction.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
  That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
  Their practise only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
  They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
  Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
  Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
  Tell flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
  Tell honor how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
  Tell favor how it falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
  In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
  Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
  Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
  Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
  Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
  Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
  But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
  And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
  Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
  Tell virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
  Commanded thee, done blabbing—
Although to give the lie
  Deserves no less than stabbing—
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab the soul can kill.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH

Even such is time, that takes in trust
  Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
  Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!

## SIR W. RALEIGH ON THE SNUFF OF A CANDLE THE NIGHT BEFORE HE DIED

Cowards may fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

# BEN JONSON (1573?–1637)

## EPIGRAMS

### 22

### On My First Daughter

Here lies, to each her parent's ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth;
Yet, all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soul heaven's queen, whose name she bears,
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed amongst her virgin-train.
Where while that severed doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth;
Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

### 23

### To John Donne

Donne, the delight of Phoebus and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remains so yet;
Longer a-knowing than most wits do live,
And which no affection praise enough can give!
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I meant to praise, and yet I would,
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

### 40

### On Margaret Ratcliffe

Marble, weep, for thou dost cover
A dead beauty underneath thee,
Rich as nature could bequeath thee.
Grant, then, no rude hand remove her.
All the gazers on the skies
Read not in fair heaven's story
Expresser truth, or truer glory
Than they might in her bright eyes.

Rare as wonder was her wit;
And, like nectar, ever flowing,
Till Time, strong by her bestowing,
Conquered hath both life and it;
Life, whose grief was out of fashion
In these times. Few so have rued
Fate in a brother. To conclude,
For wit, feature, and true passion,
Earth, thou hast not such another.

### 45

### On My First Son

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy.
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
Oh, could I lose all father now! for why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age!
Rest in soft peace, and asked, say here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry;
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

### 94

### To Lucy, Countess of Bedford, with Master Donne's Satires

Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
Life of the Muses' day, their morning star!
If works, not the authors, their own grace should look,
Whose poëms would not wish to be your book?

But these, desired by you, the maker's ends
Crown with their own. Rare poëms ask rare friends.
Yet satires, since the most of mankind be
Their unavoided subject, fewest see;
For none e'er took that pleasure in sin's sense,
But, when they heard it taxed, took more offence.
They then, that living where the matter's bred
Dare for these poëms yet both ask and read,
And like them too, must needfully, though few,
Be of the best, and 'mongst those best are you,
Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
The Muses' evening, as their morning star!

## 96

### To John Donne

Who shall doubt, Donne, whether I a poet be,
When I dare send my Epigrams to thee?
That so alone canst judge, so alone dost make,
And in thy censures evenly dost take
As free simplicity to disavow,
As thou hast best authority to allow.
Read all I send; and if I find but one
Marked by thy hand, and with the better stone,
My title's sealed. Those that for claps do write,
Let puisnees', porters', players' praise delight,
And till they burst their backs like asses load.
A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

## 101

### Inviting a Friend to Supper

Tonight, grave sir, both my poor house and I
Do equally desire your company.
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast
With those that come; whose grace may make that seem
Something, which else could hope for no esteem.
It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates
The entertainment perfect, not the cates.
Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
An olive, capers, or some better sallet
Ushering the mutton; with a short-legged hen,
If we can get her, full of eggs, and then
Lemons and wine for sauce; to these a coney
Is not to be despaired of for our money;
And though fowl now be scarce, yet there are clerks,
The sky not falling, think we may have larks.
I'll tell you of more, and lie, so you will come;
Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some
May yet be there; and godwit, if we can,
Knat, rail, and ruff too. Howsoe'er, my man
Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
Livy, or of some better book to us,
Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our meat.
And I'll profess no verses to repeat.
To this, if aught appear which I not know of,
That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.
Digestive cheese, and fruit, there sure will be;
But that which most doth take my Muse and me
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine;
Of which had Horace or Anacreon tasted,
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted.
Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring,
Are all but Luther's beer to this I sing.
Of this we will sup free, but moderately,
And we will have no Pooly or Parrot by;
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men;
But at our parting we will be as when
We innocently met. No simple word
That shall be uttered at our mirthful board
Shall make us sad next morning, or affright
The liberty that we'll enjoy tonight.

## 120

### An Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy, a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story;
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.

'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature
As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When Fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly
As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
He played so truly.
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since, alas, too late!
They have repented;
And have sought to give new birth,
In baths to steep him.
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

124

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H.

WOULDST thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
The other, let it sleep with death;
Fitter where it died to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

## THE FOREST

5

SONG—TO CELIA

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love.
Time will not be ours forever;
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain.
Suns that set may rise again,
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumor are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies,
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removëd by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal.
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

6

TO THE SAME

KISS me, sweet. The wary lover
Can your favors keep and cover,
When the common courting jay
All your bounties will betray.
Kiss again; no creature comes.
Kiss, and score up wealthy sums
On my lips thus hardly sund'rëd
While you breathe. First give a hundred.
Then a thousand, then another
Hundred, then unto the other
Add a thousand, and so more;
Till you equal with the store
All the grass that Rumney yields,
Or the sands in Chelsea fields,
Or the drops in silver Thames,
Or the stars that gild his streams
In the silent summer-nights,
When youths ply their stolen delights;
That the curious may not know
How to tell 'em as they flow,
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pined.

7

SONG—THAT WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S SHADOWS

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue.
So court a mistress, she denies you,
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest,
At noon they are or short or none.
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

9

## Song—To Celia

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

11

## Epode

Not to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue and not fate.
Next to that virtue, is to know vice well
And her black spite expel.
Which to effect (since no breast is so sure
Or safe, but she'll procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch and ward
At the eye and ear, the ports unto the mind,
That no strange or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart, our spy,
Give knowledge instantly
To wakeful reason, our affections' king;
Who, in the examining,
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.
'Tis the securest policy we have,
To make our sense our slave.
But this true course is not embraced by many;
By many! scarce by any.
For either our affections do rebel,
Or else the sentinel
That should ring 'larum to the heart, doth sleep;
Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
They are base and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
Thus, by these subtle trains,
Do several passions invade the mind,
And strike our reason blind.
Of which usurping rank, some have thought love
The first; as prone to move
Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests
In our enflamed breasts.
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we over-blow.
The thing they here call Love is blind Desire,
Armed with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,
Rough, swelling, like a storm.
With whom who sails rides on the surge of fear,
And boils, as if he were
In a continual tempest. Now, true Love
No such effects doth prove.
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay divine;
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even,
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft, and sweetest minds
In equal knots. This bears no brands nor darts
To murther different hearts,
But in a calm and god-like unity
Preserves community.
Oh, who is he that in this peace enjoys
The elixir of all joys?
A form more fresh than are the Eden bowers,
And lasting as her flowers;
Richer than Time, and as Time's virtue rare;
Sober, as saddest care;
A fixëd thought, an eye untaught to glance;
Who, blest with such high chance,
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himself from the spire
Of all his happiness? But soft, I hear
Some vicious fool draw near
That cries we dream, and swears there's no such thing
As this chaste love we sing.
Peace, Luxury, thou art like one of those
Who, being at sea, suppose,
Because they move, the continent doth so.
No, Vice, we let thee know,
Though thy wild thoughts with sparrows' wings do fly,
Turtles can chastely die.
And yet (in this to express ourselves more clear)
We do not number here

Such spirits are as only continent
Because lust's means are spent;
Or those who doubt the common mouth of fame,
And for their place and name
Cannot so fasely sin; their chastity
Is mere necessity.
Nor mean we those whom vows and conscience
Have filled with abstinence;
Though we acknowledge, who can so abstain
Makes a most blessëd gain.
He that for love of goodness hateth ill
Is more crown-worthy still
Than he which for sin's penalty forbears;
His heart sins, though he fears.
But we propose a person like our dove,
Graced with a Phoenix' love;
A beauty of that clear and sparkling light
Would make a day of night,
And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys;
Whose odorous breath destroys
All taste of bitterness, and makes the air
As sweet as she is fair.
A body so harmoniously composed,
As if Nature disclosed
All her best symmetry in that one feature!
Oh, so divine a creature
Who could be false to? Chiefly when he knows
How only she bestows
The wealthy treasure of her love on him;
Making his fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admired perfection?
What savage, brute affection
Would not be fearful to offend a dame
Of this excelling frame?
Much more a noble and right generous mind,
To virtuous moods inclined,
That knows the weight of guilt; he will refrain
From thoughts of such a strain,
And to his sense object this sentence ever,
"Man may securely sin, but safely never."

15

### To Heaven

Good and great God! can I not think of thee,
But it must straight my melancholy be?
Is it interpreted in me disease
That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease?
Oh be thou witness, that the reins dost know
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show;
And judge me after, if I dare pretend
To aught but grace, or aim at other end.
As thou art all, so be thou all to me,
First, midst, and last, converted One and Three!
My faith, my hope, my love; and in this state
My judge, my witness, and my advocate.
Where have I been this while exiled from thee,
And whither rapt, now thou but stoop'st to me?
Dwell, dwell here still! Oh, being everywhere,
How can I doubt to find thee ever here?
I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,
Conceived in sin and unto labor born,
Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,
And destined unto judgment, after all.
I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground
Upon my flesh to inflict another wound.
Yet dare I not complain or wish for death,
With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath
Of discontent; or that these prayërs be
For weariness of life, not love of thee.

## UNDERWOODS

### Consisting of Divers Poems

#### A celebration of charis: in ten lyric pieces

1

#### His Excuse for Loving

Let it not your wonder move,
Less your laughter, that I love.
Though I now write fifty years,
I have had, and have, my peers;
Poets, though divine, are men;
Some have loved as old again.
And it is not always face,
Clothes, or fortune, gives the grace,
Or the feature, or the youth;
But the language and the truth
With the ardor and the passion
Gives the lover weight and fashion.
If you then will read the story,
First prepare you to be sorry
That you never knew till now
Either whom to love, or how.

But be glad as soon with me,
When you know that this is she
Of whose beauty it was sung,
She shall make the old man young,
Keep the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay;
Till she be the reason why
All the world for love may die.

2

### How He Saw Her

I BEHELD her on a day
When her look outflourished May,
And her dressing did outbrave
All the pride the fields then have;
Far I was from being stupid,
For I ran and called on Cupid—
"Love, if thou wilt ever see
Mark of glory, come with me.
Where's thy quiver? Bend thy bow;
Here's a shaft—thou art too slow!"
And withal, I did untie
Every cloud about his eye.
But he had not gained his sight
Sooner than he lost his might,
Or his courage; for away
Straight he ran, and durst not stay,
Letting bow and arrow fall.
Not for any threat or call
Could be brought once back to look.
I, foolhardy, there up took
Both the arrow he had quit
And the bow, with thought to hit
This my object; but she threw
Such a lightning, as I drew,
At my face, that took my sight
And my motion from me quite;
So that there I stood a stone,
Mocked of all, and called of one
(Which with grief and wrath I heard),
Cupid's statue with a beard;
Or else one that played his ape,
In a Hercules his shape.

3

### What He Suffered

AFTER many scorns like these,
Which the prouder beauties please,
She content was to restore
Eyes and limbs, to hurt me more,
And would, on conditions, be
Reconciled to Love and me.
First, that I must kneeling yield
Both the bow and shaft I held
Unto her; which Love might take
At her hand, with oath to make
Me the scope of his next draft,
Aimëd with that self-same shaft.
He no sooner heard the law
But the arrow home did draw,
And to gain her by his art
Left it sticking in my heart;
Which when she beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would fain have changed the fate,
But the pity comes too late.
Loser-like, now all my wreak
Is, that I have leave to speak;
And in either prose or song
To revenge me with my tongue;
Which how dexterously I do
Hear, and make example too.

4

### Her Triumph

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
  Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
  And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
    Unto her beauty;
And enamored do wish, so they might
    But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
  All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
  As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
    Than words that soothe her;
And from her arched brows, such a grace
    Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
  Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
  Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
    Or swan's down ever?

Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh so white! Oh so soft! Oh so sweet is she!

5

HIS DISCOURSE WITH CUPID

NOBLEST Charis, you that are
Both my fortune and my star,
And do govern more my blood
Than the various moon the flood,
Hear what late discourse of you
Love and I have had; and true.
'Mongst my Muses finding me,
Where he chanced your name to see
Set, and to this softer strain;
"Sure," said he, "if I have brain,
This, here sung, can be no other,
By description, but my mother!
So hath Homer praised her hair;
So Anacreon drawn the air
Of her face, and made to rise
Just about her sparkling eyes
Both her brows bent like my bow.
By her looks I do her know,
Which you call my shafts. And see!
Such my mother's blushes be,
As the bath your verse discloses
In her cheeks, of milk and roses;
Such as oft I wanton in;
And above her even chin
Have you placed the bank of kisses,
Where, you say, men gather blisses,
Ripened with a breath more sweet
Than when flowers and west winds meet.
Nay, her white and polished neck,
With the lace that doth it deck,
Is my mother's; hearts of slain
Lovers, made into a chain!
And between each rising breast
Lies the valley called my nest,
Where I sit and proin my wings
After flight; and put new stings
To my shafts. Her very name
With my mother's is the same."
"I confess all," I replied,
"And the glass hangs by her side,
And the girdle 'bout her waist,
All is Venus, save unchaste.
But alas, thou seest the least
Of her good, who is the best
Of her sex. But couldst thou, Love,
Call to mind the forms that strove
For the apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were she.
For this beauty yet doth hide
Something more than thou hast spied.
Outward grace weak love beguiles;
She is Venus when she smiles,
But she's Juno when she walks,
And Minerva when she talks.

6

CLAIMING A SECOND KISS BY DESERT

CHARIS, guess, and do not miss,
Since I drew a morning kiss
From your lips, and sucked an air
Thence, as sweet as you are fair,
What my Muse and I have done;
Whether we have lost or won,
If by us the odds were laid,
That the bride, allowed a maid,
Looked not half so fresh and fair,
With the advantage of her hair,
And her jewels to the view
Of the assembly, as did you!
Or that did you sit or walk,
You were more the eye and talk
Of the court, today, than all
Else that glistered in Whitehall;
So as those that had your sight
Wished the bride were changed tonight,
And did think such rites were due
To no other Grace but you!
Or, if you did move tonight
In the dances, with what spite
Of your peers you were beheld,
That at every motion swelled
So to see a lady tread
As might all the Graces lead,
And was worthy, being so seen,
To be envied of the queen.
Or if you would yet have stayed,
Whether any would upbraid
To himself his loss of time;
Or have charged his sight of crime,
To have left all sight for you.
Guess of these which is the true;
And if such a verse as this
May not claim another kiss.

7

BEGGING ANOTHER, ON COLOR OF MENDING THE FORMER

FOR Love's sake, kiss me once again,
I long, and should not beg in vain.

Here's none to spy or see;
Why do you doubt or stay?
I'll taste as lightly as the bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away

Once more, and, faith, I will be gone,
Can he that loves ask less than one?
Nay, you may err in this,
And all your bounty wrong.
This could be called but half a kiss;
What we're but once to do, we should do long.

I will but mend the last, and tell
Where, how, it would have relished well;
Join lip to lip; and try.
Each suck the other's breath,
And whilst our tongues perplexëd lie,
Let who will think us dead, or wish our death.

8

## Urging Her of a Promise

Charis one day in discourse
Had of Love, and of his force,
Lightly promised she would tell
What a man she could love well.
And that promise set on fire
All that heard her with desire.
With the rest, I long expected
What the work would be effected.
But we find that cold delay,
And excuse spun every day,
As, until she tell her one,
We all fear she loveth none.
Therefore, Charis, you must do't,
For I will so urge you to 't
You shall neither eat nor sleep,
No, nor forth your window peep,
With your emissary eye
To fetch in the forms go by,
And pronounce which band or lace
Better fits him than his face.
Nay, I will not let you sit
'Fore your idol glass a whit,
To say over every purl
There; or to reform a curl;
Or with Secretary Sis
To consult, if fucus this
Be as good as was the last.—
All your sweet of life is past,
Make account, unless you can,
And that quickly, speak your man.

9

## Her Man Described by Her Own Dictamen

Of your trouble, Ben, to ease me,
I will tell what man would please me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble; or of greater blood;
Titles, I confess, do take me,
And a woman God did make me.
French to boot, at least in fashion,
And his manners of that nation.
Young I'd have him too, and fair,
Yet a man; with crispëd hair,
Cast in thousand snares and rings,
For Love's fingers, and his wings;
Chestnut color, or more slack,
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus and Minerva's eyes,
For he must look wanton-wise.
Eyebrows bent like Cupid's bow,
Front, an ample field of snow;
Even nose, and cheek withal
Smooth as is the billiard-ball.
Chin as woolly as the peach;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherished too much beard,
And made Love or me afeard.
He should have a hand as soft
As the down, and show it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it ere it came;
All his blood should be a flame,
Quickly fired, as in beginners
In Love's school, and yet no sinners.
'Twere too long to speak of all.
What we harmony do call
In a body should be there.
Well he should his clothes, too, wear,
Yet no tailor help to make him;
Dressed, you still for man should take him,
And not think h' had eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.
Valiant he should be as fire,
Showing danger more than ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth,
And as honest as his birth;
All his actions to be such
As to do no thing too much;
Nor o'er-praise, not yet condemn,
Nor out-value, nor contemn;
Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive,

Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love Truth and me.
Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

10

ANOTHER LADY'S EXCEPTION, PRESENT AT THE HEARING

FOR his mind I do not care,
That's a toy that I could spare.
Let his title be but great,
His clothes rich, and band sit neat,
Himself young, and face be good,
All I wish is understood.
What you please, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'd lie withal.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

6

THE HOUR-GLASS

CONSIDER this small dust, here in the glass,
By atoms moved.
Could you believe that this the body was
Of one that loved;
And in his mistress' flame playing like a fly,
Was turned to cinders by her eye?
Yes; and in death, as life, unblest,
To have 't expressed,
Even ashes of lovers find no rest.

7

MY PICTURE, LEFT IN SCOTLAND

I NOW think Love is rather deaf than blind,
For else it could not be,
That she
Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
And cast my suit behind.
I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,
And every close did meet
In sentence of as subtle feet,
As hath the youngest he
That sit in shadow of Apollo's tree.

Oh! but my conscious fears,
That fly my thoughts between,
Tell me that she hath seen
My hundreds of gray hairs
Told six and forty years,
Read so much waste as she cannot embrace
My mountain belly and my rocky face,
And all these, through her eyes, have stopped her ears.

11

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE: TO THE READER

THIS figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to out-do the life.
Oh could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

12

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie

A little further, to make thee a room;
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us;
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat
(Such as thine are), and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame,
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnëd and true filëd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

## 41

### An Ode to Himself

Where dost thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge that sleeps doth die;
And this security,
It is the common moth
That eats on wits and arts, and destroys them both.

Are all the Aonian springs
Dried up? Lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings;
Or droop they as disgraced,
To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies defaced?

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause,
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free
Should not on fortune pause,
'Tis crown enough to Virtue still, her own applause.

What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baits
Of worded balladry,
And think it poesy?
They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
  Strike in thy proper strain,
With Japhet's line aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire
  To give the world again.
Who aided him will thee, the issue of
    Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age
  Cannot endure reproof,
Make not thyself a page
To that strumpet the stage,
  But sing high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the
    dull ass's hoof.

## 48

### A Fit of Rhyme against Rhyme

Rhyme, the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits
      True conceit,
Spoiling senses of their treasure,
Cozening judgment with a measure,
      But false weight;
Wresting words from their true calling;
Propping verse for fear of falling
      To the ground;
Jointing syllabes, drowning letters,
Fastening vowels, as with fetters
      They were bound!
Soon as lazy thou wert known,
All good poetry hence was flown,
      And art banished.
For a thousand years together
All Parnassus' green did wither,
      And wit vanished!
Pegasus did fly away,
At the wells no Muse did stay,
      But bewailed
So to see the fountain dry,
And Apollo's music die,
      All light failed.
Starveling rhymes did fill the stage,
Not a poet in an age
      Worthy crowning;
Not a work deserving bays,
Nor a line deserving praise,
      Pallas frowning.
Greek was free from rhyme's infection,
Happy Greek, by this protection,
      Was not spoiled.
Whilst the Latin, queen of tongues,
Is not yet free from rhyme's wrongs,
      But rests foiled.

Scarce the hill again doth flourish,
Scarce the world a wit doth nourish,
      To restore
Phoebus to his crown again,
And the Muses to their brain,
      As before.
Vulgar languages that want
Words and sweetness, and be scant
      Of true measure,
Tyrant rhyme hath so abused
That they long since have refused
      Other cesure.
He that first invented thee,
May his joints tormented be,
      Cramped forever;
Still may syllabes jar with time,
Still may reason war with rhyme,
      Resting never!
May his sense when it would meet
The cold tumor in his feet
      Grow unsounder;
And his title be long fool,
That in rearing such a school
      Was the founder!

## 62

### An Execration upon Vulcan

And why to me this? thou lame lord of fire!
What had I done that might call on thine
    ire?
Or urge thy greedy flame thus to devour
So many my years' labors in an hour?
I ne'er attempted, Vulcan, 'gainst thy life;
Nor made least line of love to thy loose
    wife;
Or in remembrance of thy affront and
    scorn,
With clowns and tradesmen kept thee
    closed in horn.—
'Twas Jupiter that hurled thee headlong
    down,
And Mars that gave thee a lanthorn for a
    crown.
Was it because thou wert of old denied,
By Jove, to have Minerva for thy bride,
That since, thou tak'st all envious care
    and pain
To ruin every issue of the brain?
  Had I wrote treason there, or heresy,
Imposture, witchcraft, charms, or blas-
    phemy,
I had deserved then thy consuming looks,
Perhaps to have been burnëd with my books.

But, on thy malice, tell me didst thou spy
Any least loose or scurril paper lie
Concealed or kept there, that was fit to be,
By thy own vote, a sacrifice to thee?
Did I there wound the honors of the crown,
Or tax the glories of the church and gown?
Itch to defame the state, or brand the times,
And myself most, in lewd self-boasting rhymes?
If none of these, then why this fire? Or find
A cause before, or leave me one behind.
Had I compiled from Amadis de Gaul,
The Esplandians, Arthurs, Palmerins, and all
The learnëd library of Don Quixote,
And so some goodlier monster had begot;
Or spun out riddles, or weaved fifty tomes
Of Logographs, or curious Palindromes,
Or pumped for those hard trifles, anagrams,
Or eteostics, or those finer flams
Of eggs and halberds, cradles, and a hearse,
A pair of scissors, and a comb, in verse,
Acrostichs, and telestichs on jump names,
Thou then hadst had some color for thy flames,
On such my serious follies. But thou'lt say
There were some pieces of as base allay,
And as false stamp there; parcels of a play,
Fitter to see the fire-light than the day;
Adulterate monies, such as would not go.—
Thou shouldst have stayed till public fame said so;
She is the judge, thou executioner.
Or, if thou needs wouldst trench upon her power,
Thou might'st have yet enjoyed thy cruelty
With some more thrift, and more variety;
Thou might'st have had me perish piece by piece,
To light tobacco, or save roasted geese,
Singe capons, or crisp pigs, dropping their eyes;
Condemned me to the ovens with the pies;
And so have kept me dying a whole age,
Not ravished all hence in a minute's rage.
But that's a mark whereof thy rite do boast,
To make consumption ever where thou go'st.
Had I foreknown of this thy least desire
To have held a triumph, or a feast of fire,
Especially in paper; that that steam
Had tickled thy large nostrils; many a ream,
To redeem mine, I had sent in. "Enough!"
Thou shouldst have cried, and all been proper stuff.
The Talmud and the Alcoran had come,
With pieces of the Legend; the whole sum
Of errant knighthood, with the dames and dwarfs,
The charmëd boats, and the enchanted wharfs,
The Tristrams, Lancelots, Turpins, and the Peers,
All the mad Rolands and sweet Olivers,
To Merlins marvels, and his Cabal's loss,
With the chimera of the Rosy-cross,
Their seals, their characters, hermetic rings,
Their gem of riches, and bright stone that brings
Invisibility, and strength, and tongues;
The art of kindling the true coal by Lungs;
With Nicolas' Pasquils, Meddle with your match,
And the strong lines that do the times so catch;
Or Captain Pamphlet's horse and foot, that sally
Upon the Exchange still, out of Pope's-head alley;
The weekly Courants, with Paul's seal; and all
The admired discourses of the prophet Ball.
These, hadst thou pleased either to dine or sup,
Had made a meal for Vulcan to lick up.
But in my desk what was there to accite
So ravenous and vast an appetite?
I dare not say a body, but some parts
There were of search, and mastery in the arts.
All the old Venusine, in poetry
And lighted by the Stagirite, could spy,
Was there made English; with a grammar too,
To teach some that their nurses could not do,
The purity of language; and, among
The rest, my journey into Scotland sung,
With all the adventures; three books, not afraid
To speak the fate of the Sicilian maid
To our own ladies; and in story there
Of our fifth Henry, eight of his nine year;
Wherein was oil, besides the succors spent,
Which noble Carew, Cotton, Selden lent;

And twice twelve years stored up humanity,
With humble gleanings in divinity,
After the fathers and those wiser guides
Whom faction had not drawn to study sides.
How in these ruins, Vulcan, thou dost lurk,
All soot and embers! odious as thy work!
I now begin to doubt if ever Grace
Or goddess could be patient of thy face.
Thou woo Minerva! or to wit aspire!
'Cause thou canst halt with us in arts and fire!
Son of the wind! for so thy mother, gone
With lust, conceived thee; father thou hadst none.
When thou wert born, and that thou look'dst at best,
She durst not kiss, but flung thee from her breast;
And so did Jove, who ne'er meant thee his cup.
No mar'l the clowns of Lemnos took thee up!
For none but smiths would have made thee a god.
Some alchemist there may be yet, or odd
'Squire of the squibs, against the pageant-day,
May to thy name a Vulcanale say;
And for it lose his eyes with gunpowder,
As the other may his brains with quick-silver.—
Well fare the wise men yet, on the Bank-side,
My friends the watermen! They could provide
Against thy fury, when to serve their needs
They made a Vulcan of a sheaf of reeds,
Whom they durst handle in their holiday coats,
And safely trust to dress, not burn their boats.
But oh those reeds! Thy mere disdain of them
Made thee beget that cruel stratagem,
Which some are pleased to style but thy mad prank,
Against the Globe, the glory of the Bank;
Which, though it were the fort of the whole parish,
Flanked with a ditch, and forced out of a marish,
I saw with two poor chambers taken in
And razed, ere thought could urge this might have been.
See the world's ruins! nothing but the piles
Left, and wit since to cover it with tiles.
The Brethren they straight nosed it out for news,
'Twas verily some relict of the stews;
And this a sparkle of that fire let loose
That was raked up in the Winchestrian goose,
Bred on the Bank in time of popery,
When Venus there maintained the mystery.
But others fell, with that conceit, by the ears,
And cried it was a threatening to the bears,
And that accursëd ground, the Paris-garden;
"Nay," sighed a sister, "Venus' nun, Kate Arden,
Kindled the fire!"—"But then," did one return,
"No fool would his own harvest spoil or burn!"—
If that were so, thou rather wouldst advance
The place that was thy wife's inheritance.
"Oh no!" cried all. "Fortune, for being a whore,
'Scaped not his justice any jot the more.
He burnt that idol of the Revels too.
Nay, let Whitehall with revels have to do,
Though but in dances, it shall know his power.
There was a judgment shown too in an hour.
He is right Vulcan still! He did not spare
Troy, though it were so much his Venus' care."
Fool, wilt thou let that in example come?
Did not she save from thence to build a Rome?
And what hast thou done in these petty spites
More than advanced the houses and their rites?
I will not argue thee, from those, of guilt,
For they were burnt but to be better built.
'Tis true that in thy wish they were destroyed,
Which thou hast only vented, not enjoyed.
So wouldst thou've run upon the Rolls by stealth,
And didst invade part of the commonwealth,
In those records which, were all chronicles gone,

Would be remembered by six clerks to one.
But say, all six good men, what answer ye?
Lies there no writ out of the Chancery
Against this Vulcan? No injunction?
No order? No decree?—Though we be gone
At common-law, methinks, in his despite,
A court of Equity should do us right.
But to confine him to the brew-houses,
The glass-house, dye-fats, and their furnaces;
To live in sea-coal, and go forth in smoke;
Or, lest that vapor might the city choke,
Condemn him to the brick-kills, or some hill;
Foot (out in Sussex) to an iron mill;
Or in small faggots have him blaze about
Vile taverns, and the drunkards piss him out;
Or in the bellman's lanthorn, like a spy,
Burn to a snuff, and then stink out and die.
I could invent a sentence yet were worse;
But I'll conclude all in a civil curse.
Pox on your flameship, Vulcan! If it be
To all as fatal as't hath been to me,
And to Paul's steeple—which was unto us
'Bove all your fireworks had at Ephesus,
Or Alexandria; and, though a divine
Loss, remains yet as unrepaired as mine—
Would you had kept your forge at Aetna still!
And there made swords, bills, glaves, and arms your fill;
Maintained the trade at Bilboa, or elsewhere,
Strook in at Milan with the cutlers there;
Or stayed but where the friar and you first met,
Who from the devil's arse did guns beget;
Or fixed in the Low Countries, where you might
On both sides do your mischiefs with delight,
Blow up and ruin, mine and countermine,
Make your petards and grenades, all your fine
Engines of murder, and enjoy the praise
Of massacring mankind so many ways!
We ask your absence here, we all love peace,
And pray the fruits thereof and the increase;
So doth the king, and most of the king's men
That have good places. Therefore, once again,
Pox on thee, Vulcan! Thy Pandora's pox,
And all the ills that flew out of her box,
Light on thee! Or if those plagues will not do,
Thy wife's pox on thee, and Bess Broughton's too!

## 66

### An Epistle, Answering To One That Asked To Be Sealed of the Tribe of Ben

Men that are safe and sure in all they do
Care not what trials they are put unto.
They meet the fire, the test, as martyrs would,
And though opinion stamp them not, are gold.
I could say more of such, but that I fly
To speak myself out too ambitiously,
And showing so weak an act to vulgar eyes,
Put conscience and my right to compromise.
Let those that merely talk, and never think,
That live in the wild anarchy of drink,
Subject to quarrel only; or else such
As make it their proficiency how much
They've glutted in and lechered out that week,
That never yet did friend or friendship seek,
But for a sealing—let those men protest.
Or the other on their borders, that will jest
On all souls that are absent; even the dead,
Like flies or worms which man's corrupt parts fed;
That to speak well, think it above all sin,
Of any company but that they are in,
Called every night to supper in these fits,
And are received for the covey of wits;
That censure all the town and all the affairs,
And know whose ignorance is more than theirs.
Let these men have their ways, and take their times
To vent their libels and to issue rhymes;
I have no portion in them, nor their deal
Of news they get, to strew out the long meal;
I study other friendships, and more one
Than these can ever be, or else wish none.
What is't to me whether the French design
Be, or be not, to get the Valteline?
Or the States' ships sent forth be like to meet
Some hopes of Spain in their West Indian fleet?

Whether the dispensation yet be sent,
Or that the match from Spain was ever meant?
I wish all well, and pray high heaven conspire
My prince's safety, and my king's desire;
But if for honor we must draw the sword,
And force back that which will not be restored,
I have a body yet that spirit draws
To live, or fall a carcass, in the cause.
So far without enquiry what the States,
Brunsfield, and Mansfield, do this year, my fates
Shall carry me at call; and I'll be well,
Though I do neither hear these news, nor tell
Of Spain or France; or were not pricked down one
Of the late mystery of reception;
Although my fame to his not under-hears
That guides the motions and directs the bears.
But that's a blow by which in time I may
Lose all my credit with my Christmas clay,
And animated porcelain of the court;
Ay, and for this neglect the coarser sort
Of earthen jars there may molest me too.
Well, with mine own frail pitcher what to do
I have decreed; keep it from waves and press,
Lest it be justled, cracked, made naught or less.
Live to that point I will for which I am man,
And dwell as in my center as I can,
Still looking to, and ever loving, heaven;
With reverence using all the gifts thence given.
'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent,
Such as are square, well-tagged, and permanent,
Not built with canvas, paper, and false lights,
As are the glorious scenes at the great sights;
And that there be no fevery heats nor colds,
Oily expansions, or shrunk dirty folds,
But all so clear, and led by Reason's flame,
As but to stumble in her sight were shame;
These I will honor, love, embrace, and serve,
And free it from all question to preserve.
So short you read my character, and theirs
I would call mine, to which not many stairs
Are asked to climb. First give me faith, who know
Myself a little; I will take you so
As you have writ yourself. Now stand, and then,
Sir, you are sealëd of the Tribe of Ben.

## A PINDARIC ODE

### To the Immortal Memory and Friendship of That Noble Pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison

#### I

THE STROPHE, OR TURN

Brave infant of Saguntum, clear
Thy coming forth in that great year,
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage with razing your immortal town.
Thou looking then about,
Ere thou wert half got out,
Wise child, didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.
How summed a circle didst thou leave mankind
Of deepest lore, could we the centre find!

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN

Did wiser nature draw thee back,
From out the horror of that sack;
Where shame, faith, honor, and regard of right,
Lay trampled on? the deeds of death and night
Urged, hurried forth, and hurl'd
Upon the affrighted world;
Sword, fire, and famine with fell fury met,
And all on utmost ruin set:
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

THE EPODE, OR STAND

For what is life, if measured by the space,
Not by the act?
Or maskëd man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one outlived his peers
And told forth fourscore years:
He vexëd time, and busied the whole state;
Troubled both foes and friends;
But ever to no ends.
What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
For three of his four score he did no good.

## II

### THE STROPHE, OR TURN

He entered well by virtuous parts,
Got up, and thrived with honest arts,
He purchased friends, and fame, and honors then,
And had his noble name advanced with men;
But weary of that flight,
He stooped in all men's sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunk in that dead sea of life
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
But that the cork of title buoyed him up.

### THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN

Alas! but Morison fell young!
He never fell—thou fall'st, my tongue.
He stood a soldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot and a noble friend;
But most, a virtuous son.
All offices were done
By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As, though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere.

### THE EPODE, OR STAND

Go now, and tell our days summed up with fears,
And make them years;
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage,
To swell thine age;
Repeat of things a throng,
To show thou hast been long,
Not lived; for life doth her great actions spell
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light; her measures are, how well
Each syllabe answered, and was formed, how fair;
These make the lines of life, and that's her air!

## III

### THE STROPHE, OR TURN

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

### THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN

Call, noble Lucius, then, for wine,
And let thy locks with gladness shine;
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
And think, nay know, thy Morison's not dead.
He leaped the present age,
Possessed with holy rage,
To see that bright eternal day;
Of which we priests and poets say
Such truths as we expect for happy men;
And there he lives with memory, and Ben —

### THE EPODE, OR STAND

Jonson, who sung this of him, ere he went,
Himself, to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have expressed,
In this bright asterism;—
Where it were friendship's schism,
Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry,
To separate these twi-
Lights, the Dioscuri;
And keep the one half from his Harry.
But fate doth so alternate the design,
Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth must shine—

## IV

### THE STROPHE, OR TURN

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one star.
Of hearts the union, and those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leased out to advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vain did chime
Of rhymes, or riots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drink, or feigned protests;
But simple love of greatness and of good,
That knits brave minds and manners more than blood.

### THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN

This made you first to know the why
You liked, then after to apply

That liking; and approach so one the t'other,
Till either grew a portion of the other;
Each stylëd by his end,
The copy of his friend.
You lived to be the great sir-names
And titles by which all made claims
Unto the Virtue: nothing perfect done,
But as a Cary or a Morison.

THE EPODE, OR STAND

And such a force the fair example had,
As they that saw
The good and durst not practise it were glad
That such a law
Was left yet to mankind;
Where they might read and find
Friendship, indeed, was written not in words;
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rolls were, and records;
Who, ere the first down bloomëd on the chin,
Had sowed these fruits, and got the harvest in.

## SONG, FROM *EPICOENE, OR THE SILENT WOMAN*

Still to be neat, still to be dressed
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powdered, still perfumed,
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free.
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

## HYMN TO DIANA, FROM *CYNTHIA'S REVELS*

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close.
Bless us then with wishëd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever,
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

## ODE

### To Himself

Come, leave the loathëd stage,
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit!
Indicting and arraigning every day
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste!
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,
Husks, draff to drink and swill.
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

No doubt some moldy tale,
Like Pericles, and stale
As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish—
Scraps, out of every dish
Thrown forth, and raked into the common tub,
May keep up the Play-club.
There sweepings do as well
As the best-ordered meal;
For who the relish of these guests will fit
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit.

And much good do't you then.
Brave plush and velvet-men
Can feed on orts; and, safe in your stage-clothes,
Dare quit, upon your oaths,
The stagers and the stage-wrights too, your peers,
Of larding your large ears
With their foul comic socks,
Wrought upon twenty blocks;
Which if they are torn, and turned, and patched enough,
The gamesters share your gilt, and you their stuff.—

Leave things so prostitute,
And take the Alcaic lute;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Pindar's fire.
And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold
Ere years have made thee old,
Strike that disdainful heat
Throughout, to their defeat,
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee sing
The glories of thy king,
His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men,
They may, blood-shaken then,
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers
As they shall cry, like ours,
In sound of peace or wars,
No harp e'er hit the stars,
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign;
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his Wain.

## THIRD CHARM, FROM *THE MASQUE OF QUEENS*

The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain,
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And the frog peeps out o' the fountain;
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,
The spindle is now a-turning;
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a-burning.
The ditch is made, and our nails the spade,
With pictures full, of wax and of wool;
Their livers I stick, with needles quick;
There lacks but the blood, to make up the flood.
Quickly, dame, then bring your part in,
Spur, spur upon little Martin,
Merrily, merrily make him sail,
A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in his tail,
Fire above and fire below,
With a whip in your hand, to make him go.

## LEGES CONVIVIALES

### Quod Foelix Faustumque Convivis in Apolline Sit

1. NEMO ASYMBOLUS, NISI UMBRA, HUC VENITO.
2. IDIOTA, INSULSUS, TRISTIS, TURPIS, ABESTO.
3. ERUDITI, URBANI, HILARES, HONESTI, ADSCISCUNTOR,
4. NEC LECTAE FOEMINAE REPUDIANTOR.
5. IN APPARATU QUOD CONVIVIS CORRUGET NARES NIL ESTO.
6. EPULAE DELECTU POTIUS QUAM SUMPTU PARANTOR.
7. OBSONATOR ET COQUUS CONVIVARUM GULAE PERITI SUNTO.
8. DE DISCUBITU NON CONTENDITOR.
9. MINISTRI A DAPIBUS, OCULATI ET MUTI,
   A POCULIS, AURITI ET CELERES SUNTO.
10. VINA PURIS FONTIBUS MINISTRENTOR AUT VAPULET HOSPES.
11. MODERATIS POCULIS PROVOCARE SODALES FAS ESTO.
12. AT FABULIS MAGIS QUAM VINO VELITATIO FIAT.
13. CONVIVAE NEC MUTI NEC LOQUACES SUNTO.
14. DE SERIIS AC SACRIS POTI ET SATURI NE DISSERUNTO.
15. FIDICEN, NISI ACCERSITUS, NON VENITO.
16. ADMISSO RISU, TRIPUDIIS, CHOREIS, CANTU, SALIBUS,
    OMNI GRATIARUM FESTIVITATE SACRA CELEBRANTOR.
17. JOCI SINE FELLE SUNTO.
18. INSIPIDA POEMATA NULLA RECITANTOR.

19. VERSUS SCRIBERE NULLUS COGITOR.
20. ARGUMENTATIONIS TOTIUS STREPITUS ABESTO.
21. AMATORIIS QUERELIS, AC SUSPIRIIS LIBER ANGULUS ESTO.
22. LAPITHARUM MORE SCYPHIS PUGNARE, VITREA COLLIDERE, FENESTRAS EXCUTERE, SUPELLECTILEM DILACERARE NEFAS ESTO.
23. QUI FORAS VEL DICTA, VEL FACTA ELIMINET, ELIMINATOR.
24. NEMINEM REUM POCULA FACIUNTO. FOCUS PERENNIS ESTO.

## RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY [1]

OR

## LAWS FOR THE BEAUX ESPRITS

FROM THE LATIN OF BEN JONSON, ENGRAVEN IN MARBLE OVER THE CHIMNEY, IN THE APOLLO OF THE OLD DEVIL TAVERN, AT TEMPLE-BAR; THAT BEING HIS CLUB-ROOM.

"Non verbum reddere verbo."

I

1. As the fund of our pleasure, let each pay his shot,
   Except some chance friend, whom a member brings in.
2. Far hence be the sad, the lewd fop, and the sot;
   For such have the plagues of good company been.

II

3. Let the learnëd and witty, the jovial and gay,
   The generous and honest, compose our free state;
4. And the more to exalt our delight whilst we stay,
   Let none be debarred from his choice female mate.

III

5. Let no scent offensive the chamber infest.
6. Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes.
7. Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,
   And the cook, in his dressing, comply with their wishes.

IV

8. Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
   To show your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
9. Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,
   Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be tied.

V

10. Let our wines, without mixture or stum, be all fine,
    Or call up the master, and break his dull noddle.
11. Let no sober bigot here think it a sin
    To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

VI

12. Let the contests be rather of books than of wine.
13. Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.
14. Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
    When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.

VII

15. Let no saucy fiddler presume to intrude,
    Unless he is sent for to vary our bliss.
16. With mirth, wit, and dancing, and singing conclude,
    To regale every sense, with delight in excess.

VIII

17. Let raillery be without malice or heat.
18. Dull poëms to read let none privilege take.
19. Let no poetaster command or entreat
    Another extempore verses to make.

IX

20. Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
    Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve.

[1] See explanatory notes.

21. For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.

X

22. Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst offences unpardoned will rank,
Or breaking of windows, or glasses, for spite,
And spoiling the goods for a rakehelly prank.

XI

23. Whoever shall publish what's said, or what's done,
Be he banished for ever our assembly divine.
24. Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

## VERSES PLACED OVER THE DOOR AT THE ENTRANCE INTO THE APOLLO

Welcome all who lead or follow
To the Oracle of Apollo—
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle.
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
"Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,"
Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers;
"He the half of life abuses
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us;
Wine it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted;
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phoebian liquor,
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker,
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases."
Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo.

O RARE BEN JONSON!

# ELIZABETHAN PROSE

# SIR THOMAS HOBY (1530–1566)

## FROM HIS TRANSLATION OF BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE'S *THE COURTIER* (*IL CORTEGIANO*)

### From Book First

As every man knoweth, the little city of Urbino is situated upon the side of the Apennine, in a manner, in the middle of Italy toward the Gulf of Venice. The which for all it is placed among hills, and those not so pleasant as perhaps some other that we behold in many places, yet in this point the element hath been favorable unto it, that all about the country is very plentiful and full of fruits; so that, besides the wholesomeness of air, it is very abundant and stored with all things necessary for the life of man. But among the greatest felicities that men can reckon it to have, I count this the chief, that now a long time it hath always been governed with very good princes, although in the common calamities of the wars of Italy it remained also a season without any at all.

But, without searching further of this, we may make a good proof with the famous memory of Duke Federico, who in his days was the light of Italy. . . .

. . . . . .

This Duke, then, following the course of nature when he was sixty-five years of age, as he had lived, so did he end his life with glory. And left Duke after him a child of ten years, having no more male, and without mother, who hight Guidobaldo.

This child, as of the state, so did it appear also that he was heir of all his father's virtues; and suddenly with a marvelous towardness began to promise so much of himself as a man would not have thought possible to be hoped of a man mortal. So that the opinion of men was that of all Duke Federico's notable deeds there was none greater than that he begat such a son. But Fortune, envying this so great virtue, with all her might gainstood this so glorious a beginning, in such wise that before Duke Guidobaldo was twenty years of age he fell sick of the gout, the which, increasing upon him with most bitter pains, in a short time so numbed him of all his members that he could neither stand on foot nor move himself. And in this manner was one of the best favored and towardliest personages in the world deformed and marred in his green age. And besides, not satisfied with this, Fortune was so contrary to him in all his purposes that very seldom he brought to pass anything to his mind. And for all he had in him most wise counsel, and an invincible courage, yet it seemed that whatsoever he took in hand, both in feats of arms and in every other thing, small or great, it came always to ill success. And of this make proof his many and divers calamities, which he always bore out with such stoutness of courage that virtue never yielded to fortune. But with a bold stomach, despising her storms, lived with great dignity and estimation among all men—in sickness as one that was sound, and in adversity as one that was most fortunate. So that, for all he was thus diseased in his body, he served in time of war with most honorable entertainment under the most famous kings of Naples, Alphonsus and Ferdinand the younger; afterward with Pope Alexander VI, with the lords of Venice and Florence. And when Julius II was created Pope, he was then made General Captain of the Church; at which time, proceeding in his accustomed usage, he set his delight above all things to have his house furnished with most noble and valiant gentlemen, with whom he lived very familiarly, enjoying their conversation, wherein the pleasure which he gave unto other men was no less than that he received of others, because he was very well seen in both tongues, and together with a loving behavior and pleasantness he had also accompanied the knowledge of infinite things.

And besides this, the greatness of his courage so quickened him that, where he was not in case with his person to practise the feats of chivalry, as he had done long before, yet did he take very great delight to behold them in other men, and with his words sometime correcting and otherwhile praising every man according to his deserts, he declared evidently how great a judgment he had in those matters.

And upon this at tilt, at tourney, in riding, in playing at all sorts of weapon, also in inventing devices, in pastimes, in music, finally in all exercises meet for noble gentlemen, every man strived to show himself such a one as might deserve to be judged worthy of so noble an assembly. Therefore were all the hours of the day divided into honorable and pleasant exercises, as well of the body as of the mind. But because the Duke used continually, by reason of his infirmity, soon after supper to go to his rest, every man ordinarily at that hour drew where the Duchess was, the Lady Elisabetta Gonzaga. Where also continually was the Lady Emilia Pia, who for that she was endowed with so lively a wit and judgment as you know, seemed the mistress and ringleader of all the company, and that every man at her received understanding and courage. There was then to be heard pleasant communication and merry conceits, and in every man's countenance a man might perceive painted a loving jocundness. So that this house truly might well be called the very mansion-place of Mirth and Joy. . . .

. . . . . .

. . . The manner of all the gentlemen in the house was immediately after supper to assemble where the Duchess was. Where, among other recreations, music and dancing, which they used continually, sometime they propounded feat questions, otherwhile they invented certain witty sports and pastimes, at the device sometime of one, sometime of another, in the which, under sundry coverts, oftentimes the standers-by opened subtly their imaginations unto whom they thought best. At other times arose other disputations of divers matters, or else jestings with prompt inventions. Many times they fell into purposes, as we nowadays term them, where in this kind of talk and debating of matters there was wondrous great pleasure on all sides; because, as I have said, the house was replenished with most noble wits. Among which, as you know, were most famous the Lord Octaviano Fregoso, Sir Federico his brother, the Lord Giuliano de' Medici, Messer Pietro Bembo, the Lord Cesare Gonzaga, Count Lodovico of Canossa, the Lord Gaspar Pallavicino, the Lord Lodovico Pio, Messer Morello of Ortona, Pietro of Naples, Messer Roberto da Bari, and infinite other most worthy knights and gentlemen. Besides these, there were many that for all ordinarily they dwelled not there, yet spent they most of their time there, as Messer Bernardo Bibbiena, Unico Aretino, Giancristoforo Romano, Pietro Monte, Terpandro, Messer Niccolò Frisio, so that thither ran continually poets, musicians, and all kinds of men of skill, and the excellentest in every faculty.

After Pope Julius II had with his own presence, by the aid of the Frenchmen, brought Bologna to the obedience of the Apostolic See again, in the year 1506, in his return toward Rome he took Urbino in his way, where he was received as honorably as possible, and with as sumptuous and costly preparation as could have been in any other city of Italy, whatsoever it be. So that, besides the Pope, all the Cardinals and other courtiers thought themselves thoroughly satisfied. And some there were that, provoked with the sweetness of this company, after the Pope and the court was departed continued many days together in Urbino. At which time they did not only proceed in their accustomed trade of disporting and ordinary recreations, but also every man set to his helping hand to augment them somewhat, and especially in pastimes, which they had up almost every night. And the order thereof was such that, as soon as they were assembled where the Duchess was, every man sat him down at his will, or as it fell to his lot, in a circle together, and in sitting were divided a man and a woman, as long as there were women, for always, lightly, the number of men was far the greater. Then they were governed as the Duchess thought best, which many times gave this charge unto the Lady Emilia.

So the day after the Pope was departed, the company being gathered to the accustomed place, after much pleasant talk, the Duchess's pleasure was that the Lady Emilia should begin these pastimes; and she, after a little refusing of that charge, said in this manner: "Sith it is your pleasure, madam, I shall be she that must give the onset in our pastimes this night, because I ought not of reason disobey you, I think meet to propound a pastime whereof I suppose shall ensue little blame, and less travail. And that shall be to have every man, as nigh as he can, propound a device not yet heard of, then shall we choose out such a one as shall be thought meet to be taken in hand in this company."

. . . . . .

. . . She [the Lady Emilia] turned her and made a sign to Sir Federico Fregoso to show his device. And he incontinently began thus: "Madam, I would it were lawful for me, as the manner is many times, to remit me to the judgment of another, for I for my part would with all my heart allow some of the pastimes that have been already propounded by these lords, because indeed methink they would be worth the hearing. Yet lest I should break the order, this I say: whoso would take in hand to praise our court, leaving apart the deserts of the Duchess, which ghostly sprite, with her influence, is sufficient to draw from the earth up into heaven the simplest wits in the world, he might well do it without suspicion of flattery. For peradventure in all Italy a man shall have much ado to find out so many gentlemen and noble personages that are so worthy, and besides the principal profession of chivalry, so excellent in sundry things, as are presently here. Therefore if in any place men may be found that deserve the name of good courtiers, and can judge what belongeth to the perfection of courtiership, by reason a man may believe them to be here. To disgrace therefore many untowardly ass-heads, that through malpertness think to purchase them the name of a good courtier, I would have such a pastime for this night, that one of the company might be picked out who should take in hand to shape in words a good courtier, specifying all such conditions and particular qualities as of necessity must be in him that derserveth this name. And in such things as shall not appear necessary, that it may be lawful for any man to reply, as the manner of philosophers' schools is against him that keepeth disputations."

Sir Federico proceedeth still forward in his talk, when the Lady Emilia, interrupting him, said: "If it be my Lady the Duchess's pleasure, this shall be our pastime for this once."

The Duchess answered: "I am well pleased."

. . . . . .

## From Book Fourth

Then the Lord Gaspar: "I remember," quoth he, "that these lords' yesternight reasoning of the Courtier's qualities did allow him to be a lover; and in making rehearsal of as much as hitherto hath been spoken, a man may pick out a conclusion that the Courtier which with his worthiness and credit must incline his prince to virtue must in manner of necessity be aged, for knowledge cometh very seldom time before years, and specially in matters that be learned with experience. I cannot see, when he is well drawn in years, how it will stand well with him to be a lover, considering, as it hath been said the other night, love frameth not with old men, and the tricks that in young men be gallantness, courtesy, and preciseness so acceptable to women, in them are mere follies and fondness to be laughed at, and purchase him that useth them hatred of women and mocks of others. Therefore, in case this your Aristotle, an old Courtier, were a lover and practised the feats that young lovers do, as some that we have seen in our days, I fear me he would forget to teach his prince; and peradventure boys would mock him behind his back, and women would have none other delight in him but to make him a jesting-stock."

Then said the Lord Octaviano: "Since all the other qualities appointed to the Courtier are meet for him, although he be old, methink we should not then bar him from this happiness to love."

"Nay rather," quoth the Lord Gaspar, "to take this love from him is a perfection over and above, and a making him to live

happily out of misery and wretchedness."

Messer Pietro Bembo said: "Remember you not, my Lord Gaspar, that the Lord Octaviano declared the other night in his device of pastimes, although he be not skilful in love, to know yet that there be some lovers which reckon the disdains, the angers, the debates and torments which they receive of their ladies, sweet? Whereupon he required to be taught the cause of this sweetness. Therefore, in case our Courtier, though he be old, were kindled with those loves that be sweet without any bitter smack, he should feel no misery nor wretchedness at all. And being wise, as we set case he is, he should not be deceived in thinking to be meet for him whatsoever were meet for young men, but in loving should perhaps love after a sort that might not only not bring him in slander, but to much praise and great happiness, without any loathsomeness at all, the which very seldom or in manner never happeneth to young men; and so should he neither lay aside the teaching of his prince, not yet commit anything that should deserve the mocking of boys."

Then spake the Duchess: "I am glad, Messer Pietro, that you have not been much troubled in our reasonings this night, for now we may be the bolder to give you in charge to speak, and to teach the Courtier this so happy a love, which bringeth with it neither slander nor any inconvenience; for perhaps it shall be one of the necessariest and profitablest qualities that hitherto hath been given him; therefore speak of good fellowship as much as you know therein."

Messer Pietro laughed and said: "I would be loth, madam, where I say it is lawful for old men to love, it should be an occasion for these ladies to think me old; therefore hardly give you this enterprise to another."

The Duchess answered: "You ought not to refuse to be counted old in knowledge, though you be young in years. Therefore say on, and excuse yourself no more."

And here, after they had laughed a while, Messer Pietro proceeded: "I say, therefore, that according as it is defined of the wise men of old time, love is nothing else but a certain coveting to enjoy beauty; and forsomuch as coveting longeth for nothing but for things known, it is requisite that knowledge go evermore before coveting, which of his own nature willeth the good, but of himself is blind and knoweth it not. Therefore hath Nature so ordained that to every virtue of knowledge there is annexed a virtue of longing. And because in our soul there be three manner ways to know, namely, by sense, reason, and understanding: of sense ariseth appetite or longing, which is common to us with brute beasts; of reason ariseth election or choice, which is proper to man; of understanding, by the which man may be partner with angels, ariseth will. Even as therefore the sense knoweth not but sensible matters and that which may be felt, so the appetite or coveting only desireth the same; and even as the understanding is bent but to behold things that may be understood, so is that will only fed with spiritual goods. Man of nature endowed with reason, placed, as it were, in the middle between these two extremities, may, through his choice inclining to sense or reaching to understanding, come nigh to the coveting, sometime of the one, sometime of the other part. In these sorts therefore may beauty be coveted, the general name whereof may be applied to all things, either natural or artificial, that are framed in good proportion and due temper, as their nature beareth. But speaking of the beauty that we mean, which is only it that appeareth in bodies, and especially in the face of man, and moveth this fervent coveting which we call love, we will term it an influence of the heavenly bountifulness, the which for all it stretcheth over all things that be created (like the light of the sun), yet when it findeth out a face well proportioned, and framed with a certain lively agreement of several colors, and set forth with lights and shadows, and with an orderly distance and limits of lines, thereinto it distilleth itself and appeareth most well favored, and decketh out and lighteneth the subject where it shineth with a marvelous grace and glistering, like the sunbeams that strike against beautiful plate of fine gold wrought and set with precious jewels, so that it draweth unto it men's eyes with pleasure, and piercing through them imprinteth himself in the soul, and with an unwonted sweetness all to-stirreth her and delighteth, and setting her on fire maketh her to covet him. When the soul then is taken with coveting to enjoy this beauty as a good thing, in case she suffer

herself to be guided with the judgment of sense, she falleth into most deep errors, and judgeth the body in which beauty is discerned to be the principal cause thereof; whereupon to enjoy it she reckoneth it necessary to join as inwardly as she can with that body, which is false; and therefore whoso thinketh in possessing the body to enjoy beauty, he is far deceived, and is moved to it, not with true knowledge by the choice of reason, but with false opinion by the longing of sense. Whereupon the pleasure that followeth it is also false and of necessity full of errors."

Here Bembo paused a while, and when all things were whist Messer Morello, of Ortona, said: "And in case there were some old man more fresh and lusty and of a better complexion than many young men, why would you not have it lawful for him to love with the love that young men love?"

The Duchess laughed, and said: "If the love of young men be so unlucky, why would you, Messer Morello, that old men should also love with this unluckiness? But in case you were old, as these men say you be, you would not thus procure the hurt of old men."

Messer Morello answered: "The hurt of old men, meseemeth, Messer Pietro Bembo procureth, who will have them to love after a sort that I for my part understand not; and, methink, the possessing of this beauty which he praiseth so much, without the body, is a dream."

"Do you believe, Messer Morello," quoth then Count Lodovico, "that beauty is always so good a thing as Messer Pietro Bembo speaketh of?"

"Not I, in good sooth," answered Messer Morello. "But I remember rather that I have seen many beautiful women of a most ill inclination, cruel and spiteful, and it seemeth that, in a manner, it happeneth always so, for beauty maketh them proud, and pride, cruel."

Count Lodovico said, smiling: "To you perhaps they seem cruel, because they content you not with that which you would have. But cause Messer Pietro Bembo to teach you in what sort old men ought to covet beauty, and what to seek at their ladies' hands, and what to content themselves withal; and in not passing out of these bounds you shall see that they shall be neither proud nor cruel, and will satisfy you with what you shall require."

Messer Morello seemed then somewhat out of patience, and said: "I will not know the thing that toucheth me not. But cause you to be taught how the young men ought to covet this beauty that are not so fresh and lusty as old men be."

Here Sir Federico, to pacify Messer Morello and to break their talk, would not suffer Count Lodovico to make answer, but interrupting him said: "Perhaps Messer Morello is not altogether out of the way in saying that beauty is not always good, for the beauty of women is many times cause of infinite evils in the world—hatred, war, mortality, and destruction, whereof the razing of Troy can be a good witness; and beautiful women for the most part be either proud and cruel, as is said, or unchaste; but Messer Morello would find no fault with that. There be also many wicked men that have the comeliness of a beautiful countenance, and it seemeth that Nature hath so shaped them because they may be the readier to deceive, and that their amiable look were like a bait that covereth the hook."

Then Messer Pietro Bembo: "Believe not," quoth he, "but beauty is always good."

Here Count Lodovico, because he would return again to his former purpose, interrupted him and said: "Since Messer Morello passeth not to understand that which is so necessary for him, teach it me, and show me how old men may come by this happiness of love, for I will not care to be counted old, so it may profit me."

Messer Pietro Bembo laughed, and said: "First will I take the error out of these gentlemen's mind, and afterward will I satisfy you also." So beginning afresh: "My Lords," quoth he, "I would not that with speaking ill of beauty, which is a holy thing, any of us as profane and wicked should purchase him the wrath of God. Therefore, to give Messer Morello and Sir Federico warning, that they lose not their sight, as Stesichorus did—a pain most meet for whoso dispraiseth beauty—I say that beauty cometh of God and is like a circle, the goodness whereof is the center. And therefore, as there can be no circle

without a center, no more can beauty be without goodness. Whereupon doth very seldom an ill soul dwell in a beautiful body. And therefore is the outward beauty a true sign of the inward goodness, and in bodies this comeliness is imprinted, as it were, for a mark of the soul, whereby she is outwardly known; as in trees, in which the beauty of the buds giveth a testimony of the goodness of the fruit. And the very same happeneth in bodies, as it is seen that palmisters by the visage know many times the conditions and otherwhile the thoughts of men. And, which is more, in beasts also a man may discern by the face the quality of the courage, which in the body declareth itself as much as it can. Judge you how plainly in the face of a lion, a horse, and an eagle, a man shall discern anger, fierceness, and stoutness; in lambs and doves, simpleness and very innocency; the crafty subtlety in foxes and wolves; and the like, in a manner, in all other living creatures. The foul therefore for the most part be also evil, and the beautiful good. Therefore it may be said that beauty is a face pleasant, merry, comely, and to be desired for goodness; and foulness a face dark, uglesome, unpleasant, and to be shunned for ill. And in case you will consider all things, you shall find that whatsoever is good and profitable hath also evermore the comeliness of beauty. Behold the state of this great engine of the world, which God created for the health and preservation of everything that was made: the heaven round beset with so many heavenly lights; and in the middle the earth environed with the elements and upheld with the very weight of itself; the sun, that compassing about giveth light to the whole, and in winter season draweth to the lowermost sign, afterward by little and little climbeth again to the other part; the moon, that of him taketh her light, according as she draweth nigh or goeth farther from him; and the other five stars that diversely keep the very same course. These things among themselves have such force by the knitting together of an order so necessarily framed that, with altering them any one jot, they should all be loosed and the world would decay. They have also such beauty and comeliness that all the wits men have cannot imagine a more beautiful matter.

"Think now of the shape of man, which may be called a little world, in whom every parcel of his body is seen to be necessarily framed by art and not by hap, and then the form altogether most beautiful, so that it were a hard matter to judge whether the members (as the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the ears, the arms, the breast, and in like manner the other parts) give either more profit to the countenance and the rest of the body or comeliness. The like may be said of all other living creatures. Behold the feathers of fowls, the leaves and boughs of trees, which be given them of Nature to keep them in their being, and yet have they withal a very great sightliness. Leave Nature, and come to art. What thing is so necessary in sailing vessels as the forepart, the sides, the mainyards, the mast, the sails, the stern, oars, anchors, and tacklings? All these things notwithstanding are so well-favored in the eye that unto whoso beholdeth them they seem to have been found out as well for pleasure as for profit. Pillars and great beams uphold high buildings and palaces, and yet are they no less pleasureful unto the eyes of the beholders than profitable to the buildings. When men began to build, in the middle of temples and houses they reared the ridge of the roof, not to make the works to have a better show, but because the water might the more commodiously avoid on both sides; yet unto profit there was forthwith adjoined a fair sightliness, so that if, under the sky where falleth neither hail nor rain, a man should build a temple without a reared ridge, it is to be thought that it could have neither a sightly show nor any beauty. Besides other things, therefore, it giveth a great praise to the world in saying that it is beautiful. It is praised in saying the beautiful heaven, beautiful earth, beautiful sea, beautiful rivers, beautiful woods, trees, gardens, beautiful cities, beautiful churches, houses, armies. In conclusion, this comely and holy beauty is a wondrous setting out of everything. And it may be said that good and beautiful be after a sort one self thing, especially in the bodies of men; of the beauty whereof the nighest cause, I suppose, is the beauty of the soul; the which, as a partner of the right and heavenly beauty, maketh sightly and beautiful whatever she

toucheth, and most of all, if the body, where she dwelleth, be not of so vile a matter that she cannot imprint in it her property. Therefore beauty is the true monument and spoil of the victory of the soul, when she with heavenly influence beareth rule over material and gross nature, and with her light overcometh the darkness of the body. It is not, then, to be spoken that beauty maketh women proud or cruel, although it seem so to Messer Morello. Neither yet ought beautiful women to bear the blame of that hatred, mortality, and destruction which the unbridled appetites of men are the cause of. I will not now deny that it is possible also to find in the world beautiful women unchaste; yet not because beauty inclineth them to unchaste living, for it rather plucketh them from it, and leadeth them into the way of virtuous conditions, through the affinity that beauty hath with goodness; but otherwhile ill bringing up, the continual provocations of lovers' tokens, poverty, hope, deceits, fear, and a thousand other matters, overcome the steadfastness, yea, of beautiful and good women; and for these and like causes may also beautiful men become wicked."

Then said the Lord Cesare: "In case the Lord Gaspar's saying be true of yesternight, there is no doubt but the fair women be more chaste than the foul."

"And what was my saying?" quoth the Lord Gaspar.

The Lord Cesare answered: "If I do well bear in mind, your saying was that the women that are sued to always refuse to satisfy him that sueth to them, but those that are not sued to sue to others. There is no doubt but the beautiful women have always more suitors, and be more instantly laid at in love, than the foul. Therefore the beautiful always deny, and consequently be more chaste than the foul, which, not being sued to, sue unto others."

Messer Pietro Bembo laughed, and said: "This argument cannot be answered to."

Afterward he proceeded: "It chanceth also, oftentimes, that as the other senses, so the sight is deceived and judgeth a face beautiful which indeed is not beautiful. And because in the eyes and in the whole countenance of some woman a man beholdeth otherwhile a certain lavish wantonness painted, with dishonest flickerings, many, whom that manner delighteth because it promiseth them an easiness to come by the thing that they covet, call it beauty; but indeed it is a cloaked unshamefastness, unworthy of so honorable and holy a name."

Messer Pietro Bembo held his peace, but those lords still were earnest upon him to speak somewhat more of this love and of the way to enjoy beauty aright, and at the last: "Methink," quoth he, "I have showed plainly enough that old men may love more happily than young, which was my drift; therefore it belongeth not to me to enter any farther."

Count Lodovico answered: "You have better declared the unluckiness of young men than the happiness of old men, whom you have not as yet taught what way they must follow in this love of theirs; only you have said that they must suffer themselves to be guided by reason, and the opinion of many is that it is unpossible for love to stand with reason."

Bembo notwithstanding sought to make an end of reasoning, but the Duchess desired him to say on, and he began thus afresh: "Too unlucky were the nature of man, if our soul, in which this so fervent coveting may lightly arise, should be driven to nourish it with that only which is common to her with beasts, and could not turn it to the other noble part, which is proper to her. Therefore, since it is so your pleasure, I will not refuse to reason upon this noble matter. And because I know myself unworthy to talk of the most holy mysteries of Love, I beseech him to lead my thought and my tongue so that I may show this excellent Courtier how to love contrary to the wonted manner of the common ignorant sort. And even as from my childhood I have dedicated all my whole life unto him, so also now that my words may be answerable to the same intent, and to the praise of him: I say, therefore, that since the nature of man in youthful age is so much inclined to sense, it may be granted the Courtier, while he is young, to love sensually; but in case afterward also, in his riper years, he chance to be set on fire with this coveting of love, he ought to be good and circumspect, and heedful that he beguile not himself to be led wilfully into the wretchedness that in young

men deserveth more to be pitied than blamed and contrariwise in old men, more to be blamed than pitied. Therefore when an amiable countenance of a beautiful woman cometh in his sight, that is accompanied with noble conditions and honest behaviors, so that, as one practised in love, he wotteth well that his hue hath an agreement with hers, as soon as he is aware that his eyes snatch that image and carry it to the heart, and that the soul beginneth to behold it with pleasure, and feeleth within herself the influence that stirreth her and by little and little setteth her in heat, and that those lively little spirits that twinkle out through the eyes put continually fresh nourishment to the fire, he ought in this beginning to seek a speedy remedy and to raise up reason, and with her to fence the fortress of his heart, and to shut in such wise the passages against sense and appetites that they may enter neither with force nor subtle practise. Thus, if the flame be quenched, the jeopardy is also quenched. But in case it continue or increase, then must the Courtier determine, when he perceiveth he is taken, to shun thoroughly all filthiness of common love, and so enter into the holy way of love with the guide of reason, and first consider that the body where that beauty shineth is not the fountain whence beauty springeth, but rather because beauty is bodiless and, as we have said, an heavenly shining beam, she loseth much of her honor when she is coupled with that vile subject and full of corruption, because the less she is partner thereof, the more perfect she is, and, clean sundered from it, is most perfect. And as a man heareth not with his mouth, nor smelleth with his ears, no more can he also in any manner wise enjoy beauty, nor satisfy the desire that she stirreth up in our minds, with feeling, but with the sense unto whom beauty is the very butt to level at, namely, the virtue of seeing. Let him lay aside, therefore, the blind judgment of the sense, and enjoy with his eyes the brightness, the comeliness, the loving sparkles, laughters, gestures, and all the other pleasant furnitures of beauty, especially with hearing the sweetness of her voice, the tunableness of her words, the melody of her singing and playing on instruments (in case the woman beloved be a musician), and so shall he with the most dainty food feed the soul through the means of these two senses which have little bodily substance in them and be the ministers of reason, without entering farther toward the body with coveting unto any longing otherwise than honest. Afterward let him obey, please, and honor with all reverence his woman, and reckon her more dear to him than his own life, and prefer all her commodities and pleasures before his own, and love no less in her the beauty of the mind than of the body. Therefore let him have a care not to suffer her to run into any error, but with lessons and good exhortations seek always to frame her to modesty, to temperance, to true honesty, and so to work that there may never take place in her other than pure thoughts and far wide from all filthiness of vices. And thus in sowing of virtue in the garden of that mind, he shall also gather the fruits of most beautiful conditions, and savor them with a marvelous good relish. And this shall be the right engendering and imprinting of beauty in beauty, the which some hold opinion to be the end of love. In this manner shall our Courtier be most acceptable to his lady, and she will always show herself toward him tractable, lowly, and sweet in language, and as willing to please him as to be beloved of him; and the wills of them both shall be most honest and agreeable, and they consequently shall be most happy."

Here Messer Morello: "The engendering," quoth he, "of beauty in beauty aright were the engendering of a beautiful child in a beautiful woman; and I would think it a more manifest token a great deal that she loved her lover, if she pleased him with this than with the sweetness of language that you speak of."

Messer Pietro Bembo laughed, and said: "You must not, Messer Morello, pass your bounds. I may tell you it is not a small token that a woman loveth when she giveth unto her lover her beauty, which is so precious a matter; and by the ways that be a passage to the soul (that is to say, the sight and the hearing) sendeth the looks of her eyes, the image of her countenance, and the voice of her words, that pierce into the lover's heart and give a witness of her love."

Messer Morello said: "Looks and words may be, and oftentimes are, false witnesses.

Therefore whoso hath not a better pledge of love, in my judgment he is in an ill assurance. And surely I looked still that you would have made this woman of yours somewhat more courteous and free toward the Courtier than my Lord Giuliano hath made his; but meseemeth you be both of the property of those judges that, to appear wise, give sentence against their own."

Bembo said: "I am well pleased to have this woman much more courteous toward my Courtier not young than Lord Giuliano's is to the young; and that with good reason, because mine coveteth but honest matters, and therefore may the woman grant him them all without blame. But my Lord Giuliano's woman, that is not so assured of the modesty of the young man, ought to grant him the honest matters only, and deny him the dishonest. Therefore more happy is mine, that hath granted him whatsoever he requireth, than the other, that hath part granted and part denied. And because you may moreover the better understand that reasonable love is more happy than sensual, I say unto you that selfsame things in sensual ought to be denied otherwhile, and in reasonable granted; because in the one they be honest, and in the other dishonest. Therefore the woman, to please her good lover, besides the granting him merry countenances, familiar and secret talk, jesting, dallying, hand-in-hand, may also lawfully and without blame come to kissing, which in sensual love, according to Lord Giuliano's rule, is not lawful. For since a kiss is a knitting together both of body and soul, it is to be feared lest the sensual lover will be more inclined to the part of the body than of the soul; but the reasonable lover wotteth well that although the mouth be a parcel of the body, yet is it an issue for the words that be the interpreters of the soul, and for the inward breath, which is also called the soul; and therefore hath a delight to join his mouth with the woman's beloved with a kiss—not to stir him to any unhonest desire, but because he feeleth that that bond is the opening of an entry to the souls, which, drawn with a coveting the one of the other, pour themselves by turn the one into the other's body, and be so mingled together that each of them hath two souls, and one alone so framed of them both ruleth, in a manner, two bodies. Whereupon a kiss may be said to be rather a coupling together of the soul than of the body, because it hath such force in her that it draweth her unto it, and, as it were, separateth her from the body. For this do all chaste lovers covet a kiss as a coupling of souls together. And therefore Plato, the divine lover, saith that in kissing his soul came as far as his lips to depart out of the body. And because the separating of the soul from the matters of the sense, and the thorough coupling of her with matters of understanding, may be betokened by a kiss, Solomon saith in his heavenly book of ballads, 'Oh that he would kiss me with a kiss of his mouth,' to express the desire he had that his soul might be ravished through heavenly love to the beholding of heavenly beauty in such manner that, coupling herself inwardly with it, she might forsake the body."

They stood all hearkening heedfully to Bembo's reasoning, and after he had stayed a while and saw that none spake, he said: "Since you have made me to begin to show our not young Courtier this happy love, I will lead him yet somewhat farther forward, because to stand still at this stay were somewhat perilous for him, considering, as we have oftentimes said, the soul is most inclined to the senses, and for all reason with discourse chooseth well, and knoweth that beauty not to spring of the body, and therefore setteth a bridle to the unhonest desires, yet to behold it always in that body doth oftentimes corrupt the right judgment. And where no other inconvenience ensueth upon it, one's absence from the wight beloved carrieth a great passion with it; because the influence of that beauty when it is present giveth a wondrous delight to the lover, and, setting his heart on fire, quickeneth and melteth certain virtues in a trance and congealed in the soul, the which, nourished with the heat of love, flow about and go bubbling nigh the heart, and thrust out through the eyes those spirits which be most fine vapors made of the purest and clearest part of the blood, which receive the image of beauty and deck it with a thousand sundry furnitures. Whereupon the soul taketh a delight, and with a certain wonder is aghast, and yet enjoyeth she it, and, as it were, astonied together with the pleasure,

feeleth the fear and reverence that men accustomably have toward holy matters, and thinketh herself to be in paradise. The lover, therefore, that considereth only the beauty in the body, loseth this treasure and happiness as soon as the woman beloved with her departure leaveth the eyes without their brightness, and consequently the soul as a widow without her joy. For since beauty is far off, that influence of love setteth not the heart on fire, as it did in presence. Whereupon the pores be dried up and withered, and yet doth the remembrance of beauty somewhat stir those virtues of the soul in such wise that they seek to scatter abroad the spirits, and they, finding the ways closed up, have no issue, and still they seek to get out, and so with those shootings enclosed prick the soul and torment her bitterly, as young children when in their tender gums they begin to breed teeth. And hence come the tears, sighs, vexations, and torments of lovers; because the soul is always in affliction and travail and, in a manner, waxeth wood, until the beloved beauty cometh before her once again, and then she is immediately pacified and taketh breath, and, thoroughly bent to it, is nourished with most dainty food, and by her will would never depart from so sweet a sight. To avoid, therefore, the torment of this absence, and to enjoy beauty without passion, the Courtier by the help of reason must full and wholly call back again the coveting of the body to beauty alone, and, in what he can, behold it in itself simple and pure, and frame it within his imagination sundered from all matter, and so make it friendly and loving to his soul, and there enjoy it, and have it with him day and night, in every time and place, without mistrust ever to lose it; keeping always fast in mind that the body is a most diverse thing from beauty, and not only not increaseth but diminisheth the perfection of it. In this wise shall our not young Courtier be out of all bitterness and wretchedness that young men feel, in a manner continually, as jealousies, suspicions, disdains, angers, desperations, and certain rages full of madness, whereby many times they be led into so great error that some do not only beat the women whom they love, but rid themselves out of their life. He shall do no wrong to the husband, father, brethren, or kinsfolk of the woman beloved. He shall not bring her in slander. He shall not be in case with much ado otherwhile to refrain his eyes and tongue from discovering his desires to others. He shall not take thought at departure or in absence, because he shall evermore carry his precious treasure about with him shut fast within his heart. And besides, through the virtue of imagination, he shall fashion within himself that beauty much more fair than it is indeed. But among commodities the lover shall find another yet far greater, in case he will take this love for a stair, as it were, to climb up to another far higher than it. The which he shall bring to pass, if he will go and consider with himself what a strict bond it is to be always in the trouble to behold the beauty of one body alone. And therefore, to come out of this so narrow a room, he shall gather in his thoughts by little and little so many ornaments that mingling all beauties together he shall make a universal concept, and bring the multitude of them to the unity of one alone, that is generally spread over all the nature of man. And thus shall he behold no more the particular beauty of one woman, but a universal, that decketh out all bodies. Whereupon, being made dim with this greater light, he shall not pass upon the lesser, and, burning in a more excellent flame, he shall little esteem it that he set great store by at the first. This stair of love, though it be very noble and such as few arrive at it, yet is it not in this sort to be called perfect, forsomuch as where the imagination is of force to make conveyance and hath no knowledge but through those beginnings that the senses help her withal, she is not clean purged from gross darkness; and therefore, though she do consider that universal beauty in sunder and in itself alone, yet doth she not well and clearly discern it, nor without some doubtfulness, by reason of the agreement that the fancies have with the body. Wherefore such as come to this love are like young birds almost flush, which for all they flutter a little their tender wings, yet dare they not stray far from the nest, nor commit themselves to the wind and open weather. When our Courtier, therefore, shall be come to this point, although he may be called a good and

happy lover, in respect of them that be drowned in the misery of sensual love, yet will I not have him to set his heart at rest, but boldly proceed farther, following the highway after his guide, that leadeth him to the point of true happiness. And thus, instead of going out of his wit with thought, as he must do that will consider the bodily beauty, he may come into his wit to behold the beauty that is seen with the eyes of the mind, which then begin to be sharp and thorough-seeing, when the eyes of the body lose the flower of their sightliness.

"Therefore the soul, rid of vices, purged with the studies of true philosophy, occupied in spiritual, and exercised in matters of understanding, turning her to the beholding of her own substance, as it were raised out of a most deep sleep, openeth the eyes that all men have and few occupy, and seeth in herself a shining beam of that light which is the true image of the angel-like beauty partened with her, whereof she also partneth with the body a feeble shadow; therefore, waxed blind about earthly matters, is made most quick of sight about heavenly. And otherwhile when the stirring virtues of the body are withdrawn alone through earnest beholding, either fast bound through sleep, when she is not hindered by them, she feeleth a certain privy smell of the right angel-like beauty, and, ravished with the shining of that light, beginneth to be inflamed, and so greedily followeth after that in a manner she waxeth drunken and beside herself, for coveting to couple herself with it, having found, to her weening, the footsteps of God, in the beholding of whom, as in her happy end, she seeketh to settle herself. And therefore, burning in this most happy flame, she ariseth to the noblest part of her, which is the understanding, and there, no more shadowed with the dark night of earthly matters, seeth the heavenly beauty; but yet doth she not for all that enjoy it altogether perfectly, because she beholdeth it only in her particular understanding, which cannot conceive the passing great universal beauty; whereupon, not thoroughly satisfied with this benefit, love giveth unto the soul a greater happiness. For like as through the particular beauty of one body he guideth her to the universal beauty of all bodies, even so in the last degree of perfection through particular understanding he guideth her to the universal understanding. Thus the soul kindled in the most holy fire of heavenly love fleeth to couple herself with the nature of angels, and not only clean forsaketh sense, but hath no more need of the discourse of reason, for, being changed into an angel, she understandeth all things that may be understood; and without any veil or cloud she seeth the main sea of the pure heavenly beauty, and receiveth it into her, and enjoyeth that sovereign happiness that cannot be comprehended of the senses. Since, therefore, the beauties which we daily see with these our dim eyes in bodies subject to corruption, that nevertheless be nothing else but dreams and most thin shadows of beauty, seem unto us so well-favored and comely that oftentimes they kindle in us a most burning fire, and with such delight that we reckon no happiness may be compared to it that we feel otherwhile through the only look which the beloved countenance of a woman casteth at us; what happy wonder, what blessed abashment, may we reckon that to be that taketh the souls which come to have a sight of the heavenly beauty? What sweet flame, what sweet incense, may a man believe that to be which ariseth of the fountain of the sovereign and right beauty? Which is the origin of all other beauty, which never increaseth nor diminisheth, always beautiful, and of itself, as well on the one part as on the other, most simple, only like itself, and partner of none other, but in such wise beautiful that all other beautiful things be beautiful because they be partners of the beauty of it.

"This is the beauty unseparable from the high bounty which with her voice calleth and draweth to her all things; and not only to the endowed with understanding giveth understanding, to the reasonable reason, to the sensual sense and appetite to live, but also partaketh with plants and stones, as a print of herself, stirring, and the natural provocation of their properties. So much, therefore, is this love greater and happier than others as the cause that stirreth it is more excellent. And therefore, as common fire trieth gold and maketh it fine, so this most holy fire in souls destroyeth and consumeth whatsoever is mortal in them, and relieveth and maketh beautiful the heavenly

part, which at the first by reason of the sense was dead and buried in them. This is the great fire in the which, the poets write, that Hercules was burned on the top of the mountain Oeta, and, through that consuming with fire, after his death was holy and immortal. This is the fiery bush of Moses; the divided tongues of fire; the inflamed chariot of Elias; which doubleth grace and happiness in their souls that be worthy to see it, when they forsake this earthly baseness and flee up into heaven. Let us, therefore, bend all our force and thoughts of soul to this most holy light, which showeth us the way that leadeth to heaven; and after it, putting off the affections we were clad withal at our coming down, let us climb up the stairs which at the lowermost step have the shadow of sensual beauty, to the high mansion place where the heavenly, amiable, and right beauty dwelleth, which lieth hid in the innermost secrets of God, lest unhallowed eyes should come to the sight of it; and there shall we find a most happy end for our desires, true rest for our travails, certain remedy for miseries, a most healthful medicine for sickness, a most sure haven in the troublesome storms of the tempestuous sea of this life.

"What tongue mortal is there then, O most holy love, that can sufficiently praise thy worthiness? Thou most beautiful, most good, most wise, art derived of the unity of heavenly beauty, goodness, and wisdom, and therein dost thou abide, and unto it through it, as in a circle, turnest about. Thou the most sweet bond of the world, a mean betwixt heavenly and earthly things, with a bountiful temper bendest the high virtues to the government of the lower, and turning back the minds of mortal men to their beginning, couplest them with it. Thou with agreement bringest the elements in one, and stirrest nature to bring forth that which ariseth and is born for the succession of the life. Thou bringest severed matters into one, to the unperfect givest perfection, to the unlike likeness, to enmity amity, to the earth fruits, to the sea calmness, to the heaven lively light. Thou art the father of true pleasures, of grace, peace, lowliness, and good will, enemy to rude wildness and sluggishness—to be short, the beginning and end of all goodness. And forsomuch as thou delightest to dwell in the flower of beautiful bodies and beautiful souls, I suppose that thy abiding-place is now here among us, and from above otherwhile showest thyself a little to the eyes and minds of them that be worthy to see thee. Therefore vouchsafe, Lord, to hearken to our prayers, pour thyself into our hearts, and with the brightness of thy most holy fire lighten our darkness, and, like a trusty guide in this blind maze, show us the right way; reform the falsehood of the senses, and after long wandering in vanity give us the right and sound joy. Make us to smell those spiritual savors that relieve the virtues of the understanding, and to hear the heavenly harmonies so tunable that no discord of passion take place any more in us. Make us drunken with the bottomless fountain of contentation that always doth delight and never giveth fill, and that giveth a smack of the right bliss unto whoso drinketh of the running and clear water thereof. Purge with the shining beams of thy light our eyes from misty ignorance, that they may no more set by mortal beauty, and well perceive that the things which at the first they thought themselves to see be not indeed, and those that they saw not to be in effect. Accept our souls that be offered unto thee for a sacrifice. Burn them in the lively flame that wasteth all gross filthiness, that after they be clean sundered from the body they may be coupled with an everlasting and most sweet bond to the heavenly beauty. And we, severed from ourselves, may be changed like right lovers into the beloved, and, after we be drawn from the earth, admitted to the feast of the angels, where, fed with immortal ambrosia and nectar, in the end we may die a most happy and lively death, as in times past died the fathers of old time, whose souls with most fervent zeal of beholding thou didst hale from the body and coupledst them with God."

When Bembo had hitherto spoken with such vehemency that a man would have thought him, as it were, ravished and beside himself, he stood still without once moving, holding his eyes toward heaven as astonied, when the Lady Emilia, which together with the rest gave most diligent ear to this talk, took him by the plait of his garment and plucking him a little, said:

"Take heed, Messer Pietro, that these thoughts make not your soul also to forsake the body."

"Madam," answered Messer Pietro, "it should not be by any mean the first miracle that love hath wrought in me."

Then the Duchess and all the rest began afresh to be instant upon Messer Bembo that he would proceed once more in his talk, and every one thought he felt in his mind, as it were, a certain sparkle of that godly love that pricked him, and they all coveted to hear farther; but Messer Bembo: "My Lords," quoth he, "I have spoken what the holy fury of love hath, unsought for, indited to me; now that, it seemeth, he inspireth me no more, I wot not what to say. And I think verily that love will not have his secrets discovered any farther, nor that the Courtier should pass the degree that his pleasure is I should show him, and therefore it is not perhaps lawful to speak any more in this matter."

"Surely," quoth the Duchess, "if the not young Courtier be such a one that he can follow this way which you have showed him, of right he ought to be satisfied with so great a happiness, and not to envy the younger."

Then the Lord Cesare Gonzaga: "The way," quoth he, "that leadeth to this happiness is so steep, in my mind, that I believe it will be much ado to get to it."

The Lord Gaspar said: "I believe it be hard to get up for men, but unpossible for women."

The Lady Emilia laughed, and said: "If you fall so often to offend us, I promise you you shall be no more forgiven."

The Lord Gaspar answered: "It is no offense to you in saying that women's souls be not so purged from passions as men's be, nor accustomed in beholdings, as Messer Pietro hath said is necessary for them to be that will taste of the heavenly love. Therefore it is not read that ever woman hath had this grace; but many men have had it, as Plato, Socrates, Plotinus, and many other, and a number of our holy fathers, as Saint Francis, in whom a fervent spirit of love imprinted the most holy seal of the five wounds. And nothing but the virtue of love could hale up Saint Paul the Apostle to the sight of those secrets which is not lawful for man to speak of; nor show Saint Stephen the heavens open."

Here answered the Lord Giuliano: "In this point men shall nothing pass women, for Socrates himself doth confess that all the mysteries of love which he knew were oped unto him by a woman, which was Diotima. And the angel that with the fire of love imprinted the five wounds in Saint Francis hath also made some women worthy of the same print in our age. You must remember, moreover, that Saint Mary Magdalen had many faults forgiven her, because she loved much; and perhaps with no less grace than Saint Paul was she many times through angelic love haled up to the third heaven. And many other, as I showed you yesterday more at large, that for love of the name of Christ have not passed upon life, nor feared torments, nor any other kind of death how terrible and cruel ever it were. And they were not, as Messer Pietro will have his Courtier to be, aged, but soft and tender maidens, and in the age when he saith that sensual love ought to be borne withal in men."

The Lord Gaspar began to prepare himself to speak, but the Duchess: "Of this," quoth she, "let Messer Pietro be judge, and the matter shall stand to his verdict, whether women be not as meet for heavenly love as men. But because the plead between you may happen be too long, it shall not be amiss to defer it until tomorrow."

"Nay, tonight," quoth the Lord Cesare Gonzaga.

"And how can it be tonight?" quoth the Duchess.

The Lord Cesare answered: "Because it is day already," and showed her the light that began to enter in at the clefts of the windows. Then every man arose upon his feet with much wonder, because they had not thought that the reasonings had lasted longer than the accustomed wont, saving only that they were begun much later, and with their pleasantness had deceived so the lords' minds that they wist not of the going away of the hours. And not one of them felt any heaviness of sleep in his eyes, the which often happeneth when a man is up after his accustomed hour to go to bed. When the windows then were opened on the side of the palace that hath his prospect

toward the high top of Mount Catri, they saw already risen in the east a fair morning like unto the color of roses, and all stars voided, saving only the sweet governess of the heaven, Venus, which keepeth the bound of the night and the day, from which appeared to blow a sweet blast that, filling the air with a biting cold, began to quicken the tunable notes of the pretty birds among the hushing woods of the hills at hand. Whereupon they all, taking their leave with reverence of the Duchess, departed toward their lodgings without torch, the light of the day sufficing.

And as they were now passing out at the great chamber door, the Lord General turned him to the Duchess and said: "Madam, to take up the variance between the Lord Gaspar and the Lord Giuliano, we will assemble this night with the judge sooner than we did yesterday."

The Lady Emilia answered: "Upon condition that in case my Lord Gaspar will accuse women, and give them, as his wont is, some false report, he will also put us in surety to stand to trial, for I reckon him a wavering starter."

# JOHN FOXE (1516–1587)

## FROM *THE ACTS AND MONUMENTS OF THE CHURCH* ("FOXE'S BOOK OF MARTYRS")

### The Words and Behavior of the Lady Jane [Grey] upon the Scaffold

These are the words that the Lady Jane spake upon the scaffold, at the hour of her death. First, when she mounted upon the scaffold, she said to the people standing thereabout, "Good people, I am come hither to die, and by a law I am condemned to the same. The fact against the queen's highness was unlawful, and the consenting thereunto by me; but, touching the procurement and desire thereof by me, or on my behalf, I do wash my hands thereof in innocency before God and the face of you, good Christian people, this day." And therewith she wrung her hands, wherein she had her book. Then said she, "I pray you all, good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I do look to be saved by no other mean, but only by the mercy of God, in the blood of his only Son Jesus Christ; and I confess that when I did know the word of God I neglected the same, loved myself and the world; and therefore this plague and punishment is happily and worthily happened unto me for my sins; and yet I thank God that of his goodness he hath thus given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers." And then, kneeling down, she turned her to Fecknam, saying, "Shall I say this psalm?" And he said, "Yea." Then said she the psalm of *Miserere mei Deus* in English, in the most devout manner, throughout to the end; and then she stood up, and gave her maiden, Mistress Ellen, her gloves and handkerchief, and her book to Master Bruges. And then she untied her gown, and the hangman pressed upon her to help her off with it; but she, desiring him to let her alone, turned towards her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, and also with her frows, paste, and neckerchief, giving her a fair handkerchief to knit about her eyes.

Then the hangman kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw; which doing, she saw the block. Then she said, "I pray you, despatch me quickly." Then she kneeled down, saying, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?" And the hangman said, "No, madam." Then tied she the handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block she said, "What shall I do? Where is it? Where is it?" One of the standers-by guiding her thereunto she laid her head down upon the block, and then stretched forth her body, and said, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit"; and so finished her life, in the year of our Lord God 1554, the twelfth day of February.

### From the Account of the Life and Martyrdom of John Bradford

From the Tower he came to the King's Bench in Southwark; and after his condemnation, he was sent to the Compter in the Poultry in London; in which two places, for the time he did remain prisoner, he preached twice a day continually, unless sickness hindered him. Where also the sacrament was often administered, and through his means (the keepers so well did bear with him) such resort of good folks was daily to his lecture and to the ministration of the sacrament that commonly his chamber was well nigh filled therewith. Preaching, reading, and praying was all his whole life. He did not eat above one meal a day; which was but very little when he took it; and his continual study was upon his knees. In the midst of dinner he used often to muse with himself, having his hat over his eyes, from whence came commonly plenty of tears

dropping on his trencher. Very gentle he was to man and child, and in so good credit with his keeper that at his desire in an evening (being prisoner in the King's Bench in Southwark) he had license, upon his promise to return again that night, to go into London without any keeper to visit one that was sick, lying by the Still-yard. Neither did he fail his promise, but returned to his prison again, rather preventing his hour than breaking his fidelity; so constant was he in word and in deed.

Of personage he was somewhat tall and slender, spare of body, of a faint sanguine color, with an auburn beard. He slept not commonly above four hours in the night; and in his bed, till sleep came, his book went not out of his hand. His chief recreation was in no gaming or other pastime, but only in honest company and comely talk, wherein he would spend a little time after dinner at the board; and so to prayer and his book again. He counted that hour not well spent wherein he did not some good, either with his pen, study, or in exhorting of others, etc. He was no niggard of his purse, but would liberally participate that he had to his fellow prisoners. And commonly once a week he visited the thieves, pick-purses, and such others that were with him in prison, where he lay on the other side, unto whom he would give godly exhortation to learn the amendment of their lives by their troubles; and, after that so done, distribute among them some portion of money to their comfort.

By the way, this I thought not to conceal. While he was in the King's Bench, and Master Saunders in the Marshalsea, both prisoners, on the backside of those two prisons they met many times, and conferred together when they would; so mercifully did the Lord work for them, even in the midst of their troubles; and the said Bradford was so trusted with his keeper, and had such liberty in the backside, that there was no day but that he might have easily escaped away, if he would; but that the Lord had another work to do for him. In the summer time, while he was in the said King's Bench, he had liberty of his keeper to ride into Oxfordshire, to a merchant's house of his acquaintance, and horse and all things prepared for him for that journey, and the party in readiness that should ride with him. But God prevented him by sickness that he went not at all.

One of his old friends and acquaintance came unto him while he was prisoner and asked him, if he sued to get him out, what then he would do, or whither he would go? Unto whom he made answer, as not caring whether he went out or no; but if he did, he said he would marry, and abide still in England secretly, teaching the people as the time would suffer him, and occupy himself that way. He was had in so great reverence and admiration with all good men that a multitude which never knew him but by fame greatly lamented his death; yea, and a number also of the papists themselves wished heartily his life. There were few days in which he was thought not to spend some tears before he went to bed, neither was there ever any prisoner with him but by his company he greatly profited; as all they will yet witness, and have confessed of him no less, to the glory of God, whose society he frequented; as among many, one special thing I thought to note, which is this:

Bishop Ferrar, being in the King's Bench prisoner, as before you have heard, was travailed withal of the papists in the end of Lent to receive the sacrament at Easter in one kind, who, after much persuading, yielded to them and promised so to do. Then (so it happened by God's providence) the Easter-even, the day before he should have done it, was Bradford brought to the King's Bench prisoner; where the Lord making him his instrument, Bradford only was the mean that the said Bishop Ferrar revoked his promise and word, and would never after yield to be spotted with that papistical pitch; so effectually the Lord wrought by this worthy servant of his. Such an instrument was he in God's church that few or none there were that knew him but esteemed him as a precious jewel and God's true messenger.

The night before Bradford was had to Newgate, which was the Saturday night, he was sore troubled divers times in his sleep by dreams, how the chain for his burning was brought to the Compter gate, and how the next day, being Sunday, he should be had to Newgate, and on the Monday after

burned in Smithfield; as indeed it came to pass accordingly, which hereafter shall be showed. Now he, being vexed so oftentimes in this sort with these dreams, about three of the clock in the morning he waked him that lay with him, and told him his unquiet sleep, and what he was troubled withal. Then, after a little talk, Master Bradford rose out of the bed, and gave himself to his old exercise of reading and prayer, as always he had used before; and at dinner, according to his accustomed manner, he did eat his meat, and was very merry, nobody being with him from morning to night but he that lay with him, with whom he had many times on that day communication of death, of the kingdom of heaven, and of the ripeness of sin in that time.

In the afternoon they two walking together in the keeper's chamber, suddenly the keeper's wife came up, as one half amazed, and seeming much troubled, being almost windless, said, "Oh Master Bradford, I come to bring you heavy news." "What is that?" said he. "Marry," quoth she, "tomorrow you must be burned; and your chain is now a buying, and soon you must go to Newgate." With that Master Bradford put off his cap, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "I thank God for it; I have looked for the same a long time, and therefore it cometh not now to me suddenly, but as a thing waited for every day and hour; the Lord make me worthy thereof!" And so, thanking her for her gentleness, he departed up into his chamber, and called his friend with him, who when he came thither, he went secretly himself alone a long time and prayed; which done, he came again to him that was in his chamber, and took him divers writings and papers, and showed him his mind in those things what he would have done, and after they had spent the afternoon till night in many and sundry such things, at last came to him half a dozen of his friends more, with whom all the evening he spent the time in prayer, and other good exercise, so wonderfully that it was marvelous to hear and see his doings.

A little before he went out of the Compter, he made a notable prayer of his farewell, with such plenty of tears, and abundant spirit of prayer, that it ravished the minds of the hearers. Also when he shifted himself with a clean shirt that was made for his burning (by one Master Walter Marlar's wife, who was a good nurse unto him, and his very good friend), he made such a prayer of the wedding-garment, that some of those that were present were in such great admiration that their eyes were as throughly occupied in looking on him as their ears gave place to hear his prayer. At his departing out of the chamber, he made likewise a prayer, and gave money to every servant and officer of the house, with exhortation to them to fear and serve God, continually laboring to eschew all manner of evil. That done, he turned him to the wall and prayed vehemently that his words might not be spoken in vain, but that the Lord would work the same in them effectually, for his Christ's sake. Then being beneath in the court, all the prisoners cried out to him and bade him farewell, as the rest of the house had done before, with weeping tears.

. . . . . .

First, when they came to the stake in Smithfield to be burned, Master Bradford lying prostrate on the one side of the stake and the young man John Leaf on the other side, they lay flat on their faces, praying to themselves the space of a minute of an hour. Then one of the sheriffs said to Master Bradford, "Arise, and make an end; for the press of the people is great."

At that word they both stood up upon their feet, and then Master Bradford took a faggot in his hand and kissed it, and so likewise the stake. And when he had so done, he desired of the sheriffs that his servant might have his raiment; "for," said he, "I have nothing else to give him; and besides that, he is a poor man." And the sheriff said he should have it. And so forthwith Master Bradford did put off his raiment, and went to the stake; and, holding up his hands and casting his countenance up to heaven, he said thus, "O England, England, repent thee of thy sins, beware of false antichrists; take heed they do not deceive you." And as he was speaking these words, the sheriff bade tie his hands if he would not be quiet. "O Master sheriff," said Master Bradford, "I am quiet. God forgive you this, Master sheriff." And one

of the officers which made the fire, hearing Master Bradford so speaking to the sheriff, said, "If you have no better learning than that, you are but a fool and were best hold your peace." To the which words Master Bradford gave no answer; but asked all the world forgiveness, and forgave all the world, and prayed the people to pray for him; and turned his head unto the young man that suffered with him, and said, "Be of good comfort, brother; for we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night." And so spake no more words that any man did hear, but, embracing the reeds, said thus: "Strait is the way and narrow is the gate that leadeth to eternal salvation, and few there be that find it."

And thus they both ended their mortal lives, most like two lambs, without any alteration of their countenance, being void of all fear, hoping to obtain the price of the game that they had long run at; to the which I beseech Almighty God happily to conduct us, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior. Amen.

### The Behavior of Dr. Ridley and Master Latimer, at the Time of Their Death, which was the Sixteenth of October, 1555

Upon the north side of the town, in the ditch over against Baliol College, the place of execution was appointed; and for fear of any tumult that might arise, to let the burning of them, the Lord Williams was commanded by the queen's letters, and the householders of the city, to be there assistant, sufficiently appointed. And when everything was in a readiness, the prisoners were brought forth by the mayor and the bailiffs.

Master Ridley had a fair black gown furred, and faced with foins, such as he was wont to wear being bishop, and a tippet of velvet furred likewise about his neck, a velvet night-cap upon his head, and a corner cap upon the same, going in a pair of slippers to the stake, and going between the mayor and an alderman, etc. After him came Master Latimer in a poor Bristol frieze frock all worn, with his buttoned cap, and a kerchief on his head all ready to the fire, a new long shroud hanging over his hose down to the feet; which at the first sight stirred men's hearts to rue upon them, beholding on the one side the honor they sometime had, and on the other, the calamity whereunto they were fallen.

Master Doctor Ridley, as he passed toward Bocardo, looked up where Master Cranmer did lie, hoping belike to have seen him at the glass window and to have spoken unto him. But then Master Cranmer was busy with Friar Soto and his fellows, disputing together, so that he could not see him through that occasion. Then Master Ridley, looking back, espied Master Latimer coming after, unto whom he said, "Oh, be ye there?" "Yea," said Master Latimer, "have after as fast as I can follow." So he following a pretty way off, at length they came both to the stake, the one after the other, where first Dr. Ridley entering the place, marvelous earnestly holding up both his hands, looked towards heaven. Then shortly after espying Master Latimer, with a wondrous cheerful look he ran to him, embraced, and kissed him; and, as they that stood near reported, comforted him saying, "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it." With that went he to the stake, kneeled down by it, kissed it, and most effectuously prayed, and behind him Master Latimer kneeled, as earnestly calling upon God as he. After they arose, the one talked with the other a little while, till they which were appointed to see the execution removed themselves out of the sun. What they said I can learn of no man.

Then Dr. Smith, of whose recantation in King Edward's time ye heard before, began his sermon to them upon this text of St. Paul in the 13 chap. of the first epistle to the Corinthians: "Si corpus meum tradam igni, charitatem autem non habeam, nihil inde utilitatis capio," that is, "If I yield my body to the fire to be burned and have not charity, I shall gain nothing thereby." Wherein he alleged that the goodness of the cause, and not the order of death, maketh the holiness of the person; which he confirmed by the examples of Judas, and of a woman in Oxford that of late hanged herself, for that they, and such like as he recited, might then be adjudged righteous, which desperately sundered their lives from their

bodies, as he feared that those men that stood before him would do. But he cried still to the people to beware of them, for they were heretics, and died out of the church. And on the other side, he declared their diversities in opinions, as Lutherans, Oecolampadians, Zuinglians, of which sect they were, he said, and that was the worst; but the old church of Christ and the catholic faith believed far otherwise. At which place they lifted up both their hands and eyes to heaven, as it were calling God to witness of the truth; the which countenance they made in many other places of his sermon, whereas they thought he spake amiss. He ended with a very short exhortation to them to recant, and come home again to the church, and save their lives and souls, which else were condemned. His sermon was scant in all a quarter of an hour.

Doctor Ridley said to Master Latimer, "Will you begin to answer the sermon, or shall I?" Master Latimer said: "Begin you first, I pray you." "I will," said Master Ridley.

Then the wicked sermon being ended, Dr. Ridley and Master Latimer kneeled down upon their knees towards my Lord Williams of Tame, the vice-chancellor of Oxford, and divers other commissioners appointed for that purpose, who sat upon a form thereby. Unto whom Master Ridley said: "I beseech you, my lord, even for Christ's sake, that I may speak but two or three words." And whilst my lord bent his head to the mayor and vice-chancellor, to know (as it appeared) whether he might give him leave to speak, the bailiffs and Dr. Marshall, vice-chancellor, ran hastily unto him, and with their hands stopped his mouth, and said: "Master Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions, and recant the same, you shall not only have liberty so to do, but also the benefit of a subject; that is, have your life." "Not otherwise?" said Master Ridley. "No," quoth Dr. Marshall. "Therefore if you will not so do, then there is no remedy but you must suffer for your deserts." "Well," quoth Master Ridley, "so long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ, and his known truth; God's will be done in me!" And with that he rose up and said with a loud voice: "Well then, I commit our cause to almighty God, which shall indifferently judge all." To whose saying, Master Latimer added his old posy, "Well! There is nothing hid but it shall be opened." And he said he could answer Smith well enough, if he might be suffered.

Incontinently they were commanded to make them ready, which they with all meekness obeyed. Master Ridley took his gown and his tippet, and gave it to his brother-in-law Master Shipside, who all his time of imprisonment, although he might not be suffered to come to him, lay there at his own charges to provide him necessaries, which from time to time he sent him by the sergeant that kept him. Some other of his apparel that was little worth, he gave away; other the bailiffs took. He gave away besides divers other small things to gentlemen standing by, and divers of them pitifully weeping, as to Sir Henry Lea he gave a new groat; and to divers of my Lord Williams' gentlemen some napkins, some nutmegs, and rases of ginger; his dial, and such other things as he had about him, to every one that stood next him. Some plucked the points of his hose. Happy was he that might get any rag of him. Master Latimer gave nothing, but very quickly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose and his other array, which to look unto was very simple; and being stripped into his shroud, he seemed as comely a person to them that were there present as one should lightly see; and whereas in his clothes he appeared a withered and crooked silly old man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold.

Then Master Ridley, standing as yet in his truss, said to his brother: "It were best for me to go in my truss still." "No," quoth his brother, "it will put you to more pain; and the truss will do a poor man good." Whereunto Master Ridley said: "Be it, in the name of God"; and so unlaced himself. Then being in his shirt, he stood upon the foresaid stone, and held up his hand and said: "O heavenly Father, I give unto thee most hearty thanks, for that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee, even unto death. I beseech thee, Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies."

Then the smith took a chain of iron, and brought the same about both Dr. Ridley's

and Master Latimer's middles; and as he was knocking in a staple, Dr. Ridley took the chain in his hand, and shaked the same, for it did gird in his belly, and looking aside to the smith, said: "Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh will have his course." Then his brother did bring him gunpowder in a bag, and would have tied the same about his neck. Master Ridley asked what it was. His brother said, "Gunpowder." "Then," said he, "I take it to be sent of God; therefore I will receive it as sent of him. And have you any," said he, "for my brother?" meaning Master Latimer. "Yea, sir, that I have," quoth his brother. "Then give it unto him," said he, "betime; lest ye come too late." So his brother went, and carried of the same gunpowder unto Master Latimer.

In the mean time Dr. Ridley spake unto my Lord Williams, and said: "My lord, I must be a suitor unto your lordship in the behalf of divers poor men, and specially in the cause of my poor sister; I have made a supplication to the Queen's Majesty in their behalfs. I beseech your lordship for Christ's sake, to be a mean to her Grace for them. My brother here hath the supplication, and will resort to your lordship to certify you hereof. There is nothing in all the world that troubleth my conscience, I praise God, this only excepted. Whiles I was in the see of London divers poor men took leases of me, and agreed with me for the same. Now I hear say the bishop that now occupieth the same room will not allow my grants unto them made, but contrary unto all law and conscience hath taken from them their livings, and will not suffer them to enjoy the same. I beseech you, my lord, be a mean for them; you shall do a good deed, and God will reward you."

Then they brought a faggot, kindled with fire, and laid the same down at Dr. Ridley's feet. To whom Master Latimer spake in this manner: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

And so the fire being given unto them, when Dr. Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a wonderful loud voice: "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum; Domine, recipe spiritum meum." And after, repeated this latter part often in English, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit"; Master Latimer crying as vehemently on the other side, "O Father of heaven, receive my soul!" who received the flame as it were embracing of it. After that he had stroked his face with his hands, and as it were bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died (as it appeared) with very little pain or none. And thus much concerning the end of this old and blessed servant of God, Master Latimer, for whose laborious travails, fruitful life, and constant death the whole realm hath cause to give great thanks to almighty God.

But Master Ridley, by reason of the evil making of the fire unto him, because the wooden faggots were laid about the gorse and over-high built, the fire burned first beneath, being kept down by the wood; which when he felt, he desired them for Christ's sake to let the fire come unto him. Which when his brother-in-law heard, but not well understood, intending to rid him out of his pain (for the which cause he gave attendance), as one in such sorrow not well advised what he did, heaped faggots upon him, so that he clean covered him, which made the fire more vehement beneath, that it burned clean all his nether parts, before it once touched the upper; and that made him leap up and down under the faggots, and often desire them to let the fire come unto him, saying, "I cannot burn." Which indeed appeared well; for, after his legs were consumed by reason of his struggling through the pain (whereof he had no release, but only his contentation in God), he showed that side toward us clean, shirt and all untouched with flame. Yet in all this torment he forgat not to call unto God still, having in his mouth, "Lord have mercy upon me," intermingling this cry, "Let the fire come unto me, I cannot burn." In which pains he labored till one of the standers-by with his bill pulled off the faggots above, and where he saw the fire flame up, he wrested himself unto that side. And when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was seen to stir no more, but burned on the other side, falling down at Master Latimer's feet. Which some said happened by reason that the chain loosed; other said that he fell over the chain by reason of the poise of his body and the weakness of the nether limbs.

Some said that before he was like to fall from the stake, he desired them to hold him to it with their bills. However it was, surely it moved hundreds to tears, in beholding the horrible sight; for I think there was none that had not clean exiled all humanity and mercy which would not have lamented to behold the fury of the fire so to rage upon their bodies. Signs there were of sorrow on every side. Some took it grievously to see their deaths, whose lives they held full dear; some pitied their persons, that thought their souls had no need thereof. His brother moved many men, seeing his miserable case, seeing (I say) him compelled to such infelicity, that he thought then to do him best service when he hastened his end. Some cried out of the luck, to see his endeavor (who most dearly loved him, and sought his release) turn to his greater vexation and increase of pain. But whoso considered their preferments in time past, the places of honor that they some time occupied in this commonwealth, the favor they were in with their princes, and the opinion of learning they had in the university where they studied, could not choose but sorrow with tears to see so great dignity, honor, and estimation, so necessary members sometime accounted, so many godly virtues, the study of so many years, such excellent learning, to be put into the fire and consumed in one moment. Well! dead they are, and the reward of this world they have already. What reward remaineth for them in heaven, the day of the Lord's glory, when he cometh with his saints, shall shortly, I trust, declare.

# ROGER ASCHAM (1515–1568)

## FROM *TOXOPHILUS, THE SCHOOL OF SHOOTING*

### Preface: to all Gentlemen and Yeomen of England

Bias the wise man came to Croesus the rich king, on a time when he was making new ships, purposing to have subdued by water the out-isles lying betwixt Greece and Asia Minor. "What news now in Greece?" saith the King to Bias. "None other news but these," saith Bias, "that the isles of Greece have prepared a wonderful company of horsemen to over-run Lydia withal." "There is nothing under heaven," saith the King, "that I would so soon wish as that they durst be so bold to meet us on the land with horse." "And think you," saith Bias, "that there is any thing which they would sooner wish than that you should be so fond to meet them on the water with ships?" And so Croesus, hearing not the true news, but perceiving the wise man's mind and counsel, both gave then over making of his ships, and left also behind him a wonderful example for all commonwealths to follow: that is, evermore to regard and set most by that thing whereunto nature hath made them most apt, and use hath made them most fit.

By this matter I mean the shooting in the long bow, for Englishmen; which thing with all my heart I do wish, and if I were of authority, I would counsel all the gentlemen and yeomen of England not to change it with any other thing, how good soever it seem to be; but that still, according to the old wont of England, youth should use it for the most honest pastime in peace, that men might handle it as a most sure weapon in war. Other strong weapons, which both experience doth prove to be good, and the wisdom of the King's Majesty and his counsel provides to be had, are not ordained to take away shooting; but that both, not compared together whether should be better than the other, but so joined together that the one should be always an aid and help for the other, might so strengthen the realm on all sides that no kind of enemy, in any kind of weapon, might pass and go beyond us.

For this purpose I, partly provoked by the counsel of some gentlemen, partly moved by the love which I have always borne toward shooting, have written this little treatise; wherein, if I have not satisfied any man, I trust he will the rather be content with my doing, because I am (I suppose) the first which hath said anything in this matter (and few beginnings be perfect, saith wise men); and also because, if I have said amiss, I am content that any man amend it: or, if I have said too little, any man that will to add what him pleaseth to it.

My mind is, in profiting and pleasing every man, to hurt or displease no man, intending none other purpose but that youth might be stirred to labor, honest pastime, and virtue, and, as much as lieth in me, plucked from idleness, unthrifty games, and vice; which thing I have labored only in this book, showing how fit shooting is for all kinds of men; how honest a pastime for the mind; how wholesome an exercise for the body; not vile for great men to use, not costly for poor men to sustain, not lurking in holes and corners for ill men at their pleasure to misuse it, but abiding in the open sight and face of the world, for good men, if it fault, by their wisdom to correct it.

And here I would desire all gentlemen and yeomen to use this pastime in such a mean that the outrageousness of great gaming should not hurt the honesty of shooting, which of his own nature is always joined with honesty; yet for men's faults oftentimes blamed unworthily, as all good things have been, and evermore shall be.

If any man would blame me, either for taking such a matter in hand, or else for

writing it in the English tongue, this answer I may make him, that when the best of the realm think it honest for them to use, I, one of the meanest sort, ought not to suppose it vile for me to write; and though to have written it in another tongue had been both more profitable for my study, and also more honest for my name, yet I can think my labor well bestowed, if with a little hinderance of my profit and name may come any furtherance to the pleasure or commodity of the gentlemen and yeomen of England, for whose sake I took this matter in hand. And as for the Latin or Greek tongue, everything is so excellently done in them that none can do better; in the English tongue, contrary, everything in a manner so meanly both for the matter and handling that no man can do worse. For therein the least learned, for the most part, have been always most ready to write. And they which had least hope in Latin have been most bold in English; when surely every man that is most ready to talk is not most able to write. He that will write well in any tongue must follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do; and so should every man understand him, and the judgment of wise men allow him. Many English writers have not done so, but using strange words, as Latin, French, and Italian, do make all things dark and hard. Once I communed with a man which reasoned the English tongue to be enriched and increased thereby, saying, "Who will not praise that feast where a man shall drink at a dinner both wine, ale, and beer?" "Truly," quoth I, "they be all good, every one taken by himself alone, but if you put malmsey and sack, red wine and white, ale and beer, and all in one pot, you shall make a drink neither easy to be known nor yet wholesome for the body." Cicero, in following Isocrates, Plato, and Demosthenes, increased the Latin tongue after another sort. This way because divers men that write do not know, they can neither follow it, because of their ignorance, nor yet will praise it, for very arrogancy, two faults seldom the one out of the other's company.

English writers by diversity of time have taken divers matters in hand. In our fathers' time nothing was read but books of feigned chivalry, wherein a man by reading should be led to none other end but only to manslaughter and bawdry. If any man suppose they were good enough to pass the time withal, he is deceived. For surely vain words do work no small thing in vain, ignorant, and young minds, specially if they be given any thing thereunto of their own nature. These books (as I have heard say) were made the most part in abbeys and monasteries—a very likely and fit fruit of such an idle and blind kind of living. In our time now, when every man is given to know much rather than to live well, very many do write, but after such a fashion as very many do shoot. Some shooters take in hand stronger bows than they be able to maintain. This thing maketh them sometime to outshoot the mark, sometime to shoot far wide, and perchance hurt some that look on. Other that never learned to shoot nor yet knoweth good shaft nor bow, will be as busy as the best, but such one commonly plucketh down a side, and crafty archers which be against him will be both glad of him, and also ever ready to lay and bet with him; it were better for such one to sit down than shoot. Other there be, which have very good bow and shafts, and good knowledge in shooting, but they have been brought up in such evil favoured shooting that they can neither shoot fair nor yet near. If any man will apply these things together, he shall not see the one far differ from the other. And I also, amongst all other, in writing this little treatise have followed some young shooters, which both will begin to shoot, for a little money, and also will use to shoot once or twice about the mark for naught, afore they begin a-good. And therefore did I take this little matter in hand, to assay myself, and hereafter, by the grace of God, if the judgment of wise men, that look on, think that I can do any good, I may perchance cast my shaft among other, for better game. Yet in writing this book, some man will marvel perchance, why that I, being an unperfect shooter, should take in hand to write of making a perfect archer; the same men, peradventure, will marvel how a whetstone, which is blunt, can make the edge of a knife sharp. I would the same man should consider also that in going about any matter there be four things to be considered, doing,

saying, thinking, and perfectness. First, there is no man that doth so well but he can say better, or else some men, which be now stark naught, should be too good; again, no man can utter with his tongue so well as he is able to imagine with his mind, and yet perfectness itself is far above all thinking; then, seeing that saying is one step nearer perfectness than doing, let every man leave marveling why my word shall rather express, than my deed shall perform, perfect shooting.

I trust no man will be offended with this little book, except it be some fletchers and bowyers, thinking hereby that many that love shooting shall be taught to refuse such naughty wares as they would utter. Honest fletchers and bowyers do not so, and they that be unhonest ought rather to amend themselves for doing ill than be angry with me for saying well. A fletcher hath even as good a quarrel to be angry with an archer that refuseth an ill shaft as a bladesmith hath to a fletcher that forsaketh to buy of him a naughty knife; for as an archer must be content that a fletcher know a good shaft in every point for the perfecter making of it; so an honest fletcher will also be content that a shooter know a good shaft in every point for the perfecter using of it; because the one knoweth like a fletcher how to make it, the other knoweth like an archer how to use it. And seeing the knowledge is one in them both, yet the end divers, surely that fletcher is an enemy to archers and artillery which cannot be content that an archer know a shaft as well for his use in shooting as he himself should know a shaft for his advantage in selling. And the rather, because shafts be not made so much to be sold, but chiefly to be used. And seeing that use and occupying is the end why a shaft is made, the making, as it were, a mean for occupying, surely the knowledge in every point of a good shaft is more to be required in a shooter than a fletcher.

Yet, as I said before, no honest fletcher will be angry with me, seeing I do not teach how to make a shaft, which belongeth only to a good fletcher, but to know and handle a shaft, which belongeth to an archer. And this little book, I trust, shall please and profit both parties; for good bows and shafts shall be better known to the commodity of all shooters, and good shooting may, perchance, be the more occupied to the profit of all bowyers and fletchers. And thus I pray God that all fletchers getting their living truly, and all archers using shooting honestly, and all manner of men that favor artillery, may live continually in health and merriness, obeying their prince as they should, and loving God as they ought; to whom, for all things, be all honor and glory for ever. Amen.

## From the First Book

I wish from the bottom of my heart that the laudable custom of England to teach children their plain-song and prick-song were not so decayed throughout all the realm as it is. Which thing how profitable it was for all sorts of men, those knew not so well then which had it most as they do now which lack it most. And therefore it is true that Teucer saith in Sophocles:

"Seldom at all good things be known how good to be
Before a man such things do miss out of his hands."

That milk is no fitter nor more natural for the bringing up of children than music is, both Galen proveth by authority, and daily use teacheth by experience. For even the little babes lacking the use of reason are scarce so well stilled in sucking their mother's pap as in hearing their mother sing. Again, how fit youth is made by learning to sing, for grammar and other sciences, both we daily do see, and Plutarch learnedly doth prove, and Plato wisely did allow, which received no scholar into his school that had not learned his song before. The godly use of praising God by singing in the church needeth not my praise, seeing it is so praised through all the scripture; therefore now I will speak nothing of it, rather than I should speak too little of it.

Beside all these commodities, truly two degrees of men, which have the highest offices under the king in all this realm, shall greatly lack the use of singing, preachers and lawyers, because they shall not without this be able to rule their breasts for every purpose. For where is no distinction in telling glad things and fearful things, gentleness and cruelness, softness and vehementness,

and such-like matters, there can be no great persuasion. For the hearers, as Tully saith, be much affectioned as he is that speaketh. At his words be they drawn; if he stand still in one fashion, their minds stand still with him; if he thunder, they quake; if he chide, they fear; if he complain, they sorry with him; and finally, where a matter is spoken with an apt voice for every affection, the hearers, for the most part, are moved as the speaker would. But when a man is alway in one tune, like an humble bee, or else now in the top of the church, now down, that no man knoweth where to have him; or piping like a reed, or roaring like a bull, as some lawyers do, which think they do best when they cry loudest, these shall never greatly move, as I have known many well-learned have done, because their voice was not stayed afore with learning to sing. For all voices, great and small, base and shrill, weak or soft, may be holpen and brought to a good point by learning to sing.

Whether this be true or not they that stand most in need can tell best; whereof some I have known which, because they learned not to sing when they were boys, were fain to take pain in it when they were men. If any man should hear me, Toxophile, that would think I did but fondly to suppose that a voice were so necessary to be looked upon, I would ask him if he thought not Nature a fool for making such goodly instruments in a man for well uttering his words; or else if the two noble orators, Demosthenes and Cicero, were not fools, whereof the one did not only learn to sing of a man but also was not ashamed to learn how he should utter his sounds aptly of a dog; the other setteth out no point of rhetoric so fully in all his books as how a man should order his voice for all kind of matters.

Therefore seeing men by speaking differ and be better than beasts, by speaking well better than other men, and that singing is an help toward the same, as daily experience doth teach, example of wise men doth allow, authority of learned men doth approve, wherewith the foundation of youth in all good commonwealths always hath been tempered; surely if I were one of the Parliament-house, I would not fail to put up a bill for the amendment of this thing; but because I am like to be none this year I will speak no more of it at this time.

. . . . . .

All Englishmen, generally, be apt for shooting; and how? Like as that ground is plentiful and fruitful which without any tilling bringeth out corn; as, for example, if a man should go to the mill or market with corn, and happen to spill some in the way, yet it would take root and grow, because the soil is so good; so England may be thought very fruitful, and apt to bring out shooters, where children, even from the cradle, love it, and young men, without any teaching, so diligently use it. Again, likewise as a good ground, well tilled and well husbanded, bringeth out great plenty of big-eared corn, and good to the fall; so if the youth of England, being apt of itself to shoot, were taught and learned how to shoot, the archers of England should not be only a great deal ranker, and more than they be; but also a good deal bigger and stronger archers than they be. This commodity should follow also, if the youth of England were taught to shoot, that even as ploughing of a good ground for wheat doth not only make it meet for the seed but also riveth and pluckeeth up by the roots all thistles, brambles, and weeds, which grow of their own accord, to the destruction of both corn and ground; even so should the teaching of youth to shoot not only make them shoot well but also pluck away by the roots all other desire to naughty pastimes, as dicing, carding, and bowling, which without any teaching are used everywhere, to the great harm of all youth of this realm. And likewise as burning of thistles and diligent weeding them out of the corn doth not half so much rid them, as when the ground is fallowed and tilled for good grain, as I have heard many a good husbandman say; even so neither hot punishment nor yet diligent searching out of such unthriftiness by the officers shall so thoroughly weed these ungracious games out of the realm as occupying and bringing up youth in shooting and other honest pastime. Thirdly, as a ground which is apt for corn, and also well tilled for corn, yet if a man let it lie still and do not occupy it three or four year, but will sow it, if it be wheat, saith Columella, it will turn into rye; so if a man

be never so apt to shoot, nor never so well taught in his youth to shoot, yet if he give it over and not use to shoot, truly when he shall be either compelled in war time for his country sake or else provoked at home for his pleasure sake, to fall to his bow, he shall become, of a fair archer, a stark squirter and dribber. Therefore, in shooting, as in all other things, there can neither be many in number nor excellent in deed except these three things, aptness, knowledge, and use, go together.

### From the Second Book

I will go forward in describing the weather as concerning shooting; and, as I told you before, in the whole year, spring-time, summer, fall of the leaf, and winter, and in one day, morning, noon-time, afternoon, and eventide, altereth the course of the weather, the pith of the bow, the strength of the man. And in every one of these times the weather altereth; as sometime windy, sometime calm, sometime cloudy, sometime clear, sometime hot, sometime cold, the wind sometime moisty and thick, sometime dry and smooth. A little wind in a moisty day stoppeth a shaft more than a good whisking wind in a clear day. Yea, and I have seen when there hath been no wind at all, the air so misty and thick that both the marks have been wonderful great. And once, when the plague was in Cambridge, the down wind twelve score mark for the space of three weeks was thirteen score and an half, and into the wind, being not very great, a great deal above fourteen score.

The wind is sometime plain up and down, which is commonly most certain and requireth least knowledge, wherein a mean shooter, with mean gear, if he can shoot home may make best shift. A side wind trieth an archer and good gear very much. Sometime it bloweth aloft, sometime hard by the ground; sometime it bloweth by blasts, and sometime it continueth all in one; sometime full side wind, sometime quarter with him, and more; and likewise against him, as a man with casting up light grass, or else if he take good heed, shall sensibly learn by experience. To see the wind with a man his eyes it is unpossible, the nature of it is so fine and subtile; yet this experience of the wind had I once myself, and that was in the great snow that fell four years ago. I rode in the highway betwixt Topcliff-upon-Swale and Boroughbridge, the way being somewhat trodden before by way-faring men; the fields on both sides were plain, and lay almost yard-deep with snow; the night afore had been a little frost, so that the snow was hard and crusted above; that morning the sun shone bright and clear, the wind was whistling aloft, and sharp, according to the time of the year; the snow in the high way lay loose and trodden with horses' feet; so as the wind blew it took the loose snow with it, and made it so slide upon the snow in the field, which was hard and crusted by reason of the frost over night, that thereby I might see very well the whole nature of the wind as it blew that day. And I had a great delight and pleasure to mark it, which maketh me now far better to remember it. Sometime the wind would be not past two yards broad, and so it would carry the snow as far as I could see. Another time the snow would blow over half the field at once. Sometime the snow would tumble softly; by and by it would fly wonderful fast. And this I perceived also, that the wind goeth by streams, and not whole together. For I should see one stream within a score on me; then the space of two score, no snow would stir; but, after so much quantity of ground, another stream of snow, at the same very time, should be carried likewise, but not equally, for the one would stand still when the other flew apace and so continue, sometime swiftlier, sometime slowlier, sometime broader, sometime narrower, as far as I could see. Nor it flew not straight, but sometime it crooked this way, sometime that way, and sometime it ran round about in a compass. And sometime the snow would be lift clean from the ground up to the air, and by and by it would be all clapt to the ground, as though there had been no wind at all, straightway it would rise and fly again. And that which was the most marvel of all, at one time two drifts of snow flew, the one out of the west into the east, the other out of the north into the east. And I saw two winds, by reason of the snow, the one cross over the other, as it had been two highways. And, again, I should hear the wind blow in the air when nothing was stirred at the ground. And

when all was still where I rode, not very far from me the snow should be lifted wonderfully. This experience made me more marvel at the nature of the wind than it made me cunning in the knowledge of the wind; but yet thereby I learned perfectly that it is no marvel at all though men in a wind leese their length in shooting, seeing so many ways the wind is so variable in blowing.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER

### A Preface to the Reader

When the great plague was at London, the year 1563, the Queen's Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, lay at her castle of Windsor; where, upon the tenth day of December, it fortuned that in Sir William Cecil's chamber, her highness's principal secretary, there dined together these personages: Mr. Secretary himself, Sir William Peter, Sir J. Mason, D. Wotton, Sir Richard Sackville, treasurer of the exchequer, Sir Walter Mildmay, chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Haddon, master of requests, Mr. John Astley, master of the jewel-house, Mr. Bernard Hampton, Mr. Nicasius, and I. Of which number the most part were of her Majesty's most honorable Privy Council, and the rest serving her in very good place. I was glad then, and do rejoice yet to remember, that my chance was so happy to be there that day in the company of so many wise and good men together as hardly then could have been picked out again out of all England beside.

Mr. Secretary hath his accustomed manner; though his head be never so full of most weighty affairs of the realm, yet at dinner-time he doth seem to lay them always aside; and findeth ever fit occasion to talk pleasantly of other matters, but most gladly of some matter of learning, wherein he will courteously hear the mind of the meanest at his table.

Not long after our sitting down, "I have strange news brought me," saith Mr. Secretary, "this morning, that divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school for fear of beating." Whereupon, Mr. Secretary took occasion to wish that some more discretion were in many schoolmasters, in using correction, than commonly there is; who many times punish rather the weakness of nature than the fault of the scholar; whereby many scholars, that might else prove well, be driven to hate learning before they know what learning meaneth; and so are made willing to forsake their book, and be glad to be put to any other kind of living.

Mr. Peter, as one somewhat severe of nature, said plainly that the rod only was the sword that must keep the school in obedience and the scholar in good order. Mr. Wotton, a man mild of nature, with soft voice and few words, inclined to Mr. Secretary's judgment, and said, "In mine opinion, the school-house should be in deed, as it is called by name, the house of play and pleasure and not of fear and bondage; and, as I do remember, so saith Socrates in one place of Plato. And therefore, if a rod carry the fear of a sword, it is no marvel if those that be fearful of nature choose rather to forsake the play than to stand always within the fear of a sword in a fond man's handling."

Mr. Mason, after his manner, was very merry with both parties, pleasantly playing both with the shrewd touches of many curst boys and with the small discretion of many lewd schoolmasters. Mr. Haddon was fully of Mr. Peter's opinion, and said, that the best schoolmaster of our time was the greatest beater, and named the person. "Though," quoth I, "it was his good fortune to send from his school unto the university one of the best scholars indeed of all our time, yet wise men do think that that came so to pass rather by the great towardness of the scholar than by the great beating of the master; and whether this be true or no, you yourself are best witness." I said somewhat farther in the matter, how and why young children were sooner allured by love than driven by beating to attain good learning; wherein I was the bolder to say my mind because Mr. Secretary courteously provoked me thereunto; or else in such a company, and namely in his presence, my wont is to be more willing to use mine ears than to occupy my tongue.

Sir Walter Mildmay, Mr. Astley, and the rest, said very little; only Sir Richard Sackville said nothing at all. After dinner I went up to read with the Queen's Majesty. We read then together in the Greek tongue, as I well remember, that noble oration of Demosthenes against Aeschines, for his false dealing in his embassage to king Philip

of Macedonia. Sir Richard Sackville came up soon after, and finding me in her Majesty's privy-chamber he took me by the hand and carrying me to a window said: "Mr. Ascham, I would not for a good deal of money have been this day absent from dinner. Where, though I said nothing, yet I gave as good ear, and do consider as well the talk that passed, as any one did there. Mr. Secretary said very wisely, and most truly, that many young wits be driven to hate learning before they know what learning is. I can be good witness to this myself; for a fond schoolmaster, before I was fully fourteen years old, drave me so with fear of beating from all love of learning, as now, when I know what difference it is to have learning and to have little or none at all, I feel it my greatest grief and find it my greatest hurt that ever came to me that it was my so ill chance to light upon so lewd a schoolmaster. But seeing it is but in vain to lament things past, and also wisdom to look to things to come, surely, God willing, if God lend me life, I will make this my mishap some occasion of good hap to little Robert Sackville, my son's son. For whose bringing up I would gladly, if it so please you, use specially your good advice. I hear say you have a son much of his age; we will thus deal together: point you out a schoolmaster who by your order shall teach my son and yours, and for all the rest I will provide, yea though they three do cost me a couple of hundred pounds by year; and beside, you shall find me as fast a friend to you and yours as perchance any you have." Which promise the worthy gentleman surely kept with me until his dying day.

We had then farther talk together of bringing up of children, of the nature of quick and hard wits, of the right choice of a good wit, of fear and love in teaching children. We passed from children and came to young men, namely gentlemen; we talked of their too much liberty to live as they lust; of their letting loose too soon to overmuch experience of ill, contrary to the good order of many good old commonwealths of the Persians and Greeks; of wit gathered, and good fortune gotten by some, only by experience without learning. And, lastly, he required of me very earnestly to show what I thought of the common going of Englishmen into Italy. "But," saith he, "because this place and this time will not suffer so long talk as these good matters require, therefore I pray you, at my request, and at your leisure, put in some order of writing the chief points of this our talk, concerning the right order of teaching, and honesty of living, for the good bringing up of children and young men; and surely, beside contenting me, you shall both please and profit very many others." I made some excuse by lack of ability and weakness of body. "Well," saith he, "I am not now to learn what you can do; our dear friend, good Mr. Goodricke, whose judgment I could well believe, did once for all satisfy me fully therein. Again, I heard you say, not long ago, that you may thank Sir John Cheke for all the learning you have; and I know very well myself that you did teach the queen. And therefore, seeing God did so bless you, to make you the scholar of the best master, and also the schoolmaster of the best scholar, that ever were in our time, surely you should please God, benefit your country, and honest your own name, if you would take the pains to impart to others what you learned of such a master, and how ye taught such a scholar. And in uttering the stuff ye received of the one, in declaring the order ye took with the other, ye shall never lack neither matter nor manner, what to write nor how to write, in this kind of argument."

I beginning some farther excuse suddenly was called to come to the queen. The night following I slept little, my head was so full of this our former talk and I so mindful somewhat to satisfy the honest request of so dear a friend. I thought to prepare some little treatise for a new-year's gift that Christmas; but, as it chanceth to busy builders, so, in building this my poor schoolhouse (the rather because the form of it is somewhat new, and differing from others), the work rose daily higher and wider than I thought it would at the beginning.

And though it appear now, and be in very deed, but a small cottage, poor for the stuff and rude for the workmanship; yet in going forward I found the site so good as I was loth to give it over; but the making so costly, outreaching my ability, as many times I wished that some one of those three, my dear friends, with full purses, Sir Thomas

Smith, Mr. Haddon, or Mr. Watson, had had the doing of it. Yet, nevertheless, I myself spending gladly that little that I got at home by good Sir John Cheke, and that that I borrowed abroad of my friend Sturmius, beside somewhat that was left me in reversion by my old masters, Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, I have at last patched it up, as I could, and as you see. If the matter be mean, and meanly handled, I pray you bear both with me and it; for never work went up in worse weather, with more lets and stops, than this poor school-house of mine. Westminster Hall can bear some witness, beside much weakness of body, but more trouble of mind, by some such sores as grieve me to touch them myself and therefore I purpose not to open them to others. And in the midst of outward injuries and inward cares, to increase them withal, good Sir Richard Sackville dieth, that worthy gentleman; that earnest favorer and furtherer of God's true religion; that faithful servitor to his prince and country; a lover of learning and all learned men; wise in all doings; courteous to all persons, showing spite to none, doing good to many; and, as I well found, to me so fast a friend as I never lost the like before. When he was gone, my heart was dead; there was not one that wore a black gown for him who carried a heavier heart for him than I; when he was gone, I cast this book away; I could not look upon it but with weeping eyes, in remembering him who was the only setter on to do it; and would have been not only a glad commender of it, but also a sure and certain comfort to me and mine for it.

Almost two years together this book lay scattered and neglected, and had been quite given over of me, if the goodness of one had not given me some life and spirit again. God, the mover of goodness, prosper always him and his, as he hath many times comforted me and mine, and, I trust to God, shall comfort more and more. Of whom most justly I may say, and very oft, and always gladly I am wont to say, that sweet verse of Sophocles, spoken by Oedipus to worthy Theseus: ἔχω [γὰρ] ἄχω διὰ σὲ, κοὐκ ἄλλον βροτῶν.[1]

[1] "I have that I have only by you, and by no more."

This hope hath helped me to end this book; which, if he allow, I shall think my labors well employed, and shall not much esteem the misliking of any others. And I trust he shall think the better of it, because he shall find the best part thereof to come out of his school whom he of all men loved and liked best.

Yet some men, friendly enough of nature, but of small judgment in learning, do think I take too much pains and spend too much time in setting forth these children's affairs. But those good men were never brought up in Socrates's school, who saith plainly that no man goeth about a more godly purpose, than he that is mindful of the good bringing up both of his own and other men's children.

Therefore, I trust, good and wise men will think well of this my doing. And of other, that think otherwise, I will think myself they are but men to be pardoned for their folly and pitied for their ignorance.

In writing this book, I have had earnest respect to three special points: truth of religion, honesty in living, right order in learning. In which three ways, I pray God my poor children may diligently walk; for whose sake, as nature moved, and reason required, and necessity also somewhat compelled, I was the willinger to take these pains.

For, seeing at my death I am not like to leave them any great store of living, therefore in my life-time I thought good to bequeath unto them, in this little book, as in my will and testament, the right way to good learning; which if they follow, with the fear of God, they shall very well come to sufficiency of living.

I wish also, with all my heart, that young Mr. Robert Sackville may take that fruct of this labor that his worthy grandfather purposed he should have done; and if any other do take either profit or pleasure hereby, they have cause to thank Mr. Robert Sackville, for whom specially this my Schoolmaster was provided.

And one thing I would have the reader consider in reading this book, that, because no schoolmaster hath charge of any child before he enter into his school, therefore, I leaving all former care of their good bringing up to wise and good parents, as a matter not belonging to the schoolmaster, I do appoint this my Schoolmaster then and

there to begin, where his office and charge beginneth. Which charge lasteth not long, but until the scholar be made able to go to the university, to proceed in logic, rhetoric, and other kinds of learning.

Yet if my Schoolmaster, for love he beareth to his scholar, shall teach him somewhat for his furtherance and better judgment in learning that may serve him seven year after in the university, he doth his scholar no more wrong, nor deserveth no worse name thereby, than he doth in London who, selling silk or cloth unto his friend, doth give him better measure than either his promise or bargain was.

Farewell in Christ.

### The First Book for the Youth

After the child hath learned perfitly the eight parts of speech, let him then learn the right joining together of substantives with adjectives, the noun with the verb, the relative with the antecedent. And in learning farther his syntaxis, by mine advice, he shall not use the common order in common schools, for making of Latins: whereby the child commonly learneth, first, an evil choice of words (and "right choice of words," saith Caesar, "is the foundation of eloquence"); then, a wrong placing of words; and lastly, an ill framing of the sentence, with a perverse judgment, both of words and sentences. These faults, taking once root in youth, be never or hardly plucked away in age. Moreover, there is no one thing that hath more either dulled the wits or taken away the will of children from learning, than the care they have to satisfy their masters in making of Latins.

For the scholar is commonly beat for the making, when the master were more worthy to be beat for the mending, or rather marring of the same; the master many times being as ignorant as the child, what to say properly and fitly to the matter.

Two schoolmasters have set forth in print, either of them a book of such kind of Latins, Horman and Whittington. A child shall learn of the better of them that which another day, if he be wise and come to judgment, he must be fain to unlearn again.

There is a way, touched in the first book of *Cicero de Oratore*, which, wisely brought into schools, truly taught, and constantly used, would not only take wholly away this butcherly fear in making of Latins, but would also with ease and pleasure, and in short time, as I know by good experience, work a true choice and placing of words, a right ordering of sentences, an easy understanding of the tongue, a readiness to speak, a facility to write, a true judgment both of his own and other men's doings, what tongue soever he doth use.

The way is this. After the three concordances learned, as I touched before, let the master read unto him the Epistles of Cicero, gathered together and chosen out by Sturmius, for the capacity of children. First let him teach the child cheerfully and plainly the cause and matter of the letter; then let him construe it into English so oft, as the child may easily carry away the understanding of it; lastly, parse it over perfitly. This done thus, let the child, by and by, both construe and parse it over again; so that it may appear that the child doubteth in nothing that his master taught him before. After this, the child must take a paper book, and sitting in some place, where no man shall prompt him, by himself, let him translate into English his former lesson. Then showing it to his master, let the master take from him his Latin book, and pausing an hour at the least, then let the child translate his own English into Latin again in another paper book. When the child bringeth it turned into Latin, the master must compare it with Tully's book, and lay them both together; and where the child doth well, either in choosing or true placing of Tully's words, let the master praise him, and say, "Here ye do well." For I assure you, there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good wit, and encourage a will to learning, as is praise.

But if the child miss, either in forgetting a word, or in changing a good with a worse, or misordering the sentence, I would not have the master either frown or chide with him, if the child have done his diligence, and used no truantship therein. For I know by good experience that a child shall take more profit of two faults gently warned of, than of four things rightly nit; for then the master shall have good occasion to say unto him, "*N.*, Tully would have used such a

word, not this; Tully would have placed this word here, not there; would have used this case, this number, this person, this degree, this gender: he would have used this mood, this tense, this simple, rather than this compound; this adverb here, not there: he would have ended the sentence with this verb, not with that noun or participle," etc.

In these few lines I have wrapped up the most tedious part of grammar; and also the ground of almost all the rules that are so busily taught by the master, and so hardly learned by the scholar, in all common schools; which, after this sort, the master shall teach without all error, and the scholar shall learn without great pain; the master being led by so sure a guide, and the scholar being brought into so plain and easy a way. And therefore we do not contemn rules, but we gladly teach rules; and teach them more plainly, sensibly, and orderly, than they be commonly taught in common schools. For when the master shall compare Tully's book with his scholar's translation, let the master, at the first, lead and teach his scholar to join the rules of his grammar book with the examples of his present lesson, until the scholar by himself be able to fetch out of his grammar every rule for every example; so as the grammar book be ever in the scholar's hand, and also used of him as a dictionary for every present use. This is a lively and perfit way of teaching of rules; where the common way used in common schools, to read the grammar alone by itself, is tedious for the master, hard for the scholar, cold and uncomfortable for them both.

Let your scholar be never afraid to ask you any doubt, but use discreetly the best allurements ye can to encourage him to the same; lest his overmuch fearing of you drive him to seek some misorderly shift; as to seek to be helped by some other book, or to be prompted by some other scholar; and so go about to beguile you much and himself more.

With this way of good understanding the matter, plain construing, diligent parsing, daily translating, cheerful admonishing, and heedful amending of faults, never leaving behind just praise for well doing, I would have the scholar brought up withal, till he had read and translated over the first book of Epistles chosen out by Sturmius, with a good piece of a comedy of Terence also.

All this while, by mine advice, the child shall use to speak no Latin; for as Cicero saith in like matter, with like words, "Loquendo, male loqui discunt"; and that excellent learned man G. Budaeus, in his Greek commentaries, sore complaineth that when he began to learn the Latin tongue, use of speaking Latin at the table and elsewhere unadvisedly did bring him to such an evil choice of words, to such a crooked framing of sentences, that no one thing did hurt or hinder him more all the days of his life afterward, both for readiness in speaking and also good judgment in writing.

In very deed, if children were brought up in such a house, or such a school, where the Latin tongue were properly and perfitly spoken, as Tiberius and Caius Gracchi were brought up in their mother Cornelia's house; surely then the daily use of speaking were the best and readiest way to learn the Latin tongue. But now commonly in the best schools in England, for words, right choice is smally regarded, true propriety wholly neglected, confusion is brought in, barbariousness is bred up so in young wits, as afterward they be not only marred for speaking, but also corrupted in judgment, as with much ado, or never at all, they be brought to the right frame again.

Yet all men covet to have their children speak Latin; and so do I very earnestly too. We both have one purpose; we agree in desire, we wish one end; but we differ somewhat in order and way, that leadeth rightly to that end. Other would have them speak at all adventures; and, so they be speaking, to speak the master careth not, the scholar knoweth not, what. This is to seem, and not to be; except it be, to be bold without shame, rash without skill, full of words without wit. I wish to have them speak so as it may well appear that the brain doth govern the tongue, and that reason leadeth forth the talk. Socrates's doctrine is true in Plato, and well marked and truly uttered by Horace in *Arte Poetica*, that, wheresoever knowledge doth accompany the wit, there best utterance doth always await upon the tongue. For good understanding must first be bred in the child, which being nour-

ished with skill and use of writing (as I will teach more largely hereafter) is the only way to bring him to judgment and readiness in speaking; and that in far shorter time (if he follow constantly the trade of this little lesson) than he shall do by common teaching of the common schools in England.

But to go forward. As you perceive your scholar to go better and better on away, first, with understanding his lesson more quickly, with parsing more readily, with tanslating more speedily and perfitly than he was wont; after, give him longer lessons to translate; and withal, begin to teach him both in nouns and verbs, what is *proprium*, and what is *translatum;* what *synonymum*, what *diversum;* which be *contraria*, and which be most notable *phrases*, in all his lecture; as,

| | |
|---|---|
| Proprium. | Rex sepultus est magnifice. |
| Translatum. | Cum illo principe, sepulta est et gloria, et salus reipublicae. |
| Synonyma. | Ensis, gladius; Laudare, praedicare. |
| Diversa. | Diligere, amare; Calere, exardescere; Inimicus, hostis |
| Contraria. | Acerbum et luctuosum bellum. Dulcis et laeta pax. |
| Phrases. | Dare verba; Abjicere obedientiam. |

Your scholar then must have the third paper book; in the which, after he hath done his double translation, let him write, after this sort, four of these fore-named six, diligently marked out of every lesson.

| | |
|---|---|
| Quatuor. | Propria. Translata. Synonyma. Diversa. Contraria. Phrases. |

Or else three, or two, if there be no more; and if there be none of these at all in some lecture, yet not omit the order, but write these:

Diversa nulla,
Contraria nulla, etc.

This diligent translating, joined with this heedful marking in the foresaid Epistles, and afterward in some plain oration of Tully, as *pro Lege Manilia, pro Archia Poeta*, or in those three *ad C. Caesarem*, shall work such a right choice of words, so straight a framing of sentences, such a true judgment, both to write skilfully and speak wittily, as wise men shall both praise and marvel at.

If your scholar do miss sometimes, in marking rightly these foresaid six things, chide not hastily; for that shall both dull his wit and discourage his diligence; but monish him gently; which shall make him both willing to amend and glad to go forward in love and hope of learning.

I have now wished twice or thrice this gentle nature to be in a schoolmaster. And that I have done so neither by chance nor without some reason, I will now declare at large, why in mine opinion love is better than fear, gentleness better than beating, to bring up a child rightly in learning.

With the common use of teaching and beating in common schools of England I will not greatly contend; which, if I did, it were but a small grammatical controversy, neither belonging to heresy nor treason, nor greatly touching God nor the prince; although in very deed, in the end, the good or ill bringing up of children doth as much serve to the good or ill service of God, our prince, and our whole country as any one thing doth beside.

I do gladly agree with all good schoolmasters in these points: to have children brought to good perfitness in learning, to all honesty in manners, to have all faults rightly amended, to have every vice severely corrected; but for the order and way that leadeth rightly to these points, we somewhat differ. For commonly many schoolmasters, some as I have seen, more as I have heard tell, be of so crooked a nature as, when they meet with a hard-witted scholar, they rather break him than bow him, rather mar him than mend him. For when the schoolmaster is angry with some other matter, then will he soonest fall to beat his scholar; and though he himself should be punished for his folly, yet must he beat some scholar for his pleasure, though there be no cause for him to do so, nor yet fault in the scholar to deserve so. These ye will say be fond schoolmasters, and few they be that be found to be such.

They be fond indeed, but surely over many such be found everywhere. But this will I

say, that even the wisest of your great beaters do as oft punish nature as they do correct faults. Yea, many times the better nature is sorer punished. For, if one by quickness of wit take his lesson readily, another by hardness of wit taketh it not so speedily, the first is always commended, the other is commonly punished: when a wise schoolmaster should rather discreetly consider the right disposition of both their natures, and not so much weigh what either of them is able to do now, as what either of them is likely to do hereafter. For this I know, not only by reading of books in my study, but also by experience of life abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, and best men also, when they be old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young. The causes why, amongst other, which be many, that move me thus to think, be these few, which I will reckon.

Quick wits commonly be apt to take, unapt to keep; soon hot, and desirous of this and that; as cold, and soon weary of the same again; more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far; even like over-sharp tools, whose edges be very soon turned. Such wits delight themselves in easy and pleasant studies, and never pass far forward in high and hard sciences. And therefore the quickest wits commonly may prove the best poets, but not the wisest orators; ready of tongue to speak boldly, not deep of judgment, either for good counsel or wise writing. Also for manners and life quick wits commonly be, in desire, newfangle; in purpose, unconstant; light to promise anything, ready to forget everything, both benefit and injury, and thereby neither fast to friend nor fearful to foe; inquisitive of every trifle, not secret in the greatest affairs; bold with any person; busy in every matter; soothing such as be present, nipping any that is absent; of nature, also, always flattering their betters, envying their equals, despising their inferiors; and by quickness of wit, very quick and ready to like none so well as themselves.

Moreover, commonly, men very quick of wit be also very light of conditions; and thereby very ready of disposition to be carried over quickly, by any light company, to any riot and unthriftiness when they be young; and therefore seldom either honest of life or rich in living when they be old. For quick in wit and light in manners be either seldom troubled or very soon weary, in carrying a very heavy purse. Quick wits also be, in most part of all their doings, over quick, hasty, rash, heady, and brain-sick. These two last words, "heady" and "brain-sick," be fit and proper words, rising naturally of the matter, and termed aptly by the condition of over-much quickness of wit. In youth also they be ready scoffers, privy mockers, and ever over-light and merry: in age, soon testy, very waspish, and always over-miserable. And yet few of them come to any great age, by reason of their misordered life when they were young; but a great deal fewer of them come to show any great countenance, or bear any great authority abroad in the world, but either live obscurely, men know not how, or die obscurely, men mark not when. They be like trees, that show forth fair blossoms and broad leaves in springtime, but bring out small and not long lasting fruit in harvesttime; and that only such as fall and rot before they be ripe, and so never, or seldom, come to any good at all. For this ye shall find most true by experience, that amongst a number of quick wits in youth few be found in the end either very fortunate for themselves or very profitable to serve the commonwealth, but decay and vanish, men know not which way; except a very few, to whom peradventure blood and happy parentage may perchance purchase a long standing upon the stage. The which felicity, because it cometh by others' procuring, not by their own deserving, and stand by other men's feet, and not by their own, what outward brag soever is borne by them is indeed of itself, and in wise men's eyes, of no great estimation.

Some wits, moderate enough by nature, be many times marred by over-much study and use of some sciences, namely, music, arithmetic, and geometry. These sciences, as they sharpen men's wits over-much, so they change men's manners over-sore, if they be not moderately mingled and wisely applied to some good use of life. Mark all mathematical heads, which be only and wholly bent to those sciences, how solitary they be themselves, how unfit to live with

others, and how unapt to serve in the world. This is not only known now by common experience, but uttered long before by wise men's judgment and sentence. Galen saith, "Much music marreth men's manners"; and Plato hath a notable place of the same thing in his books *de Repub.*, well marked also and excellently translated by Tully himself. Of this matter I wrote once more at large, twenty year ago, in my book of Shooting. Now I thought but to touch it, to prove that over-much quickness of wit, either given by nature or sharpened by study, doth not commonly bring forth either greatest learning, best manners, or happiest life in the end.

Contrariwise, a wit in youth that is not over-dull, heavy, knotty, and lumpish; but hard, rough, and though somewhat staffish (as Tully wisheth, "otium quietum non languidum," [1] and "negotium cum labore, non cum periculo" [2]), such a wit, I say, if it be at the first well handled by the mother, and rightly smoothed and wrought as it should, not over-thwartly and against the wood, by the schoolmaster, both for learning and whole course of living proveth always the best. In wood and stone not the softest, but hardest, be always aptest for portraiture, both fairest for pleasure and most durable for profit. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep; painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without newfangleness; bearing heavy things, though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily, yet deeply; and so come to that perfitness of learning in the end, that quick wits seem in hope, but do not indeed, or else very seldom, ever attain unto. Also for manners and life, hard wits commonly are hardly carried either to desire every new thing or else to marvel at every strange thing; and therefore they be careful and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other men's affairs; and so they become wise themselves, and also are counted honest by others. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart; not hasty in making, but wary in considering every matter; and thereby not quick in speaking, but deep of judgment, whether they write or give counsel in all weighty affairs. And these be the men that become in the end both most happy for themselves, and also always best esteemed abroad in the world.

I have been longer in describing the nature, the good or ill success, of the quick and hard wits than perchance some will think this place and matter doth require. But my purpose was hereby plainly to utter what injury is offered to all learning, and to the commonwealth also, first by the fond father in choosing, but chiefly by the lewd schoolmaster in beating, and driving away the best natures from learning. A child that is still, silent, constant, and somewhat hard of wit, is either never chosen by the father to be made a scholar, or else when he cometh to the school he is smally regarded, little looked unto; he lacketh teaching, he lacketh couraging, he lacketh all things, only he never lacketh beating, nor any word that may move him to hate learning, nor any deed that may drive him from learning to any other kind of living.

And when this sad-natured and hard-witted child is beat from his book, and becometh after either student of the common law, or page in the court, or servingman, or bound prentice to a merchant or to some handicraft, he proveth, in the end, wiser, happier, and many times honester too, than many of these quick wits do by their learning.

Learning is both hindered and injured too by the ill choice of them that send young scholars to the universities; of whom must needs come all our divines, lawyers, and physicians.

These young scholars be chosen commonly, as young apples be chosen by children in a fair garden about St. James's tide. A child will choose a sweeting, because it is presently fair and pleasant, and refuse a runnet, because it is then green, hard, and sour; when the one, if it be eaten, doth breed both worms and ill humours; the other, if it stand his time, be ordered and kept as it should, is wholesome of itself, and helpeth to the good disgestion of other meats. Sweetings will receive worms, rot, and die on the tree, and never or seldom come to the gathering for good and lasting store.

[1] "A calm but not listless tranquillity"

[2] Doing his work with labor rather than with risk.

For very grief of heart I will not apply the similitude; but hereby is plainly seen how learning is robbed of her best wits, first by the great beating, and after by the ill choosing of scholars to go to the universities; whereof cometh partly that lewd and spiteful proverb, sounding to the great hurt of learning and shame of learned men, that "the greatest clerks be not the wisest men."

And though I, in all this discourse, seem plainly to prefer hard and rough wits before quick and light wits, both for learning and manners; yet am I not ignorant that some quickness of wit is a singular gift of God, and so most rare amongst men; and, namely, such a wit as is quick without lightness, sharp without brittleness, desirous of good things without newfangleness, diligent in painful things without wearisomeness, and constant in good will to do all things well; as I know was in Sir John Cheke, and is in some that yet live, in whom all these fair qualities of wit are fully met together.

But it is notable and true, that Socrates saith in Plato to his friend Crito; that that number of men is fewest which far exceed, either in good or ill, in wisdom or folly; but the mean betwixt both be the greatest number. Which he proveth true in divers other things; as in greyhounds, amongst which few are found exceeding great or exceeding little, exceeding swift or exceeding slow. And therefore I speaking of quick and hard wits, I meant the common number of quick and hard wits; amongst the which, for the most part, the hard wit proveth many times the better learned, wiser, and honester man. And therefore do I the more lament that such wits commonly be either kept from learning by fond fathers, or beat from learning by lewd schoolmasters.

And speaking thus much of the wits of children for learning, the opportunity of the place and goodness of the matter might require to have here declared the most special notes of a good wit for learning in a child; after the manner and custom of a good horseman, who is skilful to know, and able to tell others, how by certain sure signs a man may choose a colt that is like to prove another day excellent for the saddle. And it is pity that commonly more care is had, yea and that amongst very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed; for to the one they will gladly give a stipend of two hundred crowns by year, and loth to offer to the other two hundred shillings. God that sitteth in heaven laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should; for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children; and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

But concerning the true notes of the best wits for learning in a child, I will report not mine own opinion but the very judgment of him that was counted the best teacher and wisest man that learning maketh mention of; and that is Socrates in Plato, who expresseth orderly these seven plain notes, to choose a good wit in a child for learning.

1. Εὐφυής.
2. Μνήμων.
3. Φιλομαθής.
4. Φιλόπονος.
5. Φιλήκοος.
6. Ζητητικός.
7. Φιλέπαινος.

And because I write English, and to Englishmen, I will plainly declare in English both what these words of Plato mean, and how aptly they be linked, and how orderly they follow one another.

1. Εὐφυής.

Is he that is apt by goodness of wit, and appliable by readiness of will, to learning, having all other qualities of the mind and parts of the body that must another day serve learning; not troubled, mangled, and halved, but sound, whole, full, and able to do their office; as, a tongue not stammering, or over-hardly drawing forth words, but plain and ready to deliver the meaning of the mind; a voice not soft, weak, piping, womanish, but audible, strong, and manlike; a countenance not weerish and crabbed, but fair and comely; a personage not wretched and deformed, but tall and goodly; for surely a comely countenance with a goodly stature giveth credit to learning, and authority to the person; otherwise, commonly, either open contempt or privy

disfavor doth hurt or hinder both person and learning; and even as a fair stone requireth to be set in the finest gold, with the best workmanship, or else it leeseth much of the grace and price; even so excellence in learning, and namely divinity, joined with a comely personage, is a marvelous jewel in the world. And how can a comely body be better employed than to serve the fairest exercise of God's greatest gift? And that is learning. But commonly the fairest bodies are bestowed on the foulest purposes. I would it were not so; and with examples herein I will not meddle; yet I wish that those should both mind it and meddle with it, which have most occasion to look to it, as good and wise fathers should do; and greatest authority to amend it, as good and wise magistrates ought to do. And yet I will not let openly to lament the unfortunate case of learning herein.

For if a father have four sons, three fair and well formed both mind and body, the fourth wretched, lame, and deformed, his choice shall be to put the worst to learning, as one good enough to become a scholar. I have spent the most part of my life in the university, and therefore I can bear good witness that many fathers commonly do thus; whereof I have heard many wise, learned, and as good men as ever I knew make great and oft complaint. A good horseman will choose no such colt, neither for his own nor yet for his master's saddle. And thus much of the first note.

2. Μνήμων.

Good of memory: a special part of the first note εὐφυής, and a mere benefit of nature; yet it is so necessary for learning as Plato maketh it a separate and perfit note of itself, and that so principal a note as without it all other gifts of nature do small service to learning. Afranius, that old Latin poet, maketh Memory the mother of learning and wisdom, saying thus:

"Usus me genuit, mater peperit Memoria." [1]

And though it be the mere gift of nature, yet is memory well preserved by use, and much increased by order, as our scholar must learn another day in the university. But in a child a good memory is well known by three properties; that is, if it be quick in receiving, sure in keeping, and ready in delivering forth again.

3. Φιλομαθής.

Given to love learning: for though a child have all the gifts of nature at wish, and perfection of memory at will, yet if he have not a special love to learning, he shall never attain to much learning. And therefore Isocrates, one of the noblest schoolmasters that is in memory of learning, who taught kings and princes, as Halicarnassaeus writeth; and out of whose school, as Tully saith, came forth more noble captains, more wise counsellors, than did out of Epeus's horse at Troy—this Isocrates, I say, did cause to be written at the entry of his school in golden letters this golden sentence, "ἐὰν ᾖς φιλομαθής, ἔσῃ πολυμαθής," which excellently said in Greek is thus rudely in English, "If thou lovest learning, thou shalt attain to much learning."

4. Φιλόπονος.

Is he that hath a lust to labor and a will to take pains; for if a child have all the benefits of nature, with perfection of memory, love, like, and praise learning never so much, yet if he be not of himself painful, he shall never attain unto it. And yet where love is present, labor is seldom absent, and namely in study of learning, and matters of the mind; and therefore did Isocrates rightly judge, that if his scholar were φιλομαθής, he cared for no more. Aristotle, varying from Isocrates in private affairs of life, but agreeing with Isocrates in common judgment of learning, for love and labor in learning, is of the same opinion, uttered in these words, in his rhetoric *ad Theodecten:* "Liberty kindleth love; love refuseth no labor; and labor obtaineth whatsoever it seeketh." And yet, nevertheless, goodness of nature may do little good, perfection of memory may serve to small use, all love may be employed in vain, any labor may be soon gravelled, if a man trust always to his own singular wit, and will not be glad sometime to hear, take advice, and learn of another; and therefore doth Socrates very notably add the fifth note:

[1] "Practice begot me, Memory, my mother, bore me."

5. Φιλήκοος.

He that is glad to hear and learn of another; for otherwise he shall stick with great trouble, where he might go easily forward; and also catch hardly a very little by his own toil, when he might gather quickly a good deal by another man's teaching. But now there be some that have great love to learning, good lust to labor, be willing to learn of others; yet, either of a fond shamefastness, or else of a proud folly, they dare not, or will not, go to learn of another; and therefore doth Socrates wisely add the sixth note of a good wit in a child for learning, and that is

6. Ζητητικός.

He that is naturally bold to ask any question, desirous to search out any doubt; not ashamed to learn of the meanest, not afraid to go to the greatest, until he be perfitly taught and fully satisfied. The seventh and last point is,

7. Φιλέπαινος.

He that loveth to be praised for well doing, at his father or master's hand. A child of this nature will earnestly love learning, gladly labor for learning, willingly learn of other, boldly ask any doubt.

And thus, by Socrates's judgment, a good father, and a wise schoolmaster, should choose a child to make a scholar of, that hath by nature the foresaid perfit qualities and comely furniture both of mind and body; hath memory quick to receive, sure to keep, and ready to deliver; hath love to learning; hath lust to labor; hath desire to learn of others; hath boldness to ask any question; hath mind wholly bent to win praise by well doing.

The two first points be special benefits of nature; which nevertheless be well preserved and much increased by good order. But as for the five last, love, labor, gladness to learn of others, boldness to ask doubts, and will to win praise, be won and maintained by the only wisdom and discretion of the schoolmaster. Which five points, whether a schoolmaster shall work sooner in a child by fearful beating, or courteous handling, you that be wise, judge.

Yet some men, wise indeed, but in this matter more by severity of nature than any wisdom at all, do laugh at us, when we thus wish and reason that young children should rather be allured to learning by gentleness and love than compelled to learning by beating and fear. They say our reasons serve only to breed forth talk, and pass away time; but we never saw good schoolmaster do so, nor never read of wise man that thought so.

Yes forsooth, as wise as they be, either in other men's opinion, or in their own conceit, I will bring the contrary judgment of him who, they themselves shall confess, was as wise as they are, or else they may be justly thought to have small wit at all; and that is Socrates, whose judgment in Plato is plainly this, in these words; which, because they be very notable, I will recite them in his own tongue: *οὐδὲν μάθημα μετὰ δουλείας χρὴ μανθάνειν. οἱ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ σώματος πόνοι βίᾳ πονούμενοι, χεῖρον οὐδὲν τὸ σῶμα ἀπεργάζονται. ψυχῇ δέ βίαιον οὐδὲν ἔμμονον μάθημα.* In English thus: "No learning ought to be learned with bondage; for bodily labors, wrought by compulsion, hurt not the body; but any learning learned by compulsion tarrieth not long in the mind." And why? For whatsoever the mind doth learn unwillingly with fear, the same it doth quickly forget without care. And lest proud wits, that love not to be contraried but have lust to wrangle or trifle away truth, will say that Socrates meaneth not this of children's teaching, but of some other hīgher learning; hear what Socrates in the same place doth more plainly say: *μὴ τοίνυν βίᾳ, ὦ ἄριστε, τοὺς παῖδας ἐν τοῖς μαθήμασιν, ἀλλὰ παίζοντας τρέφε,* that is to say, "And therefore, my dear friend, bring not up your children in learning by compulsion and fear, but by playing and pleasure." And you that do read Plato as you should, do well perceive that these be no questions asked by Socrates as doubts, but they be sentences, first affirmed by Socrates as mere truths, and after given forth by Socrates as right rules, most necessary to be marked, and fit to be followed of all them that would have children taught as they should. And in this counsel, judgment, and authority of Socrates I will repose myself, until I meet with a man of the contrary mind whom

I may justly take to be wiser than I think Socrates was.

Fond schoolmasters neither can understand nor will follow this good counsel of Socrates; but wise riders in their office can and will do both; which is the only cause that commonly the young gentlemen of England go so unwillingly to school, and run so fast to the stable. For in very deed, fond schoolmasters, by fear, do beat into them the hatred of learning; and wise riders, by gentle allurements, do breed up in them the love of riding. They find fear and bondage in schools, they feel liberty and freedom in stables; which causeth them utterly to abhor the one, and most gladly to haunt the other. And I do not write this, that in exhorting to the one I would dissuade young gentlemen from the other; yea, I am sorry with all my heart that they be given no more to riding than they be. For of all outward qualities, to ride fair is most comely for himself, most necessary for his country; and the greater he is in blood, the greater is his praise the more he doth exceed all other therein. It was one of the three excellent praises amongst the noble gentlemen of the old Persians, always to say truth, to ride fair, and shoot well. And so it was engraven upon Darius's tomb, as Strabo beareth witness:

> Darius the king lieth buried here,
> Who in riding and shooting had never peer.

But to our purpose: young men, by any means leesing the love of learning, when by time they come to their own rule, they carry commonly from the school with them a perfect hatred of their master, and a continual contempt of learning. If ten gentlemen be asked why they forgot so soon in court that which they were learning so long in school, eight of them, or let me be blamed, will lay the fault on their ill-handling by their schoolmasters.

Cuspinian doth report that that noble emperor Maximilian would lament very oft his misfortune herein.

Yet some men will say that children, of nature, love pastime, and mislike learning; because, in their kind, the one is easy and pleasant, the other hard and wearisome. Which is an opinion not so true as some men ween. For the matter lieth not so much in the disposition of them that be young, as in the order and manner of bringing up by them that be old; nor yet in the difference of learning and pastime. For beat a child if he dance not well, and cherish him though he learn not well, you shall have him unwilling to go to dance, and glad to go to his book; knock him always when he draweth his shaft ill, and favor him again though he fault at his book, you shall have him very loth to be in the field, and very willing to be in the school. Yea, I say more, and not of myself, but by the judgment of those from whom few wise men will gladly dissent; that if ever the nature of man be given at any time more than other to receive goodness, it is in innocency of young years, before that experience of evil have taken root in him; For the pure clean wit of a sweet young babe is, like the newest wax, most able to receive the best and fairest printing; and, like a new bright silver dish never occupied, to receive, and keep clean, any good thing that is put into it.

And thus, will in children, wisely wrought withal, may easily be won to be very well willing to learn. And wit in children, by nature, namely memory, the only key and keeper of all learning, is readiest to receive and surest to keep any manner of thing that is learned in youth. This, lewd and learned, by common experience, know to be most true. For we remember nothing so well when we be old as those things which we learned when we were young. And this is not strange, but common in all nature's works. Every man sees (as I said before) new wax is best for printing, new clay fittest for working, new-shorn wool aptest for soon and surest dyeing, new-fresh flesh for good and durable salting. And this similitude is not rude, nor borrowed of the larder-house, but out of his school-house of whom the wisest of England need not be ashamed to learn. Young grafts grow not only soonest but also fairest, and bring always forth the best and sweetest fruit; young whelps learn easily to carry; young popinjays learn quickly to speak. And so, to be short, if in all other things, though they lack reason, sense, and life, the similitude

of youth is fittest to all goodness, surely nature in mankind is most beneficial and effectual in this behalf.

Therefore, if to the goodness of nature be joined the wisdom of the teacher, in leading young wits into a right and plain way of learning, surely children kept up in God's fear and governed by his grace may most easily be brought well to serve God and their country, both by virtue and wisdom.

But if will and wit, by farther age, be once allured from innocency, delighted in vain sights, filled with foul talk, crooked with wilfulness, hardened with stubbornness, and let loose to disobedience, surely it is hard with gentleness, but unpossible with severe cruelty, to call them back to good frame again. For where the one perchance may bend it, the other shall surely break it; and so, instead of some hope, leave an assured desperation, and shameless contempt of all goodness; the farthest point in all mischief, as Xenophon doth most truly and most wittily mark.

Therefore, to love or to hate, to like or contemn, to ply this way or that way to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth.

And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit.

Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady, Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading *Phaedon Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentleman would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would leese such pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me, "I wiss, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?" "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honor I bear them) so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

I could be over long, both in showing just causes and in reciting true examples, why learning should be taught rather by love than fear. He that would see a perfect discourse of it, let him read that learned treatise, which my friend Joan. Sturmius wrote, *De Institutione Principis*, to the duke of Cleves.

The godly counsels of Solomon and Jesus the son of Sirach, for sharp keeping in and bridling of youth, are meant rather for fatherly correction than masterly beating; rather for manners than for learning; for other places than for schools. For God forbid but all evil touches, wantonness, lying, picking, sloth, will, stubbornness, and disobedience, should be with sharp chastisement daily cut away.

This discipline was well known, and

diligently used, among the Grecians and old Romans; as doth appear in Aristophanes, Isocrates, and Plato, and also in the comedies of Plautus; where we see that children were under the rule of three persons, *praeceptore*, *paedagogo*, *parente*. The schoolmaster taught him learning with all gentleness; the governor corrected his manners with much sharpness; the father held the stern of his whole obedience. And so he that used to teach did not commonly use to beat, but remitted that over to another man's charge. But what shall we say, when now in our days the schoolmaster is used both for *praeceptor* in learning and *paedagogus* in manners? Surely, I would he should not confound their offices, but discreetly use the duty of both; so that neither ill touches should be left unpunished, nor gentleness in teaching anywise omitted. And he shall well do both, if wisely he do appoint diversity of time, and separate place, for either purpose; using always such discreet moderation, as the school-house should be counted a sanctuary against fear, and very well learning a common pardon for ill doing, if the fault of itself be not over-heinous.

And thus the children, kept up in God's fear and preserved by his grace, finding pain in ill doing, and pleasure in well studying, should easily be brought to honesty of life and perfectness of learning; the only mark that good and wise fathers do wish and labor that their children should most busily and carefully shoot at.

There is another discommodity, besides cruelty in schoolmasters in beating away the love of learning from children, which hindereth learning and virtue and good bringing up of youth, and namely young gentlemen, very much in England. This fault is clean contrary to the first. I wished before to have love of learning bred up in children; I wish as much now to have young men brought up in good order of living, and in some more severe discipline than commonly they be. We have lack in England of such good order as the old noble Persians so carefully used; whose children, to the age of twenty-one years, were brought up in learning and exercises of labor; and that in such place where they should neither see that was uncomely nor hear that was unhonest. Yea, a young gentleman was never free to go where he would and do what he list himself; but under the keep and by the counsel of some grave governor, until he was either married or called to bear some office in the commonwealth.

And see the great obedience that was used in old time to fathers and governors. No son, were he never so old of years, never so great of birth, though he were a king's son, might not marry but by his father's and mother's also consent. Cyrus the Great, after he had conquered Babylon and subdued rich king Croesus, with whole Asia Minor, coming triumphantly home, his uncle Cyaxeris offered him his daughter to wife. Cyrus thanked his uncle, and praised the maid; but for marriage, he answered him with these wise and sweet words, as they be uttered by Xenophon: ὦ Κυαξάρη, τό τε γένος ἐπαινῶ, καὶ τὴν παῖδα, καὶ δῶρα. Βούλομαι δέ, ἔφη, σὺν τῇ τοῦ πατρὸς γνώμῃ καὶτῇ τῆς μητρὸς ταῦτά σοι συναινέσαι. That is to say, "Uncle Cyaxeris, I commend the stock, I like the maid, and I allow well the dowry; but "—saith he—"by the counsel and consent of my father and mother, I will determine farther of these matters."

Strong Samson also in Scripture saw a maid that liked him; but he spake not to her, but went home to his father and his mother and desired both father and mother to make the marriage for him. Doth this modesty, doth this obedience, that was in great King Cyrus and stout Samson, remain in our young men at this day? No surely; for we live not longer after them by time than we live far different from them by good order. Our time is so far from that old discipline and obedience as now not only young gentlemen but even very girls dare, without all fear, though not without open shame, where they list, and how they list, marry themselves in spite of father, mother, God, good order, and all. The cause of this evil is that youth is least looked unto when they stand in most need of good keep and regard. It availeth not to see them well taught in young years, and after when they come to lust and youthful days to give them licence to live as they lust themselves. For if ye suffer the eye of a young gentleman once to be entangled with vain sights, and the ear to be corrupted with fond or filthy talk, the mind shall quickly fall sick, and soon

vomit and cast up all the wholesome doctrine that he received in childhood, though he were never so well brought up before. And being once inglutted with vanity, he will straightway loathe all learning, and all good counsel to the same; and the parents, for all their great cost and charge, reap only in the end the fruit of grief and care.

This evil is not common to poor men, as God will have it, but proper to rich and great men's children, as they deserve it. Indeed from seven to seventeen, young gentlemen commonly be carefully enough brought up; but from seventeen to seven-and-twenty (the most dangerous time of all a man's life, and most slippery to stay well in) they have commonly the rein of all licence in their own hand, and specially such as do live in the court. And that which is most to be marveled at, commonly the wisest and also best men be found the fondest fathers in this behalf. And if some good father would seek some remedy herein, yet the mother (if the house hold of our lady) had rather, yea, and will too, have her son cunning and bold, in making him to live trimly when he is young, than by learning and travel to be able to serve his prince and his country, both wisely in peace and stoutly in war, when he is old.

The fault is in yourselves, ye noble men's sons, and therefore ye deserve the greater blame, that commonly the meaner men's children come to be the wisest counsellors and greatest doers, in the weighty affairs of this realm. And why? For God will have it so of his providence, because ye will have it no otherwise by your negligence.

And God is a good God, and wisest in all his doings, that will place virtue and displace vice in those kingdoms where he doth govern. For he knoweth that nobility without virtue and wisdom is blood indeed, but blood truly without bones and sinews; and so of itself, without the other, very weak to bear the burden of weighty affairs.

The greatest ship indeed commonly carrieth the greatest burden, but yet always with the greatest jeopardy, not only for the persons and goods committed unto it but even for the ship itself, except it be governed with the greatest wisdom.

But nobility, governed by learning and wisdom, is indeed most like a fair ship, having tide and wind at will, under the rule of a skilful master: when contrariwise, a ship carried, yea, with the highest tide and greatest wind, lacking a skilful master, most commonly doth either sink itself upon sands or break itself upon rocks. And even so, how many have been either drowned in vain pleasure or overwhelmed by stout wilfulness, the histories of England be able to afford over-many examples unto us. Therefore, ye great and noble men's children, if ye will have rightfully that praise and enjoy surely that place which your fathers have and elders had and left unto you, ye must keep it as they gat it; and that is by the only way of virtue, wisdom, and worthiness.

For wisdom and virtue, there be many fair examples in this court for young gentlemen to follow; but they be like fair marks in the field, out of a man's reach, too far off to shoot at well. The best and worthiest men indeed be sometimes seen, but seldom talked withal. A young gentleman may sometime kneel to their person, but smally use their company for their better instruction.

But young gentlemen are fain commonly to do in the court as young archers do in the field; that is, take such marks as be nigh them, although they be never so foul to shoot at: I mean, they be driven to keep company with the worst; and what force ill company hath to corrupt good wits, the wisest men know best.

And not ill company only, but the ill opinion also of the most part, doth much harm; and namely of those which should be wise in the true deciphering of the good disposition of nature, of comeliness in courtly manners, and all right doings of men.

But error and fantasy do commonly occupy the place of truth and judgment. For if a young gentleman be demure and still of nature they say he is simple and lacketh wit; if he be bashful, and will soon blush, they call him a babish and ill brought up thing; when Xenophon doth precisely note in Cyrus, that his bashfulness in youth was the very true sign of his virtue and stoutness after. If he be innocent and ignorant of ill, they say he is rude and hath no grace: so ungraciously do some graceless men misuse the fair and godly word "grace."

But if ye would know what grace they mean, go and look, and learn amongst them, and ye shall see that it is:

First, to blush at nothing; and "blushing in youth," saith Aristotle, "is nothing else but fear to do ill"; which fear being once lustily frayed away from youth, then followeth to dare do any mischief, to contemn stoutly any goodness, to be busy in every matter, to be skilful in everything, to acknowledge no ignorance at all. To do thus in court is counted of some the chief and greatest grace of all; and termed by the name of a virtue, called courage and boldness; when Crassus in Cicero teacheth the clean contrary, and that most wittily, saying thus, "Audere, cum bonis etiam rebus conjunctum, per seipsum est magnopere fugiendum:" which is to say, "To be bold, yea in a good matter, is for itself greatly to be eschewed."

Moreover, where the swing goeth, there to follow, fawn, flatter, laugh, and lie lustily at other men's liking; to face, stand foremost, shove back; and to the meaner man, or unknown in the court, to seem somewhat solemn, coy, big, and dangerous of look, talk, and answer; to think well of himself, to be lusty in contemning of others, to have some trim grace in a privy mock; and in greater presence to bear a brave look, to be warlike; though he never looked enemy in the face in war, yet some warlike sign must be used, either a slovenly buskin, or an overstaring frounced head, as though out of every hair's top should suddenly start out a good big oath when need requireth. Yet, praised be God, England hath at this time many worthy captains and good soldiers, which be indeed so honest of behavior, so comely of conditions, so mild of manners, as they may be examples of good order to a good sort of others, which never came in war.— But to return where I left: in place also to be able to raise talk, and make discourse of every rishe; to have a very good will to hear himself speak; to be seen in palmistry, whereby to convey to chaste ears some fond and filthy talk.

And if some Smithfield ruffian take up some strange going, some new mowing with the mouth, some wrinching with the shoulder, some brave proverb, some fresh new oath that is not stale, but will rin round in the mouth; some new disguised garment, or desperate hat, fond in fashion, or garish in color, whatsoever it cost, how small soever his living be, by what shift soever it be gotten, gotten must it be, and used with the first, or else the grace of it is stale and gone. Some part of this graceless grace was described by me in a little rude verse long ago.

> To laugh, to lie, to flatter, to face,
> Four ways in court to win men grace.
> If thou be thrall to none of these,
> Away good Peckgoose, hence John Cheese.
> Mark well my word, and mark their deed,
> And think this verse part of thy creed.

Would to God this talk were not true, and that some men's doings were not thus. I write not to hurt any, but to profit some; to accuse none, but to monish such who, allured by ill counsel and following ill example contrary to their good bringing up, and against their own good nature, yield overmuch to these follies and faults. I know many serving-men of good order, and well staid; and again, I hear say there be some serving-men do but ill service to their young masters. Yea, read Terence and Plautus advisedly over, and ye shall find in those two wise writers, almost in every comedy, no unthrifty young man that is not brought thereunto by the subtle enticement of some lewd servant. And even now in our days, Getae, and Davi, Gnathos, and many bold bawdy Phormios too, be pressing in to prattle on every stage, to meddle in every matter; when honest Parmenos shall not be heard, but bear small swing with their masters. Their company, their talk, their over-great experience in mischief, doth easily corrupt the best natures and best brought up wits.

But I marvel the less that these misorders be amongst some in the court; for commonly in the country also every where, innocency is gone, bashfulness is banished; much presumption in youth, small authority in age; reverence is neglected, duties be confounded; and, to be short, disobedience doth overflow the banks of good order almost in every place, almost in every degree of man.

Mean men have eyes to see, and cause to

lament, and occasion to complain of these miseries; but other have authority to remedy them, and will do so too, when God shall think time fit. For all these misorders be God's just plagues, by his sufferance brought justly upon us for our sins, which be infinite in number and horrible in deed; but namely for the great abominable sin of unkindness; but what unkindness? Even such unkindness as was in the Jews, in contemning God's voice, in shrinking from his word, in wishing back again for Egypt, in committing adultery and whoredom, not with the women, but with the doctrine of Babylon, and did bring all the plagues, destructions, and captivities, that fell so oft and horribly upon Israel.

We have cause also in England to beware of unkindness, who have had in so few years the candle of God's word so oft lightened, so oft put out; and yet will venture by our unthankfulness in doctrine and sinful life to leese again light, candle, candlestick and all.

God keep us in his fear; God graft in us the true knowledge of his word, with a forward will to follow it, and so to bring forth the sweet fruits of it; and then shall he preserve us by his grace from all manner of terrible days.

The remedy of this doth not stand only in making good common laws for the whole realm, but also (and perchance chiefly) in observing private discipline, every man carefully in his own house; and namely, if special regard be had to youth; and that not so much in teaching them what is good as in keeping them from that that is ill.

Therefore, if wise fathers be not as well ware in weeding from their children ill things and ill company, as they were before in grafting in them learning and providing for them good schoolmasters, what fruit they shall reap of all their cost and care, common experience doth tell.

Here is the place, in youth is the time when some ignorance is as necessary as much knowledge; and not in matters of our duty towards God, as some wilful wits willingly against their own knowledge, perniciously against their own conscience, have of late openly taught. Indeed St. Chrysostom, that noble and eloquent doctor, in a sermon *contra fatum*, and the curious searching of nativities, doth wisely say that ignorance therein is better than knowledge. But to wring this sentence, to wrest thereby out of men's hands the knowledge of God's doctrine, is without all reason, against common sense, contrary to the judgment also of them which be the discreetest men and best learned on their own side. I know Julianus Apostata did so: but I never heard or read that any ancient Father of the primitive church either thought or wrote so.

But this ignorance in youth which I spake on, or rather this simplicity, or most truly this innocency, is that which the noble Persians, as wise Xenophon doth testify, were so careful to breed up their youth in. But Christian fathers commonly do not so. And I will tell you a tale, as much to be misliked as the Persians' example is to be followed.

This last summer I was in a gentleman's house, where a young child, somewhat past four year old, could in no wise frame his tongue to say a little short grace; and yet he could roundly rap out so many ugly oaths, and those of the newest fashion, as some good man of fourscore year old hath never heard named before. And that which was most detestable of all, his father and mother would laugh at it. I much doubt what comfort another day this child shall bring unto them. This child using much the company of serving-men, and giving good ear to their talk, did easily learn which he shall hardly forget all the days of his life hereafter. So likewise in the court, if a young gentleman will venture himself into the company of ruffians, it is over-great a jeopardy lest their fashions, manners, thoughts, talk, and deeds, will very soon be ever like. The confounding of companies breedeth confusion of good manners, both in the court and everywhere else.

And it may be a great wonder, but a greater shame to us Christian men, to understand what a heathen writer, Isocrates, doth leave in memory of writing, concerning the care that the noble city of Athens had to bring up their youth in honest company and virtuous discipline; whose talk in Greek is to this effect in English:

"The city was not more careful to see their children well taught than to see their young men well governed; which they brought to pass not so much by common law

as by private discipline. For they had more regard that their youth by good order should not offend than how by law they might be punished; and if offence were committed, there was neither way to hide it, neither hope of pardon for it. Good natures were not so much openly praised as they were secretly marked and watchfully regarded, lest they should leese the goodness they had. Therefore in schools of singing and dancing, and other honest exercises, governors were appointed more diligent to oversee their good manners than their masters were to teach them any learning. It was some shame to a young man to be seen in the open market; and if for business he passed through it, he did it with a marvelous modesty and bashful fashion. To eat or drink in a tavern was not only a shame, but also punishable, in a young man. To contrary, or to stand in terms with an old man, was more heinous than in some place to rebuke and scold with his own father." With many other more good orders and fair disciplines, which I refer to their reading that have lust to look upon the description of such a worthy commonwealth.

And to know what worthy fruit did spring of such worthy seed, I will tell you the most marvel of all, and yet such a truth as no man shall deny it except such as be ignorant in knowledge of the best stories.

Athens, by this discipline and good ordering of youth, did breed up, within the circuit of that one city, within the compass of one hundred year, within the memory of one man's life, so many notable captains in war, for worthiness, wisdom, and learning, as be scarce matchable, no, not in the state of Rome, in the compass of those seven hundred years when it flourished most.

And because I will not only say it, but also prove it, the names of them be these: Miltiades, Themistocles, Xantippus, Pericles, Cimon, Alcibiades, Thrasybulus, Conon, Iphicrates, Xenophon, Timotheus, Theopompus, Demetrius, and divers other more; of which every one may justly be spoken that worthy praise which was given to Scipio Africanus, who Cicero doubteth, whether he were more noble captain in war, or more eloquent and wise counsellor in peace. And if ye believe not me, read diligently Aemilius Probus in Latin, and Plutarch in Greek; which two had no cause either to flatter or lie upon any of those which I have recited.

And beside nobility in war, for excellent and matchless masters in all manner of learning, in that one city, in memory of one age, were more learned men, and that in a manner altogether, than all time doth remember, than all place doth afford, than all other tongues do contain. And I do not mean of those authors which by injury of time, by negligence of men, by cruelty of fire and sword, be lost; but even of those which by God's grace are left yet unto us; of which, I thank God, even my poor study lacketh not one. As, in philosophy, Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon, Euclid, and Theophrast; in eloquence and civil law, Demosthenes, Aeschines, Lycurgus, Dinarchus, Demades, Isocrates, Isaeus, Lysias, Antisthenes, Andocides; in histories, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and, which we lack to our great loss, Theopompus and Ephorus; in poetry, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and somewhat of Menander, Demosthenes' sister son.

Now let Italian, and Latin itself, Spanish, French, Dutch, and English bring forth their learning and recite their authorities; Cicero only excepted, and one or two more in Latin, they be all patched clouts and rags, in comparison of fair woven broadcloths; and truly, if there be any good in them, it is either learned, borrowed, or stolen from some of those worthy wits of Athens.

The remembrance of such a commonwealth, using such discipline and order for youth, and thereby bringing forth to their praise, and leaving to us for our example, such captains for war, such counsellors for peace, and matchless masters for all kind of learning, is pleasant for me to recite, and not irksome, I trust, for other to hear, except it be such as make neither account of virtue nor learning.

And whether there be any such or no, I cannot well tell; yet I hear say, some young gentlemen of ours count it their shame to be counted learned; and perchance they count it their shame to be

counted honest also; for I hear say they meddle as little with the one as with the other. A marvelous case, that gentlemen should so be ashamed of good learning, and never a whit ashamed of ill manners! Such do say for them that the gentlemen of France do so; which is a lie, as God will have it. Langaeus and Bellaeus, that be dead, and the noble Vidam of Chartres, that is alive, and infinite more in France, which I hear tell of, prove this to be most false. And though some in France, which will needs be gentlemen, whether men will or no, and have more gentleship in their hat than in their head, be at deadly feud with both learning and honesty; yet I believe if that noble prince, King Francis the First, were alive they should have neither place in his court nor pension in his wars, if he had knowledge of them. This opinion is not French, but plain Turkish, from whence some French fetch more faults than this; which I pray God keep out of England, and send also those of ours better minds, which bend themselves against virtue and learning, to the contempt of God, dishonor of their country, to the hurt of many others, and at length to the greatest harm and utter destruction of themselves.

Some other, having better nature but less wit (for ill commonly have over-much wit), do not utterly dispraise learning, but they say that without learning, common experience, knowledge of all fashions, and haunting all companies shall work in youth both wisdom and ability to execute any weighty affair. Surely long experience doth profit much, but most, and almost only to him (if we mean honest affairs) that is diligently before instructed with precepts of well doing. For good precepts of learning be the eyes of the mind, to look wisely before a man, which way to go right and which not.

Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely, when experience maketh more miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy master he is that is made cunning by many shipwrecks; a miserable merchant, that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrouts. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience. We know by experience itself that it is a marvelous pain to find out but a short way by long wandering. And, surely, he that would prove wise by experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of his way, and upon the night, he knoweth not whither. And verily they be fewest of number that be happy or wise by unlearned experience. And look well upon the former life of those few, whether your example be old or young, who without learning have gathered by long experience a little wisdom and some happiness; and when you do consider what mischief they have committed, what dangers they have escaped (and yet twenty for one do perish in the adventure), then think well with yourself whether you would that your own son should come to wisdom and happiness by the way of such experience or no.

It is a notable tale, that old Sir Roger Chamloe, sometime chief justice, would tell of himself. When he was ancient in inn of court, certain young gentlemen were brought before him to be corrected for certain misorders: and one of the lustiest said, "Sir, we be young gentlemen; and wise men before us have proved all fashions, and yet those have done full well." This they said because it was well known that Sir Roger had been a good fellow in his youth. But he answered them very wisely: "Indeed," saith he, "in youth I was as you are now; and I had twelve fellows like unto myself, but not one of them came to a good end. And therefore follow not my example in youth, but follow my counsel in age, if ever ye think to come to this place, or to these years that I am come unto; lest ye meet either with poverty or Tyburn in the way."

This experience of all fashions in youth, being in proof always dangerous, in issue seldom lucky, is a way indeed to over-much knowledge, yet used commonly of such men which be either carried by some curious affection of mind, or driven by some hard necessity of life, to hazard the trial of over-many perilous adventures.

Erasmus, the honor of learning of all our time, said wisely that experience is the common schoolhouse of fools and ill

men. Men of wit and honesty be otherwise instructed. For there be, that keep them out of fire, and yet was never burned; that be ware of water, and yet was never nigh drowning; that hate harlots, and was never at the stews; that abhor falsehood, and never brake promise themselves.

But will ye see a fit similitude of this adventured experience? A father that doth let loose his son to all experiences is most like a fond hunter that letteth slip a whelp to the whole herd; twenty to one he shall fall upon a rascal, and let go the fair game. Men that hunt so be either ignorant persons, privy stealers, or night-walkers.

Learning therefore, ye wise fathers, and good bringing up, and not blind and dangerous experience, is the next and readiest way that must lead your children, first to wisdom, and then to worthiness, if ever ye purpose they shall come there.

And to say all in short, though I lack authority to give counsel, yet I lack not good will to wish, that the youth in England, especially gentlemen, and namely nobility, should be by good bringing up so grounded in judgment of learning, so founded in love of honesty, as, when they should be called forth to the execution of great affairs, in service of their prince and country, they might be able to use and to order all experiences, were they good, were they bad, and that according to the square, rule, and line of wisdom, learning, and virtue.

And I do not mean, by all this my talk, that young gentlemen should always be poring on a book, and by using good studies should leese honest pleasure and haunt no good pastime; I mean nothing less. For it is well known that I both like and love, and have always, and do yet still use, all exercises and pastimes that be fit for my nature and ability; and beside natural disposition, in judgment also I was never either stoic in doctrine or anabaptist in religion, to mislike a merry, pleasant, and playful nature, if no outrage be committed against law, measure, and good order.

Therefore I would wish that beside some good time fitly appointed and constantly kept, to increase by reading the knowledge of the tongues and learning, young gentlemen should use and delight in all courtly exercises and gentlemanlike pastimes. And good cause why; for the self-same noble city of Athens, justly commended of me before, did wisely, and upon great consideration, appoint the Muses, Apollo, and Pallas, to be patrons of learning to their youth. For the Muses, besides learning, were also ladies of dancing, mirth, and minstrelsy; Apollo was god of shooting, and author of cunning playing upon instruments; Pallas also was lady mistress in wars. Whereby was nothing else meant but that learning should be always mingled with honest mirth and comely exercises; and that war also should be governed by learning and moderated by wisdom; as did well appear in those captains of Athens named by me before, and also in Scipio and Caesar, the two diamonds of Rome. And Pallas was no more feared in wearing *aegida* than she was praised for choosing *oliva;* whereby shineth the glory of learning, which thus was governor and mistress in the noble city of Athens, both of war and peace.

Therefore to ride comely, to run fair at the tilt or ring; to play at all weapons, to shoot fair in bow, or surely in gun; to vault lustily, to run, to leap, to wrestle, to swim; to dance comely, to sing, and play of instruments cunningly; to hawk, to hunt; to play at tennis, and all pastimes generally, which be joined with labor, used in open place, and on the day-light, containing either some fit exercise for war, or some pleasant pastime for peace, be not only comely and decent, but also very necessary for a courtly gentleman to use.

But of all kind of pastimes fit for a gentleman, I will, God willing, in fitter place more at large declare fully, in my book of the cockpit; which I do write to satisfy some, I trust with some reason, that be more curious in marking other men's doings than careful in mending their own faults. And some also will needs busy themselves in marveling, and adding thereunto unfriendly talk, why I, a man of good years, and of no ill place, I thank God and my prince, do make choice to spend such time in writing of trifles, as the School of Shooting, the Cockpit, and this book of the First Principles of Grammar, rather

than to take some weighty matter in hand, either of religion or civil discipline.

Wise men, I know, will well allow of my choice herein; and as for such who have not wit of themselves but must learn of others to judge right of men's doings, let them read that wise poet Horace in his *Arte Poetica*, who willeth wise men to beware of high and lofty titles. For great ships require costly tackling, and also afterward dangerous government: small boats be neither very chargeable in making, nor very oft in great jeopardy; and yet they carry many times as good and costly ware as greater vessels do. A mean argument may easily bear the light burden of a small fault, and have always at hand a ready excuse for ill handling; and some praise it is, if it so chance to be better indeed than a man dare venture to seem. A high title doth charge a man with the heavy burden of too great a promise; and therefore saith Horace, very wittily, that that poet was a very fool that began his book with a goodly verse indeed but overproud a promise:

Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum.[1]

And after as wisely:

Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte! etc.;[2]

meaning Homer; who, within the compass of a small argument of one harlot and of one good wife, did utter so much learning in all kind of sciences as, by the judgment of Quintilian, he deserveth so high a praise, that no man yet deserved to sit in the second degree beneath him. And thus much out of my way, concerning my purpose in spending pen and paper and time upon trifles; and namely, to answer some that have neither wit nor learning to do anything themselves, neither will nor honesty to say well of other.

To join learning with comely exercises, Conto Baldesar Castiglione, in his book *Cortegiano*, doth trimly teach; which book advisedly read and diligently followed but one year at home in England would do a young gentleman more good, I wiss, than three years' travel abroad spent in Italy. And I marvel this book is no more read in the court than it is, seeing it is so well translated into English by a worthy gentleman, Sir Thomas Hoby, who was many ways furnished with learning, and very expert in knowledge of divers tongues.

And beside good precepts in books, in all kind of tongues, this court also never lacked many fair examples for young gentlemen to follow; and surely one example is more valuable, both to good and ill, than twenty precepts written in books; and so Plato, not in one or two, but divers places, doth plainly teach.

If King Edward had lived a little longer, his only example had bred such a race of worthy learned gentlemen as this realm never yet did afford.

And in the second degree, two noble primroses of nobility, the young Duke of Suffolk and Lord Henry Matrevers, were two such examples to the court for learning as our time may rather wish than look for again. At Cambridge, also, in St. John's College, in my time, I do know that not so much the good statutes as two gentlemen of worthy memory, Sir John Cheke and Dr. Redman, by their only example of excellency in learning, of godliness in living, of diligency in studying, of counsel in exhorting, of good order in all things, did breed up so many learned men in that one college of St. John's at one time, as I believe the whole university of Louvain in many years was never able to afford.

Present examples of this present time I list not to touch; yet there is one example for all the gentlemen of this court to follow, that may well satisfy them, or nothing will serve them, nor no example move them to goodness and learning.

It is your shame (I speak to you all, you young gentlemen of England) that one maid should go beyond you all in excellency of learning and knowledge of divers tongues. Point forth six of the best given gentlemen of this court, and all they together show not so much good will, spend not so much time, bestow not so many hours daily, orderly, and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queen's Majesty herself. Yea, I believe that beside her perfit readiness in Latin, Italian,

[1] "The fortune of Priam I shall sing, and the famous war."

[2] "How much better this other, who attempted nothing foolishly."

French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendary of this church doth read Latin in a whole week. And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her privy chamber she hath obtained that excellency of learning to understand, speak, and write both wittily with head and fair with hand, as scarce one or two rare wits in both the universities have in many years reached unto. Amongst all the benefits that God hath blessed me withal, next the knowledge of Christ's true religion, I count this the greatest, that it pleased God to call me to be one poor minister in setting forward these excellent gifts of learning in this most excellent prince; whose only example if the rest of our nobility would follow, then might England be for learning and wisdom in nobility a spectacle to all the world beside. But see the mishap of men; the best examples have never such force to move to any goodness, as the bad, vain, light, and fond have to all illness.

And one example, though out of the compass of learning, yet not out of the order of good manners, was notable in this court not fully twenty-four years ago; when all the acts of parliament, many good proclamations, divers strait commandments, sore punishment openly, special regard privately, could not do so much to take away one misorder as the example of one big one of this court did, still to keep up the same; the memory whereof doth yet remain in a common proverb of Birching-lane.

Take heed, therefore, ye great ones in the court, yea though ye be the greatest of all, take heed what ye do; take heed how ye live; for as you great ones use to do, so all mean men love to do. You be indeed makers or marrers of all men's manners within the realm. For though God hath placed you to be chief in making of laws, to bear greatest authority, to command all others; yet God doth order that all your laws, all your authority, all your commandments, do not half so much with mean men as doth your example and manner of living. And for example, even in the greatest matter, if you yourselves do serve God gladly and orderly for conscience sake, not coldly and sometime for manner sake, you carry all the court with you, and the whole realm beside, earnest and orderly to do the same. If you do otherwise, you be the only authors of all misorders in religion, not only to the court, but to all England beside. Infinite shall be made cold in religion by your example, that never were hurt by reading of books.

And in meaner matters, if three or four great ones in court will needs outrage in apparel, in huge hose, in monstrous hats, in garish colors; let the prince proclaim, make laws, order, punish, command every gate in London daily to be watched; let all good men beside do everywhere what they can; surely the misorder of apparel in mean men abroad shall never be amended, except the greatest in court will order and mend themselves first. I know some great and good ones in court were authors that honest citizens of London should watch at every gate to take misordered persons in apparel; I know that honest Londoners did so; and I saw (which I saw then, and report now with some grief) that some courtly men were offended with these good men of London; and (that which grieved me most of all) I saw the very same time, for all these good orders commanded from the court and executed in London—I saw, I say, come out of London even unto the presence of the prince a great rabble of mean and light persons in apparel, for matter against law, for making against order, for fashion, namely hose, so without all order as he thought himself most brave that durst do most in breaking order, and was most monstrous in misorder. And for all the great commandments that came out of the court, yet this bold misorder was winked at and borne withal in the court. I thought it was not well that some great ones of the court durst declare themselves offended with good men of London for doing their duty, and the good ones of the court would not show themselves offended with ill men of London for breaking good order. I found thereby a saying of Socrates to be most true, that ill men be more hasty than good men be forward to prosecute their purposes; even as Christ himself saith of the children of light and darkness.

Beside apparel, in all other things too, not so much good laws and strait commandments as the example and manner of

living of great men doth carry all mean men everywhere to like, and love, and do, as they do. For if but two or three noblemen in the court would but begin to shoot, all young gentlemen, the whole court, all London, the whole realm, would straightway exercise shooting.

What praise should they win to themselves? What commodity should they bring to their country, that would thus deserve to be pointed at, "Behold, there goeth the author of good order, the guide of good men"? I could say more, and yet not over-much. But perchance some will say I have stepped too far out of my school into the commonwealth, from teaching a young scholar to monish great and noble men; yet I trust good and wise men will think and judge of me that my mind was not so much to be busy and bold with them that be great now, as to give true advice to them that may be great hereafter; who, if they do as I wish them to do, how great soever they be now by blood and other men's means, they shall become a great deal greater hereafter by learning, virtue, and their own deserts; which is true praise, right worthiness, and very nobility indeed. Yet, if some will needs press me that I am too bold with great men, and stray too far from my matter, I will answer them with St. Paul, "Sive per contentionem, sive quocunque modo, Christus praedicetur," etc.[1] Even so whether in place or out of place, with my matter, or beside my matter, if I can hereby either provoke the good or stay the ill I shall think my writing herein well employed.

But to come down from great men and higher matters to my little children and poor schoolhouse again; I will, God willing, go forward orderly, as I purposed, to instruct children and young men both for learning and manners.

Hitherto I have showed what harm overmuch fear bringeth to children; and what hurt ill company and over-much liberty breedeth in youth; meaning thereby, that from seven year old to seventeen love is the best allurement to learning; from seventeen to seven-and-twenty, that wise men should carefully see the steps of youth surely stayed by good order, in that most slippery time, and especially in the court, a place most dangerous for youth to live in without great grace, good regard, and diligent looking to.

Sir Richard Sackville, that worthy gentleman of worthy memory, as I said in the beginning, in the queen's privy chamber at Windsor, after he had talked with me for the right choice of a good wit in a child for learning, and of the true difference betwixt quick and hard wits, of alluring young children by gentleness to love learning, and of the special care that was to be had to keep young men from licentious living; he was most earnest with me to have me say my mind also, what I thought concerning the fancy that many young gentlemen of England have to travel abroad, and namely to lead a long life in Italy. His request, both for his authority and good will toward me, was a sufficient commandment unto me to satisfy his pleasure with uttering plainly my opinion in that matter. "Sir," quoth I, "I take going thither, and living there, for a young gentleman that doth not go under the keep and guard of such a man as both by wisdom can and authority dare rule him, to be marvelous dangerous."

And why I said so then I will declare at large now, which I said then privately and write now openly; not because I do contemn either the knowledge of strange and divers tongues, and namely the Italian tongue (which, next the Greek and Latin tongue, I like and love above all other), or else because I do despise the learning that is gotten or the experience that is gathered in strange countries; or for any private malice that I bear to Italy; which country, and in it namely Rome, I have always specially honored; because time was when Italy and Rome have been to the great good of us that now live, the best breeders and bringers up of the worthiest men, not only for wise speaking, but also for well doing, in all civil affairs, that ever was in the world. But now that time is gone; and though the place remain, yet the old and present manners do differ as far as black and white, as virtue and vice. Virtue once made that country mistress

[1] "Whether in contention, or in any other way, Christ is proclaimed."

over all the world; vice now maketh that country slave to them that before were glad to serve it. All men seeth it; they themselves confess it, namely such as be best and wisest amongst them. For sin, by lust and vanity, hath and doth breed up everywhere common contempt of God's word, private contention in many families, open factions in every city; and so making themselves bond to vanity and vice at home, they are content to bear the yoke of serving strangers abroad. Italy now is not that Italy that it was wont to be; and therefore now not so fit a place as some do count it, for young men to fetch either wisdom or honesty from thence. For surely they will make others but bad scholars that be so ill masters to themselves. Yet, if a gentleman will needs travel into Italy, he shall do well to look on the life of the wisest traveler that ever traveled thither, set out by the wisest writer that ever spake with tongue, God's doctrine only excepted; and that is Ulysses in Homer.

Ulysses and his travel I wish our travelers to look upon, not so much to fear them with the great dangers that he many times suffered, as to instruct them with his excellent wisdom, which he always and everywhere used. Yea, even those that be learned and witty travelers, when they be disposed to praise traveling, as a great commendation, and the best scripture they have for it, they gladly recite the third verse of Homer, in his first book of the Odyssey, containing a great praise of Ulysses for the wit he gathered and wisdom he used in his traveling.

Which verse, because in mine opinion it was not made at the first more naturally in Greek by Homer, nor after turned more aptly into Latin by Horace, than it was a good while ago in Cambridge translated into English, both plainly for the sense and roundly for the verse, by one of the best scholars that ever St. John's college bred, Mr. Watson, mine old friend, sometime Bishop of Lincoln; therefore for their sake that have lust to see how our English tongue in avoiding barbarous rhyming may as well receive right quantity of syllables and true order of versifying (of which matter more at large hereafter) as either Greek or Latin, if a cunning man have it in handling; I will set forth that one verse in all three tongues, for an example to good wits that shall delight in like learned exercise.

*Homerus.*—πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω.

*Horatius.*—Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes.

*Mr. Watson:*

All travelers do gladly report great praise of Ulysses,
For that he knew many men's manners, and saw many cities.

And yet is not Ulysses commended so much, nor so oft in Homer, because he was πολύτροπος, this is, skilful in many men's manners and fashions; as because he was πολύμητις, that is, wise in all purposes, and ware in all places. Which wisdom and wareness will not serve neither a traveler, except Pallas be always at his elbow, that is, God's special grace from heaven, to keep him in God's fear in all his doings, in all his journey. For he shall not always, in his absence out of England, light upon a gentle Alcinous, and walk in his fair gardens full of all harmless pleasures; but he shall sometimes fall either into the hands of some cruel Cyclops, or into the lap of some wanton and dallying dame Calypso; and so suffer the danger of many a deadly den, not so full of perils to destroy the body as full of vain pleasures to poison the mind. Some Siren shall sing him a song, sweet in tune, but sounding in the end to his utter destruction. If Scylla drown him not, Charybdis may fortune to swallow him. Some Circe shall make him of a plain Englishman a right Italian; and at length to hell, or to some hellish place, is he likely to go; from whence is hard returning, although one Ulysses, and that by Pallas' aid, and good counsel of Tiresias, once escaped that horrible den of deadly darkness.

Therefore, if wise men will needs send their sons into Italy, let them do it wisely, under the keep and guard of him who, by his wisdom and honesty, by his example and authority, may be able to keep them safe and sound in the fear of God, in Christ's

true religion, in good order, and honesty of living; except they will have them run headlong into over-many jeopardies, as Ulysses had done many times if Pallas had not always governed him; if he had not used to stop his ears with wax, to bind himself to the mast of his ship, to feed daily upon that sweet herb Moly, with the black root and white flower, given unto him by Mercury to avoid all the enchantments of Circe. Whereby the divine poet Homer meant covertly (as wise and godly men do judge) that love of honesty and hatred of ill which David more plainly doth call the fear of God, the only remedy against all enchantments of sin.

I know divers noble personages, and many worthy gentlemen of England, whom all the Siren songs of Italy could never untwine from the mast of God's Word, nor no enchantment of vanity overturn them from the fear of God and love of honesty.

But I know as many, or more, and some sometime my dear friends (for whose sake I hate going into that country the more), who parting out of England fervent in the love of Christ's doctrine, and well furnished with the fear of God, returned out of Italy worse transformed than ever was any in Circe's court. I know divers, that went out of England men of innocent life, men of excellent learning, who returned out of Italy not only with worse manners but also with less learning; neither so willing to live orderly, nor yet so able to speak learnedly, as they were at home, before they went abroad. And why? Plato, that wise writer, and worthy traveler himself, telleth the cause why. He went into Sicilia, a country no nigher Italy by site of place than Italy that is now is like Sicilia that was then, in all corrupt manners and licentiousness of life. Plato found in Sicilia every city full of vanity, full of factions, even as Italy is now. And as Homer, like a learned poet, doth feign that Circe by pleasant enchantments did turn men into beasts, some into swine, some into asses, some into foxes, some into wolves, etc., even so Plato, like a wise philosopher, doth plainly declare that pleasure by licentious vanity, that sweet and perilous poison of all youth, doth engender, in all those that yield themselves to her, four notorious properties,

1. λήθην.
2. δυσμαθίαν.
3. ἀφροσύνην.
4. ὕβριν.

The first, forgetfulness of all good things learned before; the second, dulness to receive either learning or honesty ever after; the third, a mind embracing lightly the worse opinion, and barren of discretion to make true difference betwixt good and ill, betwixt truth and vanity; the fourth, a proud disdainfulness of other good men in all honest matters.

Homer and Plato have both one meaning, look both to one end. For if a man inglut himself with vanity, or welter in filthiness like a swine, all learning, all goodness, is soon forgotten. Then quickly shall he become a dull ass to understand either learning or honesty; and yet shall he be as subtle as a fox in breeding of mischief, in bringing in misorder, with a busy head, a discoursing tongue, and a factious heart, in every private affair, in all matters of state; with this pretty property, always glad to commend the worse party, and ever ready to defend the falser opinion. And why? For where will is given from goodness to vanity, the mind is soon carried from right judgment to any fond opinion in religion, in philosophy, or any other kind of learning. The fourth fruit of vain pleasure, by Homer and Plato's judgment, is pride in themselves, contempt of others, the very badge of all those that serve in Circe's court. The true meaning of both Homer and Plato is plainly declared in one short sentence of the holy prophet of God, Hieremy, crying out of the vain and vicious life of the Israelites: "This people," saith he, "be fools and dull-heads to all goodness, but subtle, cunning, and bold in any mischief," etc.

The true medicine against the enchantments of Circe, the vanity of licentious pleasure, the enticements of all sin, is in Homer the herb Moly, with the black root and white flower, sour at the first, but sweet in the end; which Hesiodus termeth the study of virtue, hard and irksome in the beginning, but in the end

easy and pleasant. And that which is most to be marveled at, the divine poet Homer saith plainly that this medicine against sin and vanity is not found out by man, but given and taught by God. And for some one's sake that will have delight to read that sweet and godly verse, I will recite the very words of Homer, and also turn them into rude English metre:

χαλεπὸν δέ τ' ὀρύσσειν
ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι θεοὶ δέ τε πάντα δύνανται.

In English thus:

No mortal man, with sweat of brow or toil of mind,
But only God, who can do all, that herb doth find.

Plato also, that divine philosopher, hath many godly medicines against the poison of vain pleasure, in many places, but specially in his epistles to Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily. Yet against those that will needs become beasts with serving of Circe, the prophet David crieth most loud: "Nolite fieri sicut equus et mulus"; and by and by giveth the right medicine, the true herb Moly, "In camo et freno maxillas eorum constringe"; that is to say, let God's grace be the bit, let God's fear be the bridle, to stay them from running headlong into vice, and to turn them into the right way again. David, in the second psalm after, giveth the same medicine, but in these plainer words, "Diverte a malo, et fac bonum." [1]

But I am afraid that over-many of our travelers into Italy do not eschew the way to Circe's court, but go, and ride, and run, and fly thither; they make great haste to come to her; they make great suit to serve her; yea, I could point out some with my finger that never had gone out of England but only to serve Circe in Italy. Vanity and vice, and any license to ill living in England, was counted stale and rude unto them. And so, being mules and horses before they went, returned very swine and asses home again; yet everywhere very foxes with subtle and busy heads; and where they may, very wolves, with cruel malicious hearts. A marvelous monster, which for filthiness of living, for dulness to learning himself, for wiliness in dealing with others, for malice in hurting without cause, should carry at once in one body the belly of a swine, the head of an ass, the brain of a fox, the womb of a wolf. If you think we judge amiss, and write too sore against you, hear what the Italian saith of the Englishman; what the master reporteth of the scholar; who uttereth plainly what is taught by him and what is learned by you, saying, "Inglese Italianato è un diabolo incarnato"; [2] that is to say, "You remain men in shape and fashion, but become devils in life and condition."

This is not the opinion of one for some private spite, but the judgment of all in a common proverb, which riseth of that learning, and those manners, which you gather in Italy; a good school-house of wholesome doctrine, and worthy masters of commendable scholars; where the master had rather defame himself for his teaching than not shame his scholar for his learning. A good nature of the master, and fair conditions of the scholars. And now choose you, you Italian Englishmen, whether you will be angry with us for calling you monsters, or with the Italians for calling you devils, or else with your own selves, that take so much pains, and go so far, to make yourselves both. If some yet do not well understand what is an Englishman Italianated, I will plainly tell him: he that by living and traveling in Italy bringeth home into England out of Italy the religion, the learning, the policy, the experience, the manners of Italy. That is to say, for religion, papistry, or worse; for learning, less commonly than they carried out with them; for policy, a factious heart, a discoursing head, a mind to meddle in all men's matters; for experience, plenty of new mischiefs never known in England before; for manners, variety of vanities, and change of filthy living.

These be the enchantments of Circe, brought out of Italy, to mar men's manners in England; much by example of ill life, but more by precepts of fond books, of late translated out of Italian into English,

[1] "Depart from evil, and do good."

[2] "An Italianate Englishman is a devil incarnate."

sold in every shop in London; commended by honest titles, the sooner to corrupt honest manners; dedicated over-boldly to virtuous and honorable personages, the easilier to beguile simple and innocent wits. It is pity, that those which have authority and charge to allow and disallow books to be printed be no more circumspect herein than they are. Ten sermons at Paul's Cross do not so much good for moving men to true doctrine as one of those books do harm with enticing men to ill living. Yea, I say farther, those books tend not so much to corrupt honest living as they do to subvert true religion. More papists be made by your merry books of Italy than by your earnest books of Louvain. And because our great physicians do wink at the matter, and make no count of this sore, I, though not admitted one of their fellowship, yet having been many years a prentice to God's true religion, and trust to continue a poor journeyman therein all days of my life, for the duty I owe and love I bear both to true doctrine and honest living, though I have no authority to amend the sore myself, yet I will declare my good will to discover the sore to others.

St. Paul saith that sects and ill opinions be the works of the flesh and fruits of sin. This is spoken no more truly for the doctrine than sensible for the reason. And why? For ill doings breed ill thinkings; and of corrupted manners spring perverted judgments. And how? There be in man two special things: man's will, man's mind. Where will inclineth to goodness, the mind is bent to truth. Where will is carried from goodness to vanity, the mind is soon drawn from truth to false opinion. And so the readiest way to entangle the mind with false doctrine is first to entice the will to wanton living. Therefore, when the busy and open papists abroad could not by their contentious books turn men in England fast enough from truth and right judgment in doctrine, then the subtle and secret papists at home procured bawdy books to be translated out of the Italian tongue, whereby over-many young wills and wits allured to wantonness do now boldly contemn all severe books that sound to honesty and godliness.

In our forefathers' time, when papistry, as a standing pool, covered and overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue, saving certain books of chivalry, as they said for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks or wanton canons. As one for example, *Morte Arthur;* the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points, in open manslaughter and bold bawdry. In which book those he counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrel, and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts: as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Mark his uncle; Sir Lamerock, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuff for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at; yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court and *Morte Arthur* received into the prince's chamber.

What toys the daily reading of such a book may work in the will of a young gentleman, or a young maid, that liveth wealthily and idly, wise men can judge and honest men do pity. And yet ten *Morte Arthurs* do not the tenth part so much harm as one of these books made in Italy and translated in England. They open, not fond and common ways to vice, but such subtle, cunning, new, and divers shifts, to carry young wills to vanity and young wits to mischief, to teach old bawds new school points, as the simple head of an Englishman is not able to invent, nor never was heard of in England before, yea, when papistry overflowed all. Suffer these books to be read, and they shall soon displace all books of godly learning. For they, carrying the will to vanity, and marring good manners, shall easily corrupt the mind with ill opinions and false judgment in doctrine; first to think ill of all true religion, and at last to think nothing of God himself; one special point that is to be learned in Italy and Italian books. And that which is most to be lamented, and therefore more needful to be looked to, there be more of these ungracious books set out in print within these few months than have been seen in England many score year before. And

because our Englishmen made Italians cannot hurt but certain persons, and in certain places, therefore these Italian books are made English, to bring mischief enough openly and boldly to all states, great and mean, young and old, everywhere.

And thus you see how will enticed to wantonness doth easily allure the mind to false opinions; and how corrupt manners in living breed false judgment in doctrine; how sin and fleshliness bring forth sects and heresies; and therefore suffer not vain books to breed vanity in men's wills, if you would have God's truth take root in men's minds.

That Italian that first invented the Italian proverb against our Englishmen Italianated meant no more their vanity in living than their lewd opinion in religion; for in calling them devils he carrieth them clean from God; and yet he carrieth them no farther than they willingly go themselves; that is, where they may freely say their minds to the open contempt of God, and all godliness, both in living and doctrine.

And how? I will express how; not by a fable of Homer, nor by the philosophy of Plato, but by a plain truth of God's word, sensibly uttered by David thus: these men, "abominabiles facti in studiis suis," think verily and sing gladly the verse before, "Dixit insipiens in corde suo, non est Deus": [1] that is to say, they giving themselves up to vanity, shaking off the motions of Grace, driving from them the fear of God, and running headlong into all sin, first lustily contemn God, then scornfully mock his word, and also spitefully hate and hurt all well-willers thereof. Then they have in more reverence the triumphs of Petrarch than the Genesis of Moses; they make more account of Tully's Offices than St. Paul's Epistles; of a tale in Boccace than a story of the Bible. Then they count as fables the holy mysteries of Christian religion. They make Christ and his gospel only serve civil policy. Then neither religion cometh amiss to them; in time they be promoters of both openly; in place again mockers of both privily; as I wrote once in a rude rhyme:

Now new, now old, now both, now neither;
To serve the world's course, they care not with whether.

For where they dare, in company where they like, they boldly laugh to scorn both protestant and papist. They care for no Scripture; they make no count of general councils; they contemn the consent of the church; they pass for no doctors; they mock the pope, they rail on Luther; they allow neither side; they like none, but only themselves. The mark they shoot at, the end they look for, the heaven they desire, is only their own present pleasure and private profit; whereby they plainly declare of whose school, of what religion they be; that is, Epicures in living, and ἄθεοι [2] in doctrine. This last word is no more unknown now to plain Englishmen than the person was unknown sometime in England, until some Englishman took pains to fetch that devilish opinion out of Italy. These men thus Italianated abroad cannot abide our godly Italian church at home; they be not of that parish; they be not of that fellowship; they like not the preacher; they hear not his sermons; except sometimes for company they come thither to hear the Italian tongue naturally spoken, not to hear God's doctrine truly preached.

And yet these men in matters of divinity openly pretend a great knowledge, and have privately to themselves a very compendious understanding of all; which nevertheless they will utter when and where they list. And that is this: all the mysteries of Moses, the whole law and ceremonies, the psalms and prophets, Christ and his gospel, God and the devil, heaven and hell, faith, conscience, sin, death, and all, they shortly wrap up, they quickly expound with this one half verse of Horace, "Credat Judaeus Apella." [3]

Yet though in Italy they may freely

[1] "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. Corrupt are they, and have done abominable iniquity; there is none that doeth good."

[2] Atheists.

[3] "Appella, the Jew, may believe it, not I." ("Credat Judaeus Appella, non ego." Hor. Satires, I. 5. 100.)

be of no religion, as they are in England in very deed too; nevertheless returning home into England they must countenance the profession of the one or the other, howsoever inwardly they laugh to scorn both. And though for their private matters they can follow, fawn, and flatter noble personages contrary to them in all respects; yet commonly they ally themselves with the worst papists, to whom they be wedded, and do well agree together in three proper opinions: in open contempt of God's word, in a secret security of sin, and in a bloody desire to have all taken away by sword or burning that be not of their faction. They that do read with indifferent judgment Pighius and Machiavel, two indifferent patriarchs of these two religions, do know full well that I say true.

Ye see what manners and doctrine our English men fetch out of Italy; for finding no other there, they can bring no other hither. And therefore many godly and excellent learned Englishmen, not many years ago, did make a better choice; when open cruelty drave them out of this country, to place themselves there where Christ's doctrine, the fear of God, punishment of sin, and discipline of honesty were had in special regard.

I was once in Italy myself; but I thank God my abode there was but nine days; and yet I saw in that little time, in one city, more liberty to sin than ever I heard tell of in our noble city of London in nine year. I saw it was there as free to sin, not only without all punishment, but also without any man's marking, as it is free in the city of London to choose without all blame whether a man lust to wear shoe or pantocle. And good cause why; for being unlike in truth of religion, they must needs be unlike in honesty of living. For, blessed be Christ, in our city of London commonly the commandments of God be more diligently taught and the service of God more reverently used, and that daily in many private men's houses, than they be in Italy once a week in their common churches; where masking ceremonies to delight the eye, and vain sounds to please the ear, do quite thrust out of the churches all service of God in spirit and truth. Yea, the lord mayor of London, being but a civil officer, is commonly for his time more diligent in punishing sin, the bent enemy against God and good order, than all the bloody inquisitors in Italy be in seven year. For their care and charge is, not to punish sin, not to amend manners, not to purge doctrine, but only to watch and oversee that Christ's true religion set no sure footing where the pope hath any jurisdiction.

I learned, when I was at Venice, that there it is counted good policy, when there be four or five brethren of one family, one only to marry, and all the rest to welter with as little shame in open lechery as swine do here in the common mire. Yea, there be as fair houses of religion, as great provision, as diligent officers to keep up this misorder, as Bridewell is, and all the masters there, to keep down misorder. And therefore, if the pope himself do not only grant pardons to further these wicked purposes abroad in Italy, but also (although this present pope in the beginning made some show of misliking thereof) assign both meed and merit to the maintenance of stews and brothel-houses at home in Rome; then let wise men think Italy a safe place for wholesome doctrine and godly manners, and a fit school for young gentlemen of England to be brought up in.

Our Italians bring home with them other faults from Italy, though not so great as this of religion, yet a great deal greater than many good men can well bear. For commonly they come home common contemners of marriage, and ready persuaders of all others to the same; not because they love virginity, nor yet because they hate pretty young virgins, but being free in Italy to go whithersoever lust will carry them, they do not like that law and honesty should be such a bar to their like liberty at home in England. And yet they be the greatest makers of love, the daily dalliers with such pleasant words, with such smiling and secret countenances, with such signs, tokens, wagers purposed to be lost before they were purposed to be made, with bargains of wearing colors, flowers, and herbs, to breed occasion of ofter meeting of him and her, and bolder talking of this and that, etc. And although I have seen

some innocent of all ill, and staid in all honesty, that have used these things without all harm, without all suspicion of harm; yet these knacks were brought first into England by them that learned them before in Italy in Circe's court; and how courtly courtesies soever they be counted now, yet if the meaning and manners of some that do use them were somewhat amended, it were no great hurt neither to themselves nor to others.

Another property of this our English Italians is to be marvelous singular in all their matters; singular in knowledge, ignorant of nothing; so singular in wisdom (in their own opinion) as scarce they count the best counsellor the prince hath comparable with them; common discoursers of all matters; busy searchers of most secret affairs; open flatterers of great men; privy mislikers of good men; fair speakers with smiling countenances and much courtesy openly to all men; ready backbiters, sore nippers, and spiteful reporters privily of good men. And being brought up in Italy, in some free city, as all cities be there; where a man may freely discourse against what he will, against whom he lust, against any prince, against any government, yea, against God himself and his whole religion; where he must be either Guelf or Ghibeline, either French or Spanish; and always compelled to be of some party, of some faction, he shall never be compelled to be of any religion; and if he meddle not overmuch with Christ's true religion, he shall have free liberty to embrace all religions, and become if he lust, at once, without any let or punishment, Jewish, Turkish, papish, and devilish.

A young gentleman, thus bred up in this goodly school to learn the next and ready way to sin, to have a busy head, a factious heart, a talkative tongue, fed with discoursing of factions, led to contemn God and his religion, shall come home into England but very ill taught, either to be an honest man himself, a quiet subject to his prince, or willing to serve God, under the obedience of true doctrine, or within the order of honest living.

I know none will be offended with this my general writing, but only such as find themselves guilty privately therein; who shall have good leave to be offended with me, until they begin to amend themselves. I touch not them that be good, and I say too little of them that be naught. And so, though not enough for their deserving, yet sufficiently for this time, and more else-when, if occasion require.

And thus far have I wandered from my first purpose of teaching a child, yet not altogether out of the way, because this whole talk hath tended to the only advancement of truth in religion and honesty of living; and hath been wholly within the compass of learning and good manners, the special points belonging to the right bringing up of youth.

But to my matter: as I began plainly and simply with my young scholar, so will I not leave him, God willing, until I have brought him a perfect scholar out of the school, and placed him in the university, to become a fit student for logic and rhetoric; and so after to physic, law, or divinity, as aptness of nature, advice of friends, and God's disposition shall lead him.

# JOHN LYLY (1554?–1606)

## FROM *EUPHUES: THE ANATOMY OF WIT*

### To the Gentlemen Readers

I was driven into a quandary, gentlemen, whether I might send this my pamphlet to the printer or to the peddler. I thought it too bad for the press and too good for the pack. But seeing my folly in writing to be as great as others, I was willing my fortune should be as ill as any man's. We commonly see the book that at Christmas lieth bound on the stationer's stall, at Easter to be broken in the haberdasher's shop, which sith it is the order of proceeding, I am content this winter to have my doings read for a toy, that in summer they may be ready for trash. It is not strange, whenas the greatest wonder lasteth but nine days, that a new work should not endure but three months. Gentlemen use books as gentlewomen handle their flowers, who in the morning stick them in their heads, and at night straw them at their heels. Cherries be fulsome when they be through ripe, because they be plenty, and books be stale when they be printed, in that they be common. In my mind printers and tailors are bound chiefly to pray for gentlemen, the one hath so many fantasies to print, the other such divers fashions to make, that the pressing iron of the one is never out of the fire, nor the printing press of the other any time lieth still. But a fashion is but a day's wearing, and a book but an hour's reading, which seeing it is so, I am of a shoemaker's mind, who careth not so the shoe hold the plucking on, nor I, so my labors last the running over. He that cometh in print because he would be known is like the fool that cometh into the market because he would be seen. I am not he that seeketh praise for his labor, but pardon for his offence, neither do I set this forth for any devotion in print, but for duty which I owe to my patron. If one write never so well, he cannot please all, and write he never so ill, he shall please some. Fine heads will pick a quarrel with me if all be not curious, and flatterers a thank if anything be current. But this is my mind, let him that findeth fault amend it, and him that liketh it use it. Envy braggeth but draweth no blood; the malicious have more mind to quip than might to cut. I submit myself to the judgment of the wise, and I little esteem the censure of fools. The one will be satisfied with reason, the other are to be answered with silence. I know gentlemen will find no fault without cause, and bear with those that deserve blame; as for others I care not for their jests, for I never meant to make them my judges. Farewell.

### Euphues

There dwelt in Athens a young gentleman of great patrimony, and of so comely a personage that it was doubted whether he were more bound to Nature for the lineaments of his person or to Fortune for the increase of his possessions. But Nature, impatient of comparisons, and as it were disdaining a companion or copartner in her working, added to this comeliness of body such a sharp capacity of mind that not only she proved Fortune counterfeit, but was half of that opinion that she herself was only current. This young gallant, of more wit than wealth, and yet of more wealth than wisdom, seeing himself inferior to none in pleasant conceits, thought himself superior to all in honest conditions, insomuch that he deemed himself so apt to all things that he gave himself almost to nothing but practising of those things commonly which are incident to these sharp wits, fine phrases, smooth quipping, merry taunting, using jesting without

mean, and abusing mirth without measure. As therefore the sweetest rose hath his prickle, the finest velvet his brack, the fairest flour his bran, so the sharpest wit hath his wanton will, and the holiest head his wicked way. And true it is that some men write and most men believe, that in all perfect shapes a blemish bringeth rather a liking every way to the eyes than a loathing any way to the mind. Venus had her mole in her cheek which made her more amiable; Helen her scar on her chin which Paris called *Cos amoris*, the whetstone of love; Aristippus his wart, Lycurgus his wen. So likewise in the disposition of the mind, either virtue is overshadowed with some vice, or vice overcast with some virtue. Alexander valiant in war, yet given to wine. Tully eloquent in his gloses, yet vainglorious. Salomon wise, yet too too wanton. David holy but yet an homicide. None more witty than Euphues, yet at the first none more wicked. The freshest colors soonest fade, the teenest razor soonest turneth his edge, the finest cloth is soonest eaten with moths, and the cambric sooner stained than the coarse canvas; which appeared well in this Euphues, whose wit being like wax apt to receive any impression, and having the bridle in his own hands either to use the rein or the spur, disdaining counsel, leaving his country, loathing his old acquaintance, thought either by wit to obtain some conquest or by shame to abide some conflict, and leaving the rule of reason rashly ran unto destruction.

It hath been an old said saw, and not of less truth than antiquity, that wit is the better if it be the dearer bought; as in the sequel of this history shall most manifestly appear. It happened this young imp to arrive at Naples, a place of more pleasure than profit, and yet of more profit than piety, the very walls and windows whereof showed it rather to be the tabernacle of Venus than the temple of Vesta.

There was all things necessary and in readiness that might either allure the mind to lust or entice the heart to folly, a court more meet for an atheist than for one of Athens, for Ovid than for Aristotle, for a graceless lover than for a godly liver; more fitter for Paris than Hector, and meeter for Flora than Diana.

Here my youth (whether for weariness he could not, or for wantonness would not go any further) determined to make his abode; whereby it is evidently seen that the fleetest fish swalloweth the delicatest bait, that the highest soaring hawk traineth to the lure, and that the wittest sconce is inveigled with the sudden view of alluring vanities.

Here he wanted no companions which courted him continually with sundry kinds of devices, whereby they might either soak his purse to reap commodity or soothe his person to win credit, for he had guests and companions of all sorts.

There frequented to his lodging and mansion house as well the spider to suck poison, of his fine wit, as the bee to gather honey, as well the drone as the dove, the fox as the lamb, as well Damocles to betray him as Damon to be true to him. Yet he behaved himself so warily that he could single out his game wisely; insomuch that an old gentleman in Naples seeing his pregnant wit, his eloquent tongue somewhat taunting, yet with delight, his mirth without measure, yet not without wit, his sayings vain-glorious, yet pithy, began to bewail his nurture and to muse at his nature, being incensed against the one as most pernicious, and enflamed with the other as most precious; for he well knew that so rare a wit would in time either breed an intolerable trouble, or bring an incomparable treasure, to the common weal; at the one he greatly pitied, at the other he rejoiced.

Having therefore gotten opportunity to communicate with him his mind, with watery eyes, as one lamenting his wantonness, and smiling face, as one loving his wittiness, encountered him on this manner:

"Young gentleman, although my acquaintance be small to intreat you, and my authority less to command you, yet my good will in giving you good counsel should induce you to believe me, and my hoary hairs (ambassadors of experience) enforce you to follow me, for by how much the more I am a stranger to you, by so much the more you are beholding to me; having therefore opportunity to utter my mind, I mean to be importunate with you to follow my meaning. As thy birth

doth show the express and lively image of gentle blood, so thy bringing up seemeth to me to be a great blot to the linage of so noble a brute, so that I am enforced to think that either thou didest want one to give thee good instructions, or that thy parents made thee a wanton with too much cockering, either they were too foolish in using no discipline, or thou too froward in rejecting their doctrine, either they willing to have thee idle, or thou wilful to be ill employed. Did they not remember that which no man ought to forget, that the tender youth of a child is like the tempering of a new wax, apt to receive any form? He that will carry a bull with Milo must use to carry him a calf also, he that coveteth to have a straight tree must not bow him being a twig. The potter fashioneth his clay when it is soft, and the sparrow is taught to come when he is young. As therefore the iron being hot receiveth any form with the stroke of the hammer, and keepeth it, being cold, forever, so the tender wit of a child, if with diligence it be instructed in youth, will with industry use those qualities in his age.

"They might also have taken example of the wise husbandmen, who in their fattest and most fertile ground sow hemp before wheat, a grain that drieth up the superfluous moisture and maketh the soil more apt for corn. Or of good gardeners who in their curious knots mix hyssop with thyme as aiders the one to the growth of the other, the one being dry, the other moist; or of cunning painters who for the whitest work cast the blackest ground, to make the picture more amiable. If therefore thy father had been as wise an husbandman as he was a fortunate husband, or thy mother as good a huswife as she was a happy wife, if they had been both as good gardeners to keep their knot as they were grafters to bring forth such fruit, or as cunning painters as they were happy parents, no doubt they had sowed hemp before wheat, that is, discipline before affection, they had set hyssop with thyme, that is, manners with wit, the one to aid the other; and to make thy dexterity more, they had cast a black ground for their white work, that is, they had mixed threats with fair looks.

"But things past are past calling again; it is too late to shut the stable door when the steed is stolen. The Trojans repented too late when their town was spoiled. Yet the remembrance of thy former follies might breed in thee a remorse of conscience, and be a remedy against further concupiscence. But now to thy present time: the Lacedemonians were wont to show their children drunken men and other wicked men, that by seeing their filth they might shun the like fault and avoid such vices when they were at the like state. The Persians to make their youth abhor gluttony would paint an epicure sleeping with meat in his mouth and most horribly overladen with wine, that by the view of such monstrous sights they might eschew the means of the like excess.

"The Parthians, to cause their youth to loath the alluring trains of women's wiles and deceitful enticements, had most curiously carved in their houses a young man blind, besides whom was adjoined a woman so exquisite that in some men's judgment Pygmalion's image was not half so excellent, having one hand in his pocket, as noting their theft, and holding a knife in the other hand to cut his throat. If the sight of such ugly shapes caused a loathing of the like sins, then, my good Euphues, consider their plight and beware of thine own peril. Thou art here in Naples a young sojourner, I an old senior, thou a stranger, I a citizen, thou secure doubting no mishap, I sorrowful dreading thy misfortune. Here mayst thou see that which I sigh to see, drunken sots wallowing in every house, in every chamber, yea, in every channel, here mayst thou behold that which I cannot without blushing behold nor without blubbering utter, those whose bellies be their gods, who offer their goods as sacrifice to their guts; who sleep with meat in their mouths, with sin in their hearts, and with shame in their houses.

"Here, yea, here, Euphues, mayst thou see not the carved visard of a lewd woman, but the incarnate visage of a lascivious wanton, not the shadow of love, but the substance of lust. My heart melteth in drops of blood, to see a harlot with the one hand rob so many coffers, and with the other to rip so many corses.

"Thou art here amidst the pikes between Scylla and Charybdis, ready if thou shun Syrtes to sink into Semphlagades. Let the Lacedemonian, the Persian, the Parthian, yea, the Neapolitan, cause thee rather to detest such villainy, at the sight and view of their vanity.

"Is it not far better to abhor sins by the remembrance of others' faults than by repentance of thine own follies? Is not he accompted most wise whom other men's harms do make most wary? But thou wilt haply say, that although there be many things in Naples to be justly condemned, yet there are some things of necessity to be commended, and as thy will doth lean unto the one, so thy wit would also embrace the other.

"Alas, Euphues, by how much the more I love the high climbing of thy capacity, by so much the more I fear thy fall. The fine crystal is sooner crased than the hard marble, the greenest beech burneth faster than the driest oak, the fairest silk is soonest soiled, and the sweetest wine turneth to the sharpest vinegar, the pestilence doth most rifest infect the clearest complexion, and the caterpillar cleaveth unto the ripest fruit, the most delicate wit is allured with small enticement unto vice, and most subject to yield unto vanity; if therefore thou do but harken to the Sirens, thou wilt be enamored; if thou haunt their houses and places, thou shalt be enchanted.

"One drop of poison infecteth the whole tun of wine, one leaf of Colliquintida marreth and spoileth the whole pot of porridge, one iron mole defaceth the whole piece of lawn. Descend into thine own conscience, and consider with thyself the great difference between staring and stark blind, wit and wisdom, love and lust. Be merry but with modesty, be sober but not too sullen, be valiant but not too venturous. Let thy attire be comely but not costly, thy diet wholesome but not excessive, use pastime as the word importeth, to pass the time in honest recreation. Mistrust no man without cause, neither be thou credulous without proof, be not light to follow every man's opinion, nor obstinate to stand in thine own conceit. Serve God, love God, fear God, and God will so bless thee as either heart can wish or thy friends desire. And so I end my counsel, beseeching thee to begin to follow it."

This old gentleman having finished his discourse, Euphues began to shape him an answer in this sort:

"Father and friend (your age showeth the one, your honesty the other), I am neither so suspicious to mistrust your good will, nor so sottish to mislike your good counsel; as I am therefore to thank you for the first, so it stands me upon to think better on the latter. I mean not to cavil with you as one loving sophistry, neither to control you as one having superiority; the one would bring my talk into the suspicion of fraud, the other convince me of folly. Whereas you argue I know not upon what probabilities, but sure I am upon no proof, that my bringing up should be a blemish to my birth; I answer, and swear too, that you were not therein a little overshot; either you gave too much credit to the report of others, or too much liberty to your own judgment; you convince my parents of peevishness, in making me a wanton, and me of lewdness, in rejecting correction. But so many men so many minds; that may seem in your eye odious, which in another's eye may be gracious. Aristippus, a philosopher, yet who more courtly? Diogenes, a philosopher, yet who more carterly? Who more popular than Plato, retaining always good company? Who more envious than Timon, denouncing all human society? Who so severe as the Stoics, which like stocks were moved with no melody? Who so secure as the Epicures, which wallowed in all kind of licentiousness? Though all men be made of one metal, yet they be not cast all in one mold; there is framed of the self-same clay as well the tile to keep out water as the pot to contain liquor, the sun doth harden the dirt and melt the wax, fire maketh the gold to shine and the straw to smother, perfumes doth refresh the dove and kill the beetle, and the nature of the man disposeth that consent of the manners. Now whereas you seem to love my nature and loath my nurture, you bewray your own weakness, in thinking that nature may any ways be altered by education, and as you have ensamples

to confirm your pretence, so I have most evident and infallible arguments to serve for my purpose. It is natural for the vine to spread; the more you seek by art to alter it, the more in the end you shall augment it. It is proper for the palm tree to mount; the heavier you load it the higher it sprouteth. Though iron be made soft with fire it returneth to his hardness; though the falcon be reclaimed to the fist she retireth to her haggardness; the whelp of a mastiff will never be taught to retreave the partridge; education can have no show, where the excellency of nature doth bear sway. The silly mouse will by no manner of means be tamed; the subtle fox may well be beaten, but never broken from stealing his prey; if you pound spices they smell the sweeter; season the wood never so well, the wine will taste of the cask; plant and translate the crab tree where and whensoever it please you and it will never bear sweet apple.

"Infinite and innumerable were the examples I could allege and declare to confirm the force of Nature, and confute these your vain and false forgeries, were not the repetition of them needless, having showed sufficient, or bootless, seeing those alleged will not persuade you. And can you be so unnatural, whom dame Nature hath nourished and brought up so many years, to repine as it were against Nature?

"The similitude you rehearse of the wax argueth your waxing and melting brain, and your example of the hot and hard iron showeth in you but cold and weak disposition. Do you not know that which all men do affirm and know, that black will take no other color? that the stone Abeston being once made hot will never be made cold? that fire cannot be forced downward? that Nature will have course after kind? that everything will dispose itself according to Nature? Can the Ethiop change or alter his skin? or the leopard his hue? Is it possible to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? or to cause any thing to strive against Nature?

"But why go I about to praise Nature, the which as yet was never any imp so wicked and barbarous, any Turk so vile and brutish, any beast so dull and senseless, that could or would or durst dispraise or contemn? Doth not Cicero conclude and allow that if we follow and obey Nature, we shall never err? Doth not Aristotle allege and confirm that Nature frameth or maketh nothing in any point rude, vain, and unperfect?

"Nature was had in such estimation and admiration among the heathen people that she was reputed for the only goddess in heaven. If Nature, then, have largely and bountifully endued me with her gifts, why deem you me so untoward and graceless? If she have dealt hardly with me, why extol you so much my birth? If Nature bear no sway, why use you this adulation? If Nature work the effect, what booteth any education? If Nature be of strength or force, what availeth discipline or nurture? If of none, what helpeth Nature? But let these sayings pass, as known evidently and granted to be true, which none can or may deny unless he be false, or that he be an enemy to humanity.

"As touching my residence and abiding here in Naples, my youthly and lusty affections, my sports and pleasures, my pastimes, my common dalliance, my delights, my resort and company, and companions, which daily use to visit me; although to you they breed more sorrow and care than solace and comfort, because of your crabbed age; yet to me they bring more comfort and joy than care and grief, more bliss than bale, more happiness than heaviness, because of my youthful gentleness. Either you would have all men old as you are, or else you have quite forgotten that you yourself were young, or ever knew young days; either in your youth you were a very vicious and ungodly man, or now being aged very superstitious and devout above measure.

"Put you no difference between the young flourishing bay tree and the old withered beech? no kind of distinction between the waxing and the waning of the moon? and between the rising and the setting of the sun? Do you measure the hot assaults of youth by the cold skirmishes of age? whose years are subject to more infirmities than our youth, we merry, you melancholy, we zealous in

affection, you jealous in all your doings, you testy without cause, we hasty for no quarrel. You careful, we careless, we bold, you fearful, we in all points contrary unto you, and ye in all points unlike unto us.

"Seeing therefore we be repugnant each to the other in nature, would you have us alike in qualities? Would you have one potion ministered to the burning fever and to the cold palsy? one plaster to an old issue and a fresh wound? one salve for all sores? one sauce for all meats? No, no, Eubulus, but I will yield to more than either I am bound to grant, either thou able to prove: suppose that which I never will believe, that Naples is a cankered storehouse of all strife, a common stews for all strumpets, the sink of shame and the very nurse of all sin. Shall it therefore follow of necessity that all that are wooed of love should be wedded to lust? Will you conclude as it were *ex consequenti* that whosoever arriveth here shall be enticed to folly, and being enticed, of force shall be entangled? No, no, it is the disposition of the thought that altereth the nature of the thing. The sun shineth upon the dunghill and is not corrupted, the diamond lieth in the fire and is not consumed, the crystal toucheth the toad and is not poisoned, the bird Trochilus liveth by the mouth of the crocodile and is not spoiled, a perfect wit is never bewitched with lewdness, neither enticed with lasciviousness.

"Is it not common that the holm tree springeth amidst the beach? that the ivy spreadeth upon the hard stones? that the soft feather-bed breaketh the hard blade? If experience have not taught you this, you have lived long and learned little, or if your moist brain have forgot it, you have learned much and profited nothing. But it may be that you measure my affections by your own fancies, and knowing yourself either too simple to raise the siege of policy, or too weak to resist the assault by prowess, you deem me of as little wit as yourself, or of less force, either of small capacity, or of no courage. In my judgment, Eubulus, you shall as soon catch a hare with a tabor, as you shall persuade youth, with your aged and overworn eloquence, to such severity of life, which as yet there was never Stoic so strict, nor Jesuit so superstitious, neither votary so devout, but would rather allow it in words than follow it in works, rather talk of it than try it. Neither were you such a saint in your youth, that abandoning all pleasures, all pastimes, and delights, you would choose rather to sacrifice the first fruits of your life to vain holiness than to youthly affections. But as to the stomach quatted with dainties all delicates seem queasy, and as he that surfeiteth with wine useth afterward to allay with water; so these old huddles, having overcharged their gorges with fancy, accompt all honest recreation mere folly, and having taken a surfeit of delight seem now to savor it with despite. Seeing therefore it is labor lost for me to persuade you, and wind vainly wasted for you to exhort me, here I found you, and here I leave you, having neither bought nor sold with you, but changed ware for ware; if you have taken little pleasure in my reply, sure I am that by your counsel I have reaped less profit. They that use to steal honey burn hemlock to smoke the bees from their hives, and it may be that to get some advantage of me you have used these smoky arguments, thinking thereby to smother me with the conceit of strong imagination. But as the camelion though he have most guts draweth least breath, or as the elder tree though he be fullest of pith is farthest from strength, so though your reasons seem inwardly to yourself somewhat substantial, and your persuasions pithy in your own conceit, yet being well weighed without, they be shadows without substance, and weak without force. The bird Taurus hath a great voice but a small body, the thunder a great clap yet but a little stone, the empty vessel giveth a greater sound than the full barrel. I mean not to apply it, but look into yourself and you shall certainly find it; and thus I leave you seeking it, but were it not that my company stay my coming I would surely help you to look it, but I am called hence by my acquaintance."

Euphues having thus ended his talk departed, leaving this old gentleman in a great quandary; who perceiving that he was more inclined to wantonness than to

wisdom, with a deep sigh, the tears trickling down his cheeks, said: "Seeing thou wilt not buy counsel at the first hand good cheap, thou shalt buy repentance at the second hand, at such an unreasonable rate that thou wilt curse thy hard pennyworth, and ban thy hard heart." And immediately he went to his own house, heavily bewailing the young man's unhappiness.

Here ye may behold, gentlemen, how lewdly wit standeth in his own light, how he deemeth no penny good silver but his own, preferring the blossom before the fruit, the bud before the flower, the green blade before the ripe ear of corn, his own wit before all men's wisdoms. Neither is that geason, seeing for the most part it is proper to all those of sharp capacity to esteem of themselves as most proper; if one be hard in conceiving, they pronounce him a dolt, if given to study, they proclaim him a dunce, if merry, a jester, if sad, a saint, if full of words, a sot, if without speech, a cipher; if one argue with them boldly, then is he impudent, if coldly, an innocent; if there be reasoning of divinity, they cry, "Quae supra nos nihil ad nos";[1] if of humanity, "Sententias loquitur carnifex."[2] Hereof cometh such great familiarity between the ripest wits, when they shall see the disposition the one of the other, the *sympathia* of affections and as it were but a pair of shears to go between their natures, one flattereth another in his own folly, and layeth cushions under the elbow of his fellow when he seeth him take a nap with fancy, and as their wit wresteth them to vice, so it forgeth them some feat excuse to cloak their vanity.

Too much study doth intoxicate their brains, for (say they) although iron the more it is used the brighter it is, yet silver with much wearing doth waste to nothing; though the cammock the more it is bowed the better it serveth, yet the bow the more it is bent and occupied the weaker it waxeth; though the camomile, the more it is trodden and pressed down the more it spreadeth, yet the violet the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth. Besides this, a fine wit, a sharp sense, a quick understanding, is able to attain to more in a moment or a very little space than a dull and blockish head in a month, the scythe cutteth far better and smoother than the saw, the wax yieldeth better and sooner to the seal than the steel to the stamp or hammer, the smooth and plain beech is easier to be carved and occupied than the knotty box. For neither is there any thing, but that hath his contraries. Such is the nature of these novices that think to have learning without labor, and treasure without travail, either not understanding or else not remembering that the finest edge is made with the blunt whetstone, and the fairest jewel fashioned with the hard hammer. I go not about, gentlemen, to inveigh against wit, for then I were witless, but frankly to confess mine own little wit, I have ever thought so superstitiously of wit that I fear I have committed idolatry against wisdom, and if Nature had dealt so beneficially with me to have given me any wit, I should have been readier in the defence of it to have made an apology than any way to turn to apostasy. But this I note, that for the most part they stand so on their pantuffles that they be secure of perils, obstinate in their own opinions, impatient of labor, apt to conceive wrong, credulous to believe the worst, ready to shake off their old acquaintance without cause, and to condemn them without color. All which humours are by so much the more easier to be purged, by how much the less they have festered the sinews. But return we again to Euphues.

Euphues having sojourned by the space of two months in Naples, whether he were moved by the courtesy of a young gentleman named Philautus, or enforced by destiny; whether his pregnant wit, or his pleasant conceits wrought the greater liking in the mind of Euphues, I know not for certainty. But Euphues showed such entire love towards him that he seemed to make small accompt of any others, determining to enter into such an inviolable league of friendship with him as neither time by piece-meal should impair, neither fancy utterly dissolve, nor

[1] "Those things that are above us are nothing to us."

[2] "The murderer talks philosophy."

any suspicion infringe. "I have read," saith he, "and well I believe it, that a friend is in prosperity a pleasure, a solace in adversity, in grief a comfort, in joy a merry companion, at all times an other I, in all places the express image of mine own person; insomuch that I cannot tell whether the immortal gods have bestowed any gift upon mortal men either more noble or more necessary than friendship. Is there anything in the world to be reputed (I will not say compared) to friendship? Can any treasure in this transitory pilgrimage be of more value than a friend? In whose bosom thou mayst sleep secure without fear, whom thou mayst make partner of all thy secrets without suspicion of fraud, and partaker of all thy misfortune without mistrust of fleeting, who will accompt thy bale his bane, thy mishap his misery, the pricking of thy finger the piercing of his heart. But whither am I carried? Have I not also learned that one should eat a bushel of salt with him whom he meaneth to make his friend? that trial maketh trust? that there is falsehood in fellowship? And what then? Doth not the sympathy of manners make the conjunction of minds? Is it not a by-word, like will to like? Not so common as commendable it is, to see young gentlemen choose them such friends with whom they may seem being absent to be present, being asunder to be conversant, being dead to be alive. I will therefore have Philautus for my fere, and by so much the more I make myself sure to have Philautus, by how much the more I view in him the lively image of Euphues."

Although there be none so ignorant that doth not know, neither any so impudent that will not confess, friendship to be the jewel of human joy; yet whosoever shall see this amity grounded upon a little affection will soon conjecture that it shall be dissolved upon a light occasion; as in the sequel of Euphues and Philautus you shall see, whose hot love waxed soon cold. For as the best wine doth make the sharpest vinegar, so the deepest love turneth to the deadliest hate. Who deserved the most blame, in mine opinion it is doubtful, and so difficult that I dare not presume to give verdict. For love being the cause for which so many mischiefs have been attempted, I am not yet persuaded whether of them was most to be blamed, but certainly neither of them was blameless. I appeal to your judgment, gentlemen, not that I think any of you of the like disposition able to decide the question, but being of deeper discretion than I am, are more fit to debate the quarrel. Though the discourse of their friendship and falling out be somewhat long, yet being somewhat strange, I hope the delightfulness of the one will attenuate the tediousness of the other.

Euphues had continual access to the place of Philautus, and no little familiarity with him, and finding him at convenient leisure, in these short terms unfolded his mind unto him:

"Gentleman and friend, the trial I have had of thy manners cutteth off divers terms which to another I would have used in the like matter. And sithens a long discourse argueth folly, and delicate words incur the suspicion of flattery, I am determined to use neither of them, knowing either of them to breed offence. Weighing with myself the force of friendship by the effects, I studied ever since my first coming to Naples to enter league with such a one as might direct my steps being a stranger, and resemble my manners being a scholar, the which two qualities as I find in you able to satisfy my desire, so I hope I shall find a heart in you willing to accomplish my request. Which if I may obtain, assure yourself that Damon to his Pythias, Pylades to his Orestes, Titus to his Gysippus, Theseus to his Pyrothus, Scipio to his Laelius, was never found more faithful than Euphues will be to his Philautus."

Philautus, by how much the less he looked for this discourse, by so much the more he liked it, for he saw all qualities both of body and mind in Euphues, unto whom he replied as followeth:

"Friend Euphues (for so your talk warranteth me to term you), I dare neither use a long process, neither loving speech, lest unwittingly I should cause you to convince me of those things which you have already condemned. And verily I am bold to presume upon your courtesy, since you

yourself have used so little curiosity, persuading myself that my short answer will work as great an effect in you as your few words did in me. And seeing we resemble (as you say) each other in qualities, it cannot be that the one should differ from the other in courtesy; seeing the sincere affection of the mind cannot be expressed by the mouth, and that no art can unfold the entire love of the heart, I am earnestly to beseech you not to measure the firmness of my faith by the fewness of my words, but rather think that the overflowing waves of good will leave no passage for many words. Trial shall prove trust, here is my hand, my heart, my lands, and my life at thy commandment. Thou mayst well perceive that I did believe thee, that so soon I did love thee, and I hope thou wilt the rather love me, in that I did believe thee."

After many embracings and protestations one to another, they walked to dinner, where they wanted neither meat, neither music, neither any other pastime, and having banqueted, to digest their sweet confections they danced all that afternoon; they used not only one board but one bed, one book (if so be it they thought not one too many). Their friendship augmented every day, insomuch that the one could not refrain the company of the other one minute; all things went in common between them, which all men accompted commendable. Philautus being a town-born child, both for his own continuance and the great countenance which his father had while he lived, crept into credit with Don Ferardo, one of the chief governors of the city, who although he had a courtly crew of gentlewomen sojourning in his palace, yet his daughter, heir to his whole revenues, stained the beauty of them all, whose modest bashfulness caused the other to look wan for envy, whose lily cheeks dyed with a vermilion red made the rest to blush at her beauty. For as the finest ruby staineth the color of the rest that be in place, or as the sun dimmeth the moon that she cannot be discerned, so this gallant girl more fair than fortunate, and yet more fortunate than faithful, eclipsed the beauty of them all, and changed their colors. Unto her had Philautus access, who wan her by right of love, and should have worn her by right of law, had not Euphues by strange destiny broken the bonds of marriage and forbidden the bans of matrimony.

It happened that Don Ferardo had occasion to go to Venice about certain his own affairs, leaving his daughter the only steward of his household, who spared not to feast Philautus, her friend, with all kinds of delights and delicates, reserving only her honesty as the chief stay of her honor. Her father being gone she sent for her friend to supper, who came not as he was accustomed, solitarily alone, but accompanied with his friend Euphues. The gentlewoman, whether it were for niceness or for niggardness of courtesy, gave him such a cold welcome that he repented that he was come.

Euphues, though he knew himself worthy every way to have a good countenance, yet could he not perceive her willing any way to lend him a friendly look. Yet lest he should seem to want gestures, or to be dashed out of conceit with her coy countenance, he addressed him to a gentlewoman called Livia, unto whom he uttered this speech: "Fair lady, if it be the guise of Italy to welcome strangers with strangeness, I must needs say the custom is strange and the country barbarous; if the manner of ladies to salute gentlemen with coyness, then I am enforced to think the women without courtesy to use such welcome, and the men past shame that will come. But hereafter I will either bring a stool on mine arm, for an unbidden guest, or a vizard on my face, for a shameless gossip." Livia replied:

"Sir, our country is civil, and our gentlewomen are courteous, but in Naples it is compted a jest, at every word to say, 'In faith you are welcome.'" As she was yet talking, supper was set on the board; then Philautus spake thus unto Lucilla: "Gentlewoman, I was the bolder to bring my shadow with me (meaning Euphues), knowing that he should be the better welcome for my sake." Unto whom the gentlewoman replied: "Sir, as I never when I saw you thought that you came without your shadow, so now I cannot a little marvel to see you so overshot in bringing

a new shadow with you." Euphues, though he perceived her coy nip, seemed not to care for it, but taking her by the hand said:

"Fair lady, seeing the shade doth often shield your beauty from the parching sun, I hope you will the better esteem of the shadow, and by so much the less it ought to be offensive, by how much the less it is able to offend you, and by so much the more you ought to like it, by how much the more you use to lie in it."

"Well, gentleman," answered Lucilla, "in arguing of the shadow, we forego the substance. Pleaseth you therefore to sit down to supper." And so they all sat down; but Euphues fed of one dish which ever stood before him, the beauty of Lucilla.

Here Euphues at the first sight was so kindled with desire, that almost he was like to burn to coals. Supper being ended, the order was in Naples that the gentlewomen would desire to hear some discourse, either concerning love or learning. And although Philautus was requested, yet he posted it over to Euphues, whom he knew most fit for that purpose. Euphues being thus tied to the stake by their importunate entreaty, began as followeth:

"He that worst may is always enforced to hold the candle; the weakest must still to the wall; where none will, the devil himself must bear the cross. But were it not, gentlewomen, that your list stands for law, I would borrow so much leave as to resign mine office to one of you, whose experience in love hath made you learned, and whose learning hath made you so lovely; for me to entreat of the one, being a novice, or to discourse of the other, being a truant, I may well make you weary but never the wiser, and give you occasion rather to laugh at my rashness than to like my reasons. Yet I care the less to excuse my boldness to you, who were the cause of my blindness. And since I am at mine own choice either to talk of love or of learning, I had rather for this time be deemed an unthrift in rejecting profit, than a Stoic in renouncing pleasure.

"It hath been a question often disputed but never determined, whether the qualities of the mind, or the composition of the man, cause women most to like, or whether beauty or wit move men most to love. Certes, by how much the more the mind is to be preferred before the body, by so much the more the graces of the one are to be preferred before the gifts of the other, which if it be so that the contemplation of the inward quality ought to be respected more than the view of the outward beauty, then doubtless women either do or should love those best whose virtue is best, not measuring the deformed man with the reformed mind. The foul toad hath a fair stone in his head, the fine gold is found in the filthy earth, the sweet kernel lieth in the hard shell. Virtue is harbored in the heart of him that most men esteem misshapen. Contrariwise, if we respect more the outward shape then the inward habit, good God, into how many mischiefs do we fall? Into what blindness are we led? Do we not commonly see that in painted pots is hidden the deadliest poison? that in the greenest grass is the greatest serpent? in the clearest water the ugliest toad? Doth not experience teach us that in the most curious sepulchre are enclosed rotten bones? that the cypress tree beareth a fair leaf but no fruit? that the estridge carrieth fair feathers, but rank flesh? How frantic are those lovers which are carried away with the gay glistering of the fine face! the beauty whereof is parched with the summer's blaze, and chipped with the winter's blast, which is of so short continuance that it fadeth before one perceive it flourish, of so small profit that it poisoneth those that possess it, of so little value with the wise, that they accompt it a delicate bait with a deadly hook, a sweet panther with a devouring paunch, a sour poison in a silver pot. Here I could enter into discourse of such fine dames as being in love with their own looks make such coarse accompt of their passionate lovers; for commonly if they be adorned with beauty, they be so straight-laced, and made so high in the instep, that they disdain them most that most desire them. It is a world to see the doting of their lovers, and their dealing with them, the revealing of whose subtil trains would cause me to shed tears, and you gentlewomen to shut your modest ears. Pardon me, gentlewomen, if I unfold every wile, and show every wrinkle of women's disposition. Two things do they cause their servants to vow

unto them, secrecy, and sovereignty, the one to conceal their enticing sleights, by the other to assure themselves of their only service. Again—but ho there! If I should have waded any further and sounded the depth of their deceit, I should either have procured your displeasure, or incurred the suspicion of fraud, either armed you to practise the like subtlety, or accused myself of perjury. But I mean not to offend your chaste minds with the rehearsal of their unchaste manners, whose ears I perceive to glow, and hearts to be grieved at that which I have already uttered, not that amongst you there be any such, but that in your sex there should be any such. Let not gentlewomen therefore make too much of their painted sheath, let them not be so curious in their own conceit or so currish to their loyal lovers. When the black crow's foot shall appear in their eye, or the black ox tread on their foot, when their beauty shall be like the blasted rose, their wealth wasted, their bodies worn, their faces wrinkled, their fingers crooked, who will like of them in their age, who loved none in their youth? If you will be cherished when you be old, be courteous while you be young; if you look for comfort in your hoary hairs, be not coy when you have your golden locks; if you would be embraced in the waning of your bravery, be not squeamish in the waxing of your beauty; if you desire to be kept like the roses when they have lost their color, smell sweet as the rose doth in the bud; if you would be tasted for old wine, be in the mouth a pleasant grape; so shall you be cherished for your courtesy, comforted for your honesty, embraced for your amity, so shall you be preserved with the sweet rose, and drunk with the pleasant wine. Thus far I am bold, gentlewomen, to counsel those that be coy that they weave not the web of their own woe nor spin the thread of their own thraldom by their own overthwartness. And seeing we are even in the bowels of love, it shall not be amiss to examine whether man or woman be soonest allured, whether be most constant the male or the female. And in this point I mean not to be mine own carver, lest I should seem either to pick a thank with men, or a quarrel with women. If, therefore, it might stand with your pleasure, Mistress Lucilla, to give your censure, I would take the contrary, for sure I am though your judgment be sound yet affection will shadow it."

Lucilla, seeing his pretence, thought to take advantage of his large proffer, unto whom she said: "Gentleman, in mine opinion women are to be won with every wind, in whose sex there is neither force to withstand the assaults of love, neither constancy to remain faithful. And because your discourse hath hitherto bred delight, I am loth to hinder you in the sequel of your devices."

Euphues, perceiving himself to be taken napping, answered as followeth: "Mistress Lucilla, if you speak as you think, these gentlewomen present have little cause to thank you; if you cause me to commend women, my tale will be accompted a mere trifle, and your words the plain truth. Yet knowing promise to be debt, I will pay it with performance. And I would the gentlemen here present were as ready to credit my proof as the gentlewomen are willing to hear their own praises, or I as able to overcome as Mistress Lucilla would be content to be overthrown. Howsoever the matter shall fall out, I am of the surer side, for if my reasons be weak, then is our sex strong, if forcible, then your judgment feeble; if I find truth on my side, I hope I shall for my wages win the good will of women; if I want proof, then, gentlewomen, of necessity you must yield to men. But to the matter.

"Touching the yielding to love, albeit their hearts seem tender, yet they harden them like the stone of Sicilia, the which the more it is beaten the harder it is. For being framed as it were of the perfection of men, they be free from all such cogitations as may any way provoke them to uncleanness, insomuch as they abhor the light love of youth which is grounded upon lust and dissolved upon every light occasion. When they see the folly of men turn to fury, their delight to doting, their affection to frenzy, when they see them as it were pine in pleasure, and to wax pale through their own peevishness, their suits, their service, their letters, their labors, their loves, their lives, seem to them so odious that they harden their

hearts against such concupiscence, to the end they might convert them from rashness to reason, from such lewd disposition to honest discretion. Hereof it cometh that men accuse women of cruelty; because they themselves want civility, they accompt them full of wiles in not yielding to their wickedness, faithless for resisting their filthiness. But I had almost forgot myself; you shall pardon me, Mistress Lucilla, for this time, if thus abruptly I finish my discourse; it is neither for want of good will, or lack of proof, but that I feel in myself such alteration that I can scarcely utter one word. Ah, Euphues! Euphues!"

The gentlewomen were struck into such a quandary with this sudden change that they all changed color. But Euphues, taking Philautus by the hand and giving the gentlewomen thanks for their patience and his repast, bade them all farewell and went immediately to his chamber. But Lucilla, who now began to fry in the flames of love, all the company being departed to their lodgings, entered into these terms and contrarieties:

"Ah wretched wench, Lucilla, how art thou perplexed! What a doubtful fight dost thou feel betwixt faith and fancy! hope and fear! conscience and concupiscence! Oh my Euphues, little dost thou know the sudden sorrow that I sustain for thy sweet sake. Whose wit hath bewitched me, whose rare qualities have deprived me of mine old quality, whose courteous behavior without curiosity, whose comely feature without fault, whose filed speech without fraud, hath wrapped me in this misfortune. And canst thou, Lucilla, be so light of love in forsaking Philautus to fly to Euphues? Canst thou prefer a stranger before thy countryman? a starter before thy companion? Why, Euphues doth perhaps desire my love, but Philautus hath deserved it. Why, Euphues' feature is worthy as good as I, but Philautus his faith is worthy a better. Aye, but the latter love is most fervent. Aye, but the first ought to be most faithful. Aye, but Euphues hath greater perfection. Aye, but Philautus hath deeper affection.

"Ah, fond wench, dost thou think Euphues will deem thee constant to him, when thou hast been unconstant to his friend? Weenest thou that he will have no mistrust of thy faithfulness, when he hath had trial of thy fickleness? Will he have no doubt of thine honor, when thou thyself callest thine honesty in question? Yes, yes, Lucilla, well doth he know that the glass once crased will with the least clap be cracked, that the cloth which staineth with milk will soon lose his color with vinegar, that the eagle's wing will waste the feather as well of the phoenix as of the pheasant, that she that hath been faithless to one will never be faithful to any. But can Euphues convince me of fleeting, seeing for his sake I break my fidelity? Can he condemn me of disloyalty, when he is the only cause of my disliking? May he justly condemn me of treachery, who hath this testimony as trial of my good will? Doth not he remember that the broken bone once set together is stronger than ever it was? that the greatest blot is taken off with the pumice? that though the spider poison the fly, she cannot infect the bee? that although I have been light to Philautus, yet I may be lovely to Euphues? It is not my desire, but his deserts, that moveth my mind to this choice, neither the want of the like good will in Philautus, but the lack of the like good qualities, that removeth my fancy from the one to the other.

"For as the bee that gathereth honey out of the weed, when she espieth the fair flower flieth to the sweetest; or as the kind spaniel, though he hunt after birds, yet forsakes them to retrieve the partridge; or as we commonly feed on beef hungerly at the first, yet seeing the quail more dainty, change our diet: so I, although I loved Philautus for his good properties, yet seeing Euphues to excel him, I ought by nature to like him better. By so much the more therefore my change is to be excused, by how much the more my choice is excellent; and by so much the less I am to be condemned, by how much the more Euphues is to be commended. Is not the diamond of more value than the ruby, because he is of more virtue? Is not the emerald preferred before the sapphire for his wonderful property? Is not Euphues

more praiseworthy than Philautus, being more witty? But fye, Lucilla, why dost thou flatter thyself in thine own folly? Canst thou feign Euphues thy friend, whom by thine own words thou hast made thy foe? Diddest not thou accuse women of inconstancy? Diddest not thou accompt them easy to be won? Diddest not thou condemn them of weakness? What sounder argument can he have against thee than thine own answer? what better proof than thine own speech? what greater trial than thine own talk? If thou hast belied women, he will judge thee unkind; if thou have revealed the truth, he must needs think thee unconstant; if he perceive thee to be won with a nut, he will imagine that thou wilt be lost with an apple; if he find thee wanton before thou be wooed, he will guess thou wilt be wavering when thou art wedded.

"But suppose that Euphues love thee, that Philautus leave thee, will thy father, thinkest thou, give thee liberty to live after thine own lust? Will he esteem him worthy to inherit his possessions, whom he accompteth unworthy to enjoy thy person? Is it like that he will match thee in marriage with a stranger, with a Grecian, with a mean man? Aye, but what knoweth my father whether he be wealthy, whether his revenues be able to countervail my father's lands, whether his birth be noble, yea, or no? Can any one make doubt of his gentle blood, that seeth his gentle conditions? Can his honor be called into question, whose honesty is so great? Is he to be thought thriftless, who in all qualities of the mind is peerless? No, no, the tree is known by his fruit, the gold by his touch, the son by the sire. And as the soft wax receiveth whatsoever print be in the seal, and showeth no other impression, so the tender babe being sealed with his father's gifts representeth his image more lively. But were I once certain of Euphues' good will, I would not so superstitiously accompt of my father's ill will. Albeit I can in no way quench the coals of desire with forgetfulness, yet will I rake them up in the ashes of modesty; seeing I dare not discover my love for maidenly shamefastness, I will dissemble it till time I have opportunity. And I hope so to behave myself as Euphues shall think me his own, and Philautus persuade himself I am none but his. But I would to God Euphues would repair hither, that the sight of him might mitigate some part of my martyrdom."

She having thus discoursed with herself her own miseries cast herself on the bed; and there let her lie, and return we to Euphues, who was so caught in the gin of folly that he neither could comfort himself nor durst ask counsel of his friend, suspecting that which indeed was true, that Philautus was co-rival with him, and cookemate with Lucilla. Amidst therefore these his extremities between hope and fear, he uttered these or the like speeches:

"What is he, Euphues, that knowing thy wit and seeing thy folly, but will rather punish thy lewdness than pity thy heaviness? Was there ever any so fickle so soon to be allured? any ever so faithless to deceive his friend? ever any so foolish to bathe himself in his own misfortune? Too true it is that as the sea crab swimmeth always against the stream, so wit always striveth against wisdom; and as the bee is oftentimes hurt with her own honey, so is wit not seldom plagued with his own conceit.

"O ye gods, have ye ordained for every malady a medicine, for every sore a salve, for every pain a plaster, leaving only love remediless? Did ye deem no man so mad to be entangled with desire, or thought ye them worthy to be tormented that were so misled? Have ye dealt more favorable with brute beasts than with reasonable creatures?

"The filthy sow when she is sick eateth the sea crab and is immediately recured; the tortoise having tasted the viper sucketh Origanum and is quickly revived; the bear ready to pine licketh up the ants and is recovered; the dog having surfeited, to procure his vomit eateth grass, and findeth remedy; the hart being pierced with the dart runneth out of hand to the herb Dictanum and is healed. And can men by no herb, by no art, by no way procure a remedy for the impatient disease of love? Ah, well I perceive that love is not unlike the fig tree, whose fruit is sweet, whose root is more bitter than the claw of a bitter, or like the apple in Persia, whose blossom savoreth like honey, whose bud is more sour than gall.

"But oh, impiety! Oh broad blasphemy against the heavens! Wilt thou be so impudent, Euphues, to accuse the gods of iniquity? No, fond fool, no. Neither is it forbidden us by the gods to love, by whose divine providence we are permitted to live, neither do we want remedies to recure our maladies, but reason to use the means. But why go I about to hinder the course of love, with the discourse of law? Hast thou not read, Euphues, that he that loppeth the vine causeth it to spread fairer? that he that stoppeth the stream forceth it to swell higher? that he that casteth water on the fire in the smith's forge maketh it to flame fiercer? Even so he that seeketh by counsel to moderate his overlashing affections increaseth his own misfortune. Ah my Lucilla, would thou wert either less fair or I more fortunate, either I wiser or thou milder, either would I were out of this mad mood, either I would we were both of one mind. But how should she be persuaded of my loyalty, that yet had never one simple proof of my love? Will she not rather imagine me to be entangled with her beauty than with her virtue? That my fancy being so lewdly chained at the first will be as lightly changed at the last, that there is nothing which is permanent that is violent? Yes, yes, she must needs conjecture so, although it be nothing so, for by how much the more my affection cometh on the sudden, by so much the less will she think it certain. The rattling thunderbolt hath but his clap, the lightning but his flash, and as they both come in a moment, so do they both end in a minute.

"Aye, but, Euphues, hath she not heard also that the dry touch-wood is kindled with lime, that the greatest mushroom groweth in one night? that the fire quickly burneth the flax? that love easily entereth into the sharp wit without resistance, and is harbored there without repentance?

"If therefore the gods have endued her with as much bounty as beauty; if she have no less wit than she hath comeliness; certes she will neither conceive sinisterly of my sudden suit, neither be coy to receive me into her service, neither suspect me of lightness in yielding so lightly, neither reject me disdainfully for loving so hastily. Shall I not, then, hazard my life to obtain my love? and deceive Philautus to receive Lucilla? Yes, Euphues, where love beareth sway, friendship can have no show. As Philautus brought me for his shadow the last supper, so will I use him for my shadow till I have gained his saint. And canst thou, wretch, be false to him that is faithful to thee? Shall his courtesy be cause of thy cruelty? Wilt thou violate the league of faith, to inherit the land of folly? Shall affection be of more force than friendship, love than law, lust than loyalty? Knowest thou not that he that loseth his honesty hath nothing else to lose?

"Tush, the case is light where reason taketh place; to love and to live well is not granted to Jupiter. Whoso is blinded with the caul of beauty discerneth no color of honesty. Did not Giges cut Candaules a coat by his own measure? Did not Paris, though he were a welcome guest to Menelaus, serve his host a slippery prank? If Philautus had loved Lucilla, he would never have suffered Euphues to have seen her. Is it not the prey that enticeth the thief to rifle? Is it not the pleasant bait that causeth the fleetest fish to bite? Is it not a byword amongst us that gold maketh an honest man an ill man? Did Philautus accompt Euphues too simple to decipher beauty, or superstitious not to desire it? Did he deem him a saint in rejecting fancy, or a sot in not discerning?

"Thought he him a Stoic that he would not be moved, or a stock that he could not?

"Well, well, seeing the wound that bleedeth inward is most dangerous, that the fire kept close burneth most furious, that the oven dammed up baketh soonest, that sores having no vent fester inwardly, it is high time to unfold my secret love to my secret friend. Let Philautus behave himself never so craftily, he shall know that it must be a wily mouse that shall breed in the cat's ear, and because I resemble him in wit, I mean a little to dissemble with him in wiles. But oh, my Lucilla, if thy heart be made of that stone which may be mollified only with blood, would I had sipped of that river in Caria which turneth those that drink of it to stones. If thine ears be

anointed with the oil of Syria that bereaveth hearing, would mine eyes had been rubbed with the syrup of the cedar tree, which taketh away sight."

Euphues having thus talked with himself, Philautus entered the chamber, and finding him so worn and wasted with continual mourning, neither joying in his meat nor rejoicing in his friend, with watery eyes uttered this speech:

"Friend and fellow, as I am not ignorant of thy present weakness, so I am not privy of the cause, and although I suspect many things, yet can I assure myself of no one thing. Therefore, my good Euphues, for these doubts and dumps of mine, either remove the cause or reveal it. Thou hast hitherto found me a cheerful companion in thy mirth, and now shalt thou find me as careful with thee in thy moan. If altogether thou mayst not be cured, yet mayst thou be comforted. If there be anything that either by my friends may be procured, or by my life attained, that may either heal thee in part or help thee in all, I protest to thee by the name of a friend that it shall rather be gotten with the loss of my body than lost by getting a kingdom. Thou hast tried me, therefore trust me, thou hast trusted me in many things, therefore try me in this one thing. I never yet failed, and now I will not faint. Be bold to speak and blush not; thy sore is not so angry but I can salve it, thy wound not so deep but I can search it, thy grief not so great but I can ease it. If it be ripe it shall be lanced, if it be broken it shall be tainted, be it never so desperate it shall be cured. Rise, therefore, Euphues, and take heart at grass, younger thou shalt never be; pluck up thy stomach, if love itself have stung thee it shall not stifle thee. Though thou be enamored of some lady thou shalt not be enchanted. They that begin to pine of a consumption, without delay preserve themselves with cullisses, he that feeleth his stomach inflamed with heat cooleth it eftsoons with conserves; delays breed dangers, nothing so perilous as procrastination." Euphues hearing this comfort and friendly counsel dissembled his sorrowing heart, with a smiling face answering him forthwith as followeth:

"True it is, Philautus, that he which toucheth the nettle tenderly is soonest stung, that the fly which playeth with the fire is singed in the flame, that he that dallieth with women is drawen to his woe. And as the adamant draweth the heavy iron, the harp the fleet dolphin, so beauty allureth the chaste mind to love, and the wisest wit to lust; the example whereof I would it were no less profitable than the experience to me is like to be perilous. The vine watered with wine is soon withered, the blossom in the fattest ground is quickly blasted, the goat the fatter she is the less fertile she is; yea, man the more witty he is the less happy he is. So it is, Philautus (for why should I conceal it from thee, of whom I am to take counsel?), that since my last and first being with thee at the house of Ferardo, I have felt such a furious battle in mine own body, as if it be not speedily repressed by policy it will carry my mind (the grand captain in this fight) into endless captivity. Ah, Livia, Livia, thy courtly grace without coyness, thy blazing beauty without blemish, thy courteous demeanor without curiosity, they sweet speech savored with wit, they comely mirth tempered with modesty, thy chaste looks yet lovely, thy sharp taunts yet pleasant, have given me such a check that sure I am at the next view of thy virtues I shall take thee mate. And taking it not of a pawn, but of a prince, the loss is to be accompted the less. And though they be commonly in a great choler that receive the mate, yet would I willingly take every minute ten mates, to enjoy Livia for my loving mate. Doubtless if ever she herself have been scorched with the flames of desire, she will be ready to quench the coals with courtesy in another; if ever she have been attached of love she will rescue him that is drenched in desire; if ever she have been taken with the fever of fancy, she will help his ague, who by a quotidian fit is converted into frenzy. Neither can there be under so delicate a hue lodged deceit, neither in so beautiful a mold a malicious mind. True it is that the disposition of the mind followeth the composition of the body; how then can she be in mind any way imperfect, who in body is perfect every way? I know my success will be good, but I know not how to have access to my goddess; neither do I want courage to discover my love to my friend, but some

color to cloak my coming to the house of Ferardo, for if they be in Naples as jealous as they be in the other parts of Italy, then it behooveth me to walk circumspectly and to forge some cause for mine oft coming. If, therefore, Philautus, thou canst set but this feather to mine arrow, thou shalt see me shoot so near that thou wilt accompt me for a cunning archer. And verily if I had not loved thee well I would have swallowed mine own sorrow in silence, knowing that in love nothing is so dangerous as to participate the means thereof to another, and that two may keep counsel if one be away. I am therefore enforced perforce to challenge that courtesy at thy hands which erst thou diddest promise with thy heart, the performance whereof shall bind me to Philautus, and prove thee faithful to Euphues."

Philautus thinking all to be gold that glistered, and all to be gospel that Euphues uttered, answered his forged glose with this friendly close:

"In that thou hast made me privy to thy purpose, I will not conceal my practise; in that thou cravest my aid, assure thyself I will be the finger next the thumb, insomuch as thou shalt never repent thee of the one or the other. Concerning Livia, though she be fair, yet is she not so amiable as my Lucilla, whose servant I have been the term of three years; but lest comparisons should seem odious, chiefly where both the parties be without comparison, I will omit that, and seeing that we had both rather be talking with them than tattling of them, we will immediately go to them. And truly, Euphues, I am not a little glad that I shall have thee not only a comfort in my life but also a companion in my love. As thou hast been wise in thy choice, so I hope thou shalt be fortunate in thy chance. Livia is a wench of more wit than beauty, Lucilla of more beauty than wit, both of more honesty than honor, and yet both of such honor as in all Naples there is not one in birth to be compared with any of them both. How much, therefore, have we to rejoice in our choice! Touching our access, be thou secure, I will flap Ferardo in the mouth with some conceit, and fill his old head so full of new fables that thou shalt rather be earnestly entreated to repair to his house than evil entreated to leave it. As old men are very suspicious to mistrust everything, so are they very credulous to believe anything; the blind man doth eat many a fly." "Yea, but," said Euphues, "take heed, my Philautus, that thou thyself swallow not a gudgeon." Which word Philautus did not mark until he had almost digested it. "But," said Philautus, "let us go devoutly to the shrine of our saints, there to offer our devotion." To the which Euphues consented willingly, smiling to himself to see how he had brought Philautus into a fool's paradise.

Here you may see, gentlemen, the falsehood in fellowship, the fraud in friendship, the painted sheath with the leaden dagger, the fair words that make fools fain; but I will not trouble you with superfluous addition unto whom I fear me I have been tedious with the bare discourse of this rude history.

Philautus and Euphues repaired to the house of Ferardo, where they found Mistress Lucilla and Livia accompanied with other gentlewomen, neither being idle, nor well employed, but playing at cards. But when Lucilla beheld Euphues she could scarcely contain herself from embracing him, had not womanly shamefastness, and Philautus his presence, stayed her wisdom.

Euphues on the other side was fallen into such a trance that he had not the power either to succor himself or salute the gentlewomen. At the last Lucilla began as one that best might be bold, on this manner:

"Gentlemen, although your long absence gave me occasion to think that you disliked your late entertainment, yet your coming at the last hath cut off my former suspicion. And by so much the more you are welcome by how much the more you were wished for. But you, gentleman,"—taking Euphues by the hand—"were the rather wished for, for that your discourse being left unperfect caused us all to long (as women are wont for things that like them) to have an end thereof."

Unto whom Philautus replied as followeth: "Mistress Lucilla, though your courtesy made us nothing to doubt of our

welcome, yet modesty caused us to pinch courtesy who should first come; as for my friend, I think he was never wished for here so earnestly of any as of himself, whether it might be to renew his talk or to recant his sayings, I cannot tell."

But whilst he was yet speaking Ferardo entered, whom they all dutifully welcomed home, who rounding Philautus in the ear desired him to accompany him immediately without further pausing, protesting it should be as well for his preferment as for his own profit. Philautus consenting, Ferardo said to his daughter:

"Lucilla, the urgent affairs I have in hand will scarce suffer me to tarry with you one hour; yet my return I hope will be so short that my absence shall not breed thy sorrow. In the mean season I commit all things into thy custody, wishing thee to use thy accustomable courtesy. And seeing I must take Philautus with me, I will be so bold to crave you gentleman, his friend, to supply his room, desiring you to take this hasty warning for a hearty welcome and so to spend this time of mine absence in honest mirth. And thus I leave you."

Philautus knew well the cause of this sudden departure, which was to redeem certain lands that were mortgaged in his father's time to the use of Ferardo, who on that condition had before time promised him his daughter in marriage. But return we to Euphues.

Euphues was surprised with such incredible joy at this strange event that he had almost sounded, for seeing his co-rival to be departed, and Ferardo to give him so friendly entertainment, doubted not in time to get the good will of Lucilla. Whom finding in place convenient without company, with a bold courage and comely gesture he began to assay her in this sort:

"Gentlewoman, my acquaintance being so little, I am afraid my credit will be less, for that they commonly are soonest believed that are best beloved, and they liked best whom we have known longest; nevertheless the noble mind suspecteth no guile without cause, neither condemneth any wight without proof; having therefore notice of your heroical heart, I am the better persuaded of my good hap. So it is, Lucilla, that coming to Naples but to fetch fire, as the byword is, not to make my place of abode, I have found such flames that I can neither quench them with the water of free will, neither cool them with wisdom. For as the hop, the pole being never so high, groweth to the end, or as the dry beech, kindled at the root, never leaveth until it come to the top, or as one drop of poison disperseth itself into every vein, so affection having caught hold of my heart, and the sparkles of love kindled my liver, will suddenly, though secretly, flame up into my head, and spread itself into every sinew. It is your beauty (pardon my abrupt boldness), lady, that hath taken every part of me prisoner, and brought me to this deep distress; but seeing women when one praiseth them for their deserts deem that he flattereth them to obtain his desire, I am here present to yield myself to such trial as your courtesy in this behalf shall require. Yet will you commonly object this to such as serve you and sterve to win your good will, that hot love is soon cold, that the bavin though it burn bright is but a blaze, that scalding water if it stand a while turneth almost to ice, that pepper though it be hot in the mouth is cold in the maw, that the faith of men though it fry in their words, it freezeth in their works. Which things, Lucilla, albeit they be sufficient to reprove the lightness of some one, yet can it not convince everyone of lewdness, neither ought the constancy of all to be brought in question through the subtilty of a few. For although the worm entereth almost into every wood, yet he eateth not the cedar tree; though the stone Cylindrus at every thunder clap roll from the hill, yet the pure sleek-stone mounteth at the noise; though the rust fret the hardest steel, yet doth it not eat into the emerald; though Polypus change his hue, yet the salamander keepeth his color; though Proteus transform himself into every shape, yet Pygmalion retaineth his old form; though Aeneas were too fickle to Dido, yet Troilus was too faithful to Cressida; though others seem counterfeit in their deeds, yet, Lucilla, persuade yourself that Euphues will be always current in his dealings. But as the true gold is tried by

the touch, the pure flint by the stroke of the iron, so the loyal heart of the faithful lover is known by the trial of his lady; of the which trial, Lucilla, if you shall accompt Euphues worthy, assure yourself, he will be as ready to offer himself a sacrifice for your sweet sake as yourself shall be willing to employ him in your service. Neither doth he desire to be trusted any way until he shall be tried every way, neither doth he crave credit at the first, but a good countenance till time his desire shall be made manifest by his deserts. Thus not blinded by light affection, but dazzled with your rare perfection, and boldened by your exceeding courtesy, I have unfolded mine entire love, desiring you having so good leisure to give so friendly an answer as I may receive comfort and you commendation."

Lucilla, although she were contented to hear this desired discourse, yet did she seem to be somewhat displeased. And truly, I know not whether it be peculiar to that sex to dissemble with those whom they most desire, or whether by craft they have learned outwardly to loath that which inwardly they most love; yet wisely did she cast this in her head, that if she should yield at the first assault he would think her a light huswife, if she should reject him scornfully, a very haggard; minding therefore that he should neither take hold of her promise, neither unkindness of her preciseness, she fed him indifferently, with hope and despair, reason and affection, life and death. Yet in the end arguing wittily upon certain questions, they fell to such agreement as poor Philautus would not have agreed unto if he had been present, yet always keeping the body undefiled. And thus she replied:

"Gentleman, as you may suspect me of idleness in giving ear to your talk, so may you convince me of lightness in answering such toys; certes as you have made mine ears glow at the rehearsal of your love, so have you galled my heart with the remembrance of your folly. Though you came to Naples as a stranger, yet were you welcome to my father's house as a friend. And can you then so much transgress the bounds of honor (I will not say of honesty) as to solicit a suit more sharp to me than death? I have hitherto, God be thanked, lived without suspicion of lewdness, and shall I now incur the danger of sensual liberty? What hope can you have to obtain my love, seeing yet I could never afford you a good look? Do you therefore think me easily enticed to the bent of your bow, because I was easily entreated to listen to your late discourse? Or seeing me (as finely you glose) to excel all other in beauty, did you deem that I would exceed all other in beastliness? But yet I am not angry, Euphues, but in agony, for who is she that will fret or fume with one that loveth her, if this love to delude me be not dissembled? It is that which causeth me most to fear, not that my beauty is unknown to myself, but that commonly we poor wenches are deluded through light belief, and ye men are naturally inclined craftily to lead your life. When the fox preacheth the geese perish. The crocodile shroudeth greatest treason under most pitiful tears; in a kissing mouth there lieth a galling mind. You have made so large proffer of your service, and so fair promises of fidelity, that were I not over chary of mine honesty, you would inveigle me to shake hands with chastity. But certes I will either lead a virgin's life on earth (though I lead apes in hell) or else follow thee rather than thy gifts; yet am I neither so precise to refuse thy proffer, neither so peevish to disdain thy good will. So excellent always are the gifts which are made acceptable by the virtue of the giver. I did at the first entrance discern thy love but yet dissemble it. Thy wanton glances, thy scalding sighs, thy loving signs, caused me to blush for shame, and to look wan for fear, lest they should be perceived of any. These subtil shifts, these painted practises (if I were to be won) would soon wean me from the teat of Vesta to the toys of Venus. Besides this, thy comely grace, thy rare qualities, thy exquisite perfection, were able to move a mind half mortified to transgress the bonds of maidenly modesty. But God shield, Lucilla, that thou shouldest be so careless of thine honor as to commit the state thereof to a stranger. Learn thou by me, Euphues, to despise things that be amiable, to forego delightful practises; believe me, it is pity to abstain from pleasure.

"Thou art not the first that hath solicited

this suit, but the first that goeth about to seduce me, neither discernest thou more than other, but darest more than any, neither hast thou more art to discover thy meaning, but more heart to open thy mind. But thou preferrest me before thy lands, thy livings, thy life; thou offerest thyself a sacrifice for my security, thou profferest me the whole and only sovereignty of thy service. Truly, I were very cruel and hard-hearted if I should not love thee; hard-hearted albeit I am not, but truly love thee I cannot, whom I doubt to be my lover.

"Moreover, I have not been used to the court of Cupid, wherein there be more sleights than there be hares in Athon, than bees in Hybla, than stars in heaven. Besides this, the common people here in Naples are not only both very suspicious of other men's matters and manners, but also very jealous over other men's children and maidens; either therefore dissemble thy fancy, or desist from thy folly.

"But why shouldest thou desist from the one, seeing thou canst cunningly dissemble the other? My father is now gone to Venice, and as I am uncertain of his return, so am I not privy to the cause of his travel. But yet is he so from hence that he seeth me in his absence. Knowest thou not, Euphues, that kings have long arms and rulers large reaches? Neither let this comfort thee, that at his departure he deputed thee in Philautus' place. Although my face cause him to mistrust my loyalty, yet my faith enforceth him to give me this liberty; though he be suspicious of my fair hue, yet is he secure of my firm honesty. But alas, Euphues, what truth can there be found in a traveler? What stay in a stranger? whose words and bodies both watch but for a wind, whose feet are ever fleeting, whose faith plighted on the shore is turned to perjury when they hoist sail. Who more traitorous to Phillis than Demophon? Yet he a traveler. Who more perjured to Dido than Aeneas? And he a stranger. Both these queens, both they caitiffs. Who more false to Ariadne than Theseus? Yet he a sailer. Who more fickle to Medea than Jason? Yet he a starter. Both these daughters to great princes, both they unfaithful of promises. Is it then likely that Euphues will be faithful to Lucilla, being in Naples but a sojourner? I have not yet forgotten the invective (I can no otherwise term it) which thou madest against beauty, saying it was a deceitful bait with a deadly hook, and a sweet poison in a painted pot. Canst thou then be so unwise to swallow the bait which will breed thy bane? to swill the drink that will expire thy date? to desire the wight that will work thy death? But it may be that with the scorpion thou canst feed on the earth, or with the quail and roebuck be fat with poison, or with beauty live in all bravery. I fear me thou hast the stone Continens about thee, which is named of the contrary, that though thou pretend faith in thy words, thou devisest fraud in thy heart; that though thou seem to prefer love, thou art inflamed with lust. And what for that? Though thou have eaten the seeds of Rockat, which breed incontinency, yet have I chewed the leaf Cress which maintaineth modesty. Though thou bear in thy bosom the herb Araxa, most noisome to virginity, yet have I the stone that groweth in the mount Tmolus, the upholder of chastity. You may, gentleman, accompt me for a cold prophet, thus hastily to divine of your disposition; pardon me, Euphues, if in love I cast beyond the moon, which bringeth us women to endless moan. Although I myself were never burnt, whereby I should dread the fire, yet the scorching of others in the flames of fancy warneth me to beware. Though I as yet never tried any faithless, whereby I should be fearful, yet have I read of many that have been perjured, which causeth me to be careful. Though I am able to convince none by proof, yet am I enforced to suspect one upon probabilities. Alas, we silly souls which have neither wit to decipher the wiles of men, nor wisdom to dissemble our affection, neither craft to train in young lovers, neither courage to withstand their encounters, neither discretion to discern their doubling, neither hard hearts to reject their complaints—we, I say, are soon enticed, being by nature simple, and easily entangled, being apt to receive the impression of love. But alas, it is both common and lamentable to behold simplicity entrapped by subtility, and those that have most might to be infected with most malice. The spider weaveth a fine web to hang the fly, the wolf weareth

a fair face to devour the lamb, the merlin striketh at the partridge, the eagle often snappeth at the fly, men are always laying baits for women, which are the weaker vessels; but as yet I could never hear man by such snares to entrap man. For true it is that men themselves have by use observed that it must be a hard winter when one wolf eateth another. I have read that the bull being tied to the fig tree loseth his strength, that the whole herd of deer stand at the gaze if they smell a sweet apple, that the dolphin by the sound of music is brought to the shore. And then no marvel it is that if the fierce bull be tamed with the fig tree, if that women being as weak as sheep be overcome with a fig, if the wild deer be caught with an apple, that the tame damsel is won with a blossom, if the fleet dolphin be allured with harmony, that women be entangled with the melody of men's speech, fair promises, and solemn protestations. But folly it were for me to mark their mischiefs, sith I am neither able, neither they willing, to amend their manners; it becometh me rather to show what our sex should do than to open what yours doth. And seeing I cannot by reason restrain your importunate suit, I will by rigor done on myself cause you to refrain the means. I would to God Ferardo were in this point like to Lysander, which would not suffer his daughters to wear gorgeous apparel, saying it would rather make them common than comely. I would it were in Naples a law, which was a custom in Egypt, that women should always go barefoot, to the intent they might keep themselves always at home, that they should be ever like to that snail which hath ever his house on his head. I mean so to mortify myself that instead of silks I will wear sackcloth, for owches and bracelets, lear and caddis, for the lute, use the distaff, for the pen, the needle, for lovers' sonnets, David's psalms. But yet I am not so senseless altogether to reject your service; which if I were certainly assured to proceed of a simple mind, it should not receive so simple a reward. And what greater trial can I have of thy simplicity and truth than thine own request which desireth a trial? Aye, but in the coldest flint there is hot fire, the bee that hath honey in her mouth hath a sting in her tail, the tree that beareth the sweetest fruit hath a sour sap, yea, the words of men, though they seem smooth as oil, yet their hearts are as crooked as the stalk of ivy. I would not, Euphues, that thou shouldest condemn me of rigor, in that I seek to assuage thy folly by reason, but take this by the way that although as yet I am disposed to like of none, yet whensoever I shall love any, I will not forget thee; in the mean season accompt me thy friend, for thy foe I will never be."

Euphues was brought into a great quandary and as it were a cold shivering, to hear this new kind of kindness, such sweet meat, such sour sauce, such fair words, such faint promises, such hot love, such cold desire, such certain hope, such sudden change, and stood like one that had looked on Medusa's head, and so had been turned into a stone.

Lucilla, seeing him in this pitiful plight and fearing he would take stand if the lure were not cast out, took him by the hand and wringing him softly, with a smiling countenance began thus to comfort him:

"Methinks, Euphues, changing so your color upon the sudden, you will soon change your copy. Is your mind on your meat? A penny for your thought."

"Mistress," quod he, "if you would buy all my thoughts at that price, I should never be weary of thinking, but seeing it is too dear, read it, and take it for nothing."

"It seems to me," said she, "that you are in some brown study, what colors you might best wear for your lady."

"Indeed, Lucilla, you level shrewdly at my thought, by the aim of your own imagination, for you have given unto me a true love's knot wrought of changeable silk, and you deem me that I am devising how I might have my colors changeable also, that they might agree. But let this with such toys and devices pass. If it please you to command me any service, I am here ready to attend to your leisure."

"No service, Euphues, but that you keep silence until I have uttered my mind; and secrecy when I have unfolded my meaning."

"If I should offend in the one I were too bold, if in the other, too beastly."

"Well then, Euphues," said she, "so it is that for the hope that I conceive of thy loyalty and the happy success that is like

to ensue of this our love, I am content to yield thee the place in my heart which thou desirest and deservest above all other; which consent in me if it may any ways breed thy contentation, sure I am that it will every way work my comfort. But as either thou tenderest mine honor or thine own safety, use such secrecy in this matter that my father have no inkling hereof before I have framed his mind fit for our purpose. And though women have small force to overcome men by reason, yet have they good fortune to undermine them by policy. The soft drops of rain pierce the hard marble, many strokes overthrow the tallest oak, a silly woman in time may make such a breach into a man's heart as her tears may enter without resistance; then doubt not but I will so undermine mine old father, as quickly I will enjoy my new friend. Tush, Philautus was liked for fashion sake, but never loved for fancy sake, and this I vow by the faith of a virgin and by the love I bear thee (for greater bands to confirm my vow I have not) that my father shall sooner martyr me in the fire than marry me to Philautus. No, no, Euphues, thou only hast won me by love, and shalt only wear me by law; I force not Philautus his fury, so I may have Euphues his friendship; neither will I prefer his possessions before thy person, neither esteem better of his lands than of thy love. Ferardo shall sooner disherit me of my patrimony than dishonor me in breaking my promise. It is not his great manors, but thy good manners, that shall make my marriage. In token of which my sincere affection, I give thee my hand in pawn and my heart forever to be thy Lucilla."

Unto whom Euphues answered in this manner:

"If my tongue were able to utter the joys that my heart hath conceived, I fear me though I be well beloved, yet I should hardly be believed. Ah, my Lucilla, how much am I bound to thee, which preferrest mine unworthiness before thy father's wrath, my happiness before thine own misfortune, my love before thine own life? How might I excel thee in courtesy, whom no mortal creature can exceed in constancy? I find it now for a settled truth, which erst I accompted for a vain talk, that the purple dye will never stain, that the pure civet will never lose his savor, that the green laurel will never change his color, that beauty can never be blotted with discourtesy. As touching secrecy in this behalf, assure thyself that I will not so much as tell it to myself. Command Euphues to run, to ride, to undertake any exploit be it never so dangerous, to hazard himself in any enterprise, be it never so desperate."

As they were thus pleasantly conferring the one with the other, Livia (whom Euphues made his stale) entered into the parlor, unto whom Lucilla spake in these terms: "Dost thou not laugh, Livia, to see my ghostly father keep me here so long at shrift?" "Truly," answered Livia, "methinks that you smile at some pleasant shift; either he is slow in inquiring of your faults, or you slack in answering of his questions." And thus being supper time they all sat down, Lucilla well pleased, no man better content than Euphues, who after his repast having no opportunity to confer with his lover had small lust to continue with the gentlewomen any longer; seeing therefore he could frame no means to work his delight, he coined an excuse to hasten his departure, promising the next morning to trouble them again as a guest more bold than welcome, although indeed he thought himself to be the better welcome in saying that he would come.

But as Ferardo went in post, so he returned in haste, having concluded with Philautus that the marriage should immediately be consummated, which wrought such a content in Philautus that he was almost in an ecstasy through the extremity of his passions; such is the fulness and force of pleasure, that there is nothing so dangerous as the fruition. Yet knowing that delays bring dangers, although he nothing doubted of Lucilla, whom he loved, yet feared he the fickleness of old men, which is always to be mistrusted. He urged therefore Ferardo to break with his daughter, who being willing to have the match made was content incontinently to procure the means; finding therefore his daughter at leisure, and having knowledge of her former love, spake to her as followeth:

"Dear daughter, as thou hast long time lived a maiden, so now thou must learn

to be a mother, and as I have been careful to bring thee up a virgin, so am I now desirous to make thee a wife. Neither ought I in this matter to use any persuasions, for that maidens commonly nowadays are no sooner born but they begin to bride it; neither to offer any great portions, for that thou knowest thou shalt inherit all my possessions. Mine only care hath been hitherto to match thee with such an one as should be of good wealth able to maintain thee, of great worship able to compare with thee in birth, of honest conditions to deserve thy love, and an Italian born to enjoy my lands. At the last I have found one answerable to my desire, a gentleman of great revenues, of a noble progeny, of honest behavior, of comely personage, born and brought up in Naples, Philautus, thy friend as I guess, thy husband, Lucilla, if thou like it; neither canst thou dislike him who wanteth nothing that should cause thy liking, neither hath anything that should breed thy loathing. And surely I rejoice the more that thou shalt be linked to him in marriage, whom thou hast loved, as I hear, being a maiden, neither can there any jars kindle between them where the minds be so united, neither any jealousy arise where love hath so long been settled. Therefore, Lucilla, to the end the desire of either of you may now be accomplished, to the delight of you both, I am here come to finish the contract by giving hands, which you have already begun between yourselves by joining of hearts, that as God doth witness the one in your consciences, so the world may testify the other by your conversations; and therefore, Lucilla, make such answer to my request as may like me and satisfy thy friend."

Lucilla, abashed with this sudden speech of her father, yet boldened by the love of her friend, with a comely bashfulness answered him in this manner:

"Reverend Sir, the sweetness that I have found in the undefiled estate of virginity causeth me to loath the sour sauce which is mixed with matrimony, and the quiet life which I have tried being a maiden maketh me to shun the cares that are always incident to a mother; neither am I so wedded to the world that I should be moved with great possessions, neither so bewitched with wantonness that I should be enticed with any man's proportion, neither if I were so disposed would I be so proud to desire one of noble progeny, or so precise to choose one only in mine own country, for that commonly these things happen always to the contrary. Do we not see the noble to match with the base, the rich with the poor, the Italian oftentimes with the Portingale? As love knoweth no laws, so it regardeth no conditions; as the lover maketh no pause where he liketh, so he maketh no conscience of these idle ceremonies. In that Philautus is the man that threateneth such kindness at my hands and such courtesy at yours, that he should accompt me his wife before he woo me, certainly he is like for me to make his reckoning twice, because he reckoneth without his hostess. And in this Philautus would either show himself of great wisdom to persuade, or me of great lightness to be allured; although the loadstone draw iron, yet it cannot move gold, though the jet gather up the light straw, yet can it not take up the pure steel. Although Philautus think himself of virtue sufficient to win his lover, yet shall he not obtain Lucilla. I cannot but smile to hear that a marriage should be solemnized where never was any mention of assuring, and that the wooing should be a day after the wedding. Certes, if when I looked merrily on Philautus he deemed it in the way of marriage, or if seeing me disposed to jest he took me in good earnest, then sure he might gather some presumption of my love, but no promise. But methinks it is good reason that I should be at mine own bridal, and not given in the church before I know the bridegroom. Therefore, dear father, in mine opinion as there can be no bargain where both be not agreed, neither any indentures sealed where the one will not consent, so can there be no contract where both be not content, no bans asked lawfully where one of the parties forbiddeth them, no marriage made where no match was meant. But I will hereafter frame myself to be coy, seeing I am claimed for a wife because I have been courteous, and give myself to melancholy, seeing I am accompted won in that I have been

merry. And if every gentleman be made of the metal that Philautus is, then I fear I shall be challenged of as many as I have used to company with, and be a common wife to all those that have commonly resorted hither.

"My duty therefore ever reserved, I here on my knees forswear Philautus for my husband, although I accept him for my friend, and seeing I shall hardly be induced ever to match with any, I beseech you, if by your fatherly love I shall be compelled, that I may match with such a one as both I may love and you may like."

Ferardo being a grave and wise gentleman, although he were throughly angry, yet he dissembled his fury, to the end he might by craft discover her fancy, and whispering Philautus in the ear (who stood as though he had a flea in his ear) desired him to keep silence, until he had undermined her by subtilty, which Philautus having granted, Ferardo began to sift his daughter with this device:

"Lucilla, thy color showeth thee to be in a great choler, and thy hot words bewray thy heavy wrath; but be patient, seeing all my talk was only to try thee. I am neither so unnatural to wrest thee against thine own will, neither so malicious to wed thee to any against thine own liking; for well I know what jars, what jealousy, what strife, what storms ensue, where the match is made rather by the compulsion of the parents than by consent of the parties; neither do I like thee the less, in that thou likest Philautus so little, neither can Philautus love thee the worse, in that thou lovest thyself so well, wishing rather to stand to thy chance than to the choice of any other. But this grieveth me most, that thou art almost vowed to the vain order of the vestal virgins, despising, or at the least not desiring, the sacred bands of Juno her bed. If thy mother had been of that mind when she was a maiden, thou haddest not now been born to be of this mind to be a virgin. Weigh with thyself what slender profit they bring to the commonwealth, what slight pleasure to themselves, what great grief to their parents, which joy most in their offspring and desire most to enjoy the noble and blessed name of a grandfather.

"Thou knowest that the tallest ash is cut down for fuel, because it beareth no good fruit, that the cow that gives no milk is brought to the slaughter, that the drone that gathereth no honey is contemned, that the woman that maketh herself barren by not marrying is accompted among the Grecian ladies worse than a carrion, as Homer reporteth. Therefore, Lucilla, if thou have any care to be a comfort to my hoary hairs, or a commodity to thy commonweal, frame thyself to that honorable estate of matrimony, which was sanctified in paradise, allowed of the patriarchs, hallowed of the old prophets, and commended of all persons. If thou like any, be not ashamed to tell it me, which only am to exhort thee, yea, and as much as in me lieth to command thee, to love one. If he be base thy blood will make him noble, if beggarly thy goods shall make him wealthy, if a stranger thy freedom may enfranchise him; if he be young he is the more fitter to be thy fere, if he be old the liker to thine aged father. For I had rather thou shouldest lead a life to thine own liking in earth than to thy great torments lead apes in hell. Be bold therefore to make me partner of thy desire, which will be partaker of thy disease, yea, and a furtherer of thy delights, as far as either my friends, or my lands, or my life will stretch."

Lucilla, perceiving the drift of the old fox her father, weighed with herself what was best to be done; at the last not weighing her father's ill will, but encouraged by love, shaped him an answer which pleased Ferardo but a little, and pinched Philautus on the parson's side, on this manner:

"Dear father Ferardo, although I see the bait you lay to catch me, yet I am content to swallow the hook, neither are you more desirous to take me napping than I willing to confess my meaning. So it is that love hath as well inveigled me as others, which make it as strange as I. Neither do I love him so meanly that I should be ashamed of his name, neither is his personage so mean that I should love him shamefully. It is Euphues, that lately arrived here at Naples, that hath battered the bulwark of my breast and shall shortly enter as conqueror into my bosom. What his wealth is I neither know it nor weigh it, what his

wit is all Naples doth know it, and wonder at it, neither have I been curious to inquire of his progenitors, for that I know so noble a mind could take no original but from a noble man, for as no bird can look against the sun but those that be bred of the eagle, neither any hawk soar so high as the brood of the hobby, so no wight can have such excellent qualities except he descend of a noble race, neither be of so high capacity unless he issue of a high progeny. And I hope Philautus will not be my foe, seeing I have chosen his dear friend, neither you, father, be displeased in that Philautus is displaced. You need not muse that I should so suddenly be entangled; love gives no reason of choice, neither will it suffer any repulse. Mirha was enamored of her natural father, Biblis of her brother, Phaedra of her son-in-law; if nature can no way resist the fury of affection, how should it be stayed by wisdom?"

Ferardo interrupting her in the middle of her discourse, although he were moved with inward grudge, yet he wisely repressed his anger, knowing that sharp words would but sharpen her froward will, and thus answered her briefly:

"Lucilla, as I am not presently to grant my good will, so mean I not to reprehend thy choice, yet wisdom willeth me to pause until I have called what may happen to my remembrance, and warneth thee to be circumspect, lest thy rash conceit bring a sharp repentance. As for you, Philautus, I would not have you despair, seeing a woman doth oftentimes change her desire."

Unto whom Philautus in few words made answer: "Certainly, Ferardo, I take the less grief in that I see her so greedy after Euphues, and by so much the more I am content to leave my suit, by how much the more she seemeth to disdain my service; but as for hope, because I would not by any means taste one dram thereof, I will abjure all places of her abode and loath her company, whose countenance I have so much loved; as for Euphues——" and there staying his speech, he flang out of the doors, and repairing to his lodging uttered these words:

"Ah most dissembling wretch, Euphues, O counterfeit companion, couldest thou under the show of a steadfast friend cloak the malice of a mortal foe? under the color of simplicity shroud the image of deceit? Is thy Livia turned to my Lucilla, thy love to my lover, thy devotion to my saint? Is this the courtesy of Athens, the cavilling of scholars, the craft of Grecians? Couldest thou not remember, Philautus, that Greece is never without some wily Ulysses, never void of some Synon, never to seek of some deceitful shifter? Is it not commonly said of Grecians that craft cometh to them by kind, that they learn to deceive in their cradle? Why then did his pretended courtesy bewitch thee with such credulity? Shall my good will be the cause of his ill will? Because I was content to be his friend, thought he me meet to be made his fool? I see now that as the fish Scolopidus in the flood Araris at the waxing of the moon is as white as the driven snow, and at the waning as black as the burnt coal, so Euphues, which at the first increasing of our familiarity was very zealous, is now at the last cast become most faithless. But why rather exclaim I not against Lucilla, whose wanton looks caused Euphues to violate his plighted faith? Ah wretched wench, canst thou be so light of love as to change with every wind? so unconstant as to prefer a new lover before thine old friend? Ah, well I wot that a new broom sweepeth clean, and a new garment maketh thee to forsake the old though it be fitter, and new wine causeth thee to forsake the old though it be better, much like to the men in the Island Scyrum, which pull up the old tree when they see the young begin to spring, and not unlike unto the widow of Lesbos, which changed all her old gold for new glass. Have I served thee three years faithfully, and am I served so unkindly? Shall the fruit of my desire be turned to disdain? But unless Euphues had inveigled thee thou haddest yet been constant. Yea, but if Euphues had not seen thee willing to be won, he would never have wooed thee. But had not Euphues enticed thee with fair words, thou wouldest never have loved him. But haddest thou not given him fair looks he would never have liked thee. Aye, but Euphues gave the onset. Aye, but Lucilla gave the occasion. Aye, but Euphues first brake his mind. Aye, but Lucilla first bewrayed her meaning. Tush, why go I

about to excuse any of them, seeing I have just cause to accuse them both? Neither ought I to dispute which of them hath proffered me the greatest villainy, sith that either of them hath committed perjury. Yet although they have found me dull in perceiving their falsehood, they shall not find me slack in revenging their folly. As for Lucilla, seeing I mean altogether to forget her, I mean also to forgive her, lest in seeking means to be revenged mine old desire be renewed."

Philautus having thus discoursed with himself began to write to Euphues as followeth:

"Although hitherto, Euphues, I have shrined thee in my heart for a trusty friend, I will shun thee hereafter as a truthless foe, and although I cannot see in thee less wit than I was wont, yet do I find less honesty. I perceive at the last (although being deceived it be too late) that musk although it be sweet in the smell, is sour in the smack, that the leaf of the cedar tree though it be fair to be seen yet the syrup depriveth sight, that friendship though it be plighted by shaking the hand, yet it is shaken off by fraud of the heart. But thou hast not much to boast of, for as thou hast won a fickle lady, so hast thou lost a faithful friend. How canst thou be secure of her constancy when thou hast had such trial of her lightness? How canst thou assure thyself that she will be faithful to thee, which hath been faithless to me? Ah, Euphues, let not my credulity be an occasion hereafter for thee to practise the like cruelty. Remember this, that yet there hath never been any faithless to his friend that hath not also been fruitless to his God. But I weigh this treachery the less, in that it cometh from a Grecian in whom is no truth. Though I be too weak to wrastle for a revenge, yet God who permitteth no guile to be guiltless will shortly requite this injury; though Philautus have no policy to undermine thee, yet thine own practises will be sufficient to overthrow thee.

"Couldest thou, Euphues, for the love of a fruitless pleasure violate the league of faithful friendship? Diddest thou weigh more the enticing looks of a lewd wench than the entire love of a loyal friend? If thou diddest determine with thyself at the first to be false, why diddest thou swear to be true? If to be true, why art thou false? If thou wast minded both falsely and forgedly to deceive me, why diddest thou flatter and dissemble with me at the first? If to love me, why doest thou flinch at the last? If the sacred bands of amity did delight thee, why diddest thou break them? If dislike thee, why diddest thou praise them? Dost thou not know that a perfect friend should be like the glazeworm, which shineth most bright in the dark? or like the pure frankincense, which smelleth most sweet when it is in the fire? or at the least not unlike to the damask rose, which is sweeter in the still than on the stalk? But thou, Euphues, dost rather resemble the swallow which in the summer creepeth under the eaves of every house, and in the winter leaveth nothing but dirt behind her, or the humble bee which having sucked honey out of the fair flower doth leave it and loath it, or the spider which in the finest web doth hang the fairest fly. Dost thou think, Euphues, that thy craft in betraying me shall any whit cool my courage in revenging thy villainy? Or that a gentleman of Naples will put up such an injury at the hands of a scholar? And if I do, it is not for want of strength to maintain my just quarrel, but of will which thinketh scorn to get so vain a conquest. I know that Menelaus for his ten years' war endured ten years' woe, that after all his strife he wan but a strumpet, that for all his travails he reduced (I cannot say reclaimed) but a straggler; which was as much in my judgment as to strive for a broken glass, which is good for nothing. I wish thee rather Menelaus' care than myself his conquest, that thou being deluded by Lucilla mayst rather know what it is to be deceived than I having conquered thee should prove what it were to bring back a dissembler. Seeing therefore there can no greater revenge light upon thee than that as thou hast reaped where another hath sown, so another may thresh that which thou hast reaped. I will pray that thou mayst be measured unto with the like measure that thou hast meten unto others; that as thou hast thought it no conscience to betray me, so others may deem it no dishonesty

to deceive thee, that as Lucilla made it a light matter to forswear her old friend, Philautus, so she may make it a mock to forsake her new fere, Euphues. Which if it come to pass, as it is like by my compass, then shalt thou see the troubles, and feel the torments which thou hast already thrown into the hearts and eyes of others. Thus hoping shortly to see thee as hopeless as myself is hapless, I wish my wish were as effectually ended as it is heartily looked for. And so I leave thee.

Thine once
PHILAUTUS."

Philautus, despatching a messenger with this letter speedily to Euphues, went into the fields to walk, there either to digest his choler or chew upon his melancholy. But Euphues having read the contents was well content, setting his talk at naught and answering his taunts in these gibing terms:

"Aye, remember, Philautus, how valiantly Ajax boasted in the feats of arms, yet Ulysses bare away the armor; and it may be that though thou crake of thine own courage, thou mayst easily lose the conquest. Dost thou think Euphues such a dastard that he is not able to withstand thy courage, or such a dullard that he cannot descry thy craft? Alas, good soul! It fareth with thee as with the hen, which when the puttock hath caught her chicken beginneth to cackle; and thou having lost thy lover beginnest to prattle. Tush, Philautus, I am in this point of Euripides his mind, who thinks it lawful for the desire of a kingdom to transgress the bounds of honesty, and for the love of a lady to violate and break the bands of amity.

"The friendship between man and man as it is common so is it of course; between man and woman, as it is seldom so is it sincere; the one proceedeth of the similitude of manners, the other of the sincerity of the heart. If thou haddest learned the first point of hawking thou wouldst have learned to have held fast, or the first note of descant thou wouldest have kept thy sol fa to thyself.

"But thou canst blame me no more of folly in leaving thee to love Lucilla than thou mayst reprove him of foolishness that having a sparrow in his hand letteth her go to catch the pheasant, or him of unskilfulness that seeing the heron leaveth to level his shoot at the stock-dove, or that woman of coyness that having a dead rose in her bosom throweth it away to gather the fresh violet. Love knoweth no laws. Did not Jupiter transform himself into the shape of Amphitrio to embrace Alcmena? into the form of a swan to enjoy Leda? into a bull to beguile Io? into a shower of gold to win Danae? Did not Neptune change himself into a heifer, a ram, a flood, a dolphin, only for the love of those he lusted after? Did not Apollo convert himself into a shepherd, into a bird, into a lion, for the desire he had to heal his disease? If the gods thought no scorn to become beasts to obtain their best beloved, shall Euphues be so nice in changing his copy to gain his lady? No, no; he that cannot dissemble in love is not worthy to live. I am of this mind, that both might and malice, deceit and treachery, all perjury, any impiety may lawfully be committed in love, which is lawless. In that thou arguest Lucilla of lightness, thy will hangs in the light of thy wit. Dost thou not know that the weak stomach if it be cloyed with one diet doth soon surfeit? that the clown's garlic cannot ease the courtier's disease so well as the pure treacle? that far fet and dear bought is good for ladies? that Euphues being a more dainty morsel than Philautus ought better to be accepted? Tush, Philautus, set thy heart at rest, for thy hap willeth thee to give over all hope both of my friendship and her love; as for revenge, thou art not so able to lend a blow as I to ward it, neither more venturous to challenge the combat than I valiant to answer the quarrel. As Lucilla was caught by fraud so shall she be kept by force, and as thou wast too simple to espy my craft, so I think thou wilt be too weak to withstand my courage; but if thy revenge stand only upon thy wish, thou shalt never live to see my woe, or to have thy will; and so farewell.

EUPHUES."

This letter being despatched, Euphues sent it, and Philautus read it, who disdaining those proud terms, disdained also

to answer them, being ready to ride with Ferardo.

Euphues having for a space absented himself from the house of Ferardo, because he was at home, longed sore to see Lucilla, which now opportunity offered unto him, Ferardo being gone again to Venice with Philautus; but in his absence one Curio, a gentleman of Naples of little wealth and less wit, haunted Lucilla her company, and so enchanted her that Euphues was also cast off with Philautus; which thing being unknown to Euphues caused him the sooner to make his repair to the presence of his lady, whom he finding in her muses began pleasantly to salute in this manner:

"Mistress Lucilla, although my long absence might breed your just anger (for that lovers desire nothing so much as often meeting) yet I hope my presence will dissolve your choler (for that lovers are soon pleased when of their wishes they be fully possessed). My absence is the rather to be excused in that your father hath been always at home, whose frowns seemed to threaten my ill fortune, and my presence at this present the better to be accepted in that I have made such speedy repair to your presence."

Unto whom Lucilla answered with this gleek:

"Truly, Euphues, you have missed the cushion, for I was neither angry with your long absence, neither am I well pleased at your presence; the one gave me rather a good hope hereafter never to see you, the other giveth me a greater occasion to abhor you."

Euphues being nipped on the head, with a pale countenance, as though his soul had forsaken his body, replied as followeth:

"If this sudden change, Lucilla, proceed of any desert of mine, I am here not only to answer the fact, but also to make amends for my fault; if of any new motion or mind to forsake your new friend, I am rather to lament your inconstancy than revenge it; but I hope that such hot love cannot be so soon cold, neither such sure faith be rewarded with so sudden forgetfulness."

Lucilla, not ashamed to confess her folly, answered him with this frump:

"Sir, whether your deserts or my desire have wrought this change it will boot you little to know, neither do I crave amends, neither fear revenge; as for fervent love, you know there is no fire so hot but it is quenched with water, neither affection so strong but is weakened with reason. Let this suffice thee that thou know I care not for thee."

"Indeed," said Euphues, "to know the cause of your alteration would boot me little seeing the effect taketh such force. I have heard that women either love entirely or hate deadly, and seeing you have put me out of doubt of the one, I must needs persuade myself of the other. This change will cause Philautus to laugh me to scorn, and double thy lightness in turning so often. Such was the hope that I conceived of thy constancy, that I spared not in all places to blaze thy loyalty; but now my rash conceit will prove me a liar, and thee a light huswife."

"Nay," said Lucilla, "now shalt not thou laugh Philautus to scorn, seeing you have both drunk of one cup; in misery, Euphues, it is a great comfort to have a companion. I doubt not but that you will both conspire against me to work some mischief, although I nothing fear your malice; whosoever accompteth you a liar for praising me may also deem you a lecher for being enamored of me, and whosoever judgeth me light in forsaking of you may think thee as lewd in loving of me, for thou that thoughtest it lawful to deceive thy friend must take no scorn to be deceived of thy foe."

"Then I perceive, Lucilla," said he, "that I was made thy stale, and Philautus thy laughing-stock; whose friendship (I must confess indeed) I have refused to obtain thy favor; and sithens another hath won that we both have lost, I am content for my part, neither ought I to be grieved, seeing thou art fickle."

"Certes, Euphues," said Lucilla, "you spend your wind in waste, for your welcome is but small and your cheer is like to be less; fancy giveth no reason of his change, neither will be controlled for any choice; this is therefore to warn you that from henceforth you neither solicit this suit neither offer any way your service. I have chosen one (I must needs confess) neither to be compared to Philautus in wealth, nor to thee in wit, neither in birth to the worst of you both. I think God gave it me for a

just plague for renouncing Philautus and choosing thee, and sithens I am an ensample to all women of lightness, I am like also to be a mirror to them all of unhappiness, which ill luck I must take by so much the more patiently, by how much the more I acknowledge myself to have deserved it worthily." "Well, Lucilla," answered Euphues, "this case breedeth my sorrow the more, in that it is so sudden, and by so much the more I lament it, by how much the less I looked for it. In that my welcome is so cold and my cheer so simple, it nothing toucheth me, seeing your fury is so hot, and my misfortune so great, that I am neither willing to receive it, nor you to bestow it. If tract of time, or want of trial, had caused this metamorphosis my grief had been more tolerable, and your fleeting more excusable, but coming in a moment undeserved, unlooked for, unthought of, it increaseth my sorrow and thy shame."

"Euphues," quoth she, "you make a long harvest for a little corn, and angle for the fish that is already caught. Curio, yea, Curio, is he that hath my love at his pleasure, and shall also have my life at his commandment, and although you deem him unworthy to enjoy that which erst you accompted no wight worthy to embrace, yet seeing I esteem him more worth than any, he is to be reputed as chief. The wolf chooseth him for her make that hath or doth endure most travail for her sake. Venus was content to take the blacksmith with his polt foot. Cornelia here in Naples disdained not to love a rude miller. As for changing, did not Helen the pearl of Greece, thy countrywoman, first take Menelaus, then Theseus, and last of all Paris? If brute beasts give us ensamples that those are most to be liked of whom we are best beloved, or if the princess of beauty, Venus, and her heirs, Helen and Cornelia, show that our affection standeth on our free will; then am I rather to be excused than accused. Therefore, good Euphues, be as merry as you may be, for time may so turn that once again you may be."

"Nay, Lucilla," said he, "my harvest shall cease, seeing others have reaped my corn; as for angling for the fish that is already caught, that were but mere folly. But in my mind if you be a fish you are either an eel, which as soon as one hath hold of her tail will slip out of his hand, or else a minnow, which will be nibbling at every bait but never biting. But what fish soever you be, you have made both me and Philautus to swallow a gudgeon. If Curio be the person, I would neither wish thee a greater plague, nor him a deadlier poison. I for my part think him worthy of thee, and thou unworthy of him, for although he be in body deformed, in mind foolish, an innocent born, a beggar by misfortune, yet doth he deserve a better than thyself, whose corrupt manners have stained thy heavenly hue, whose light behavior hath dimmed the lights of thy beauty, whose unconstant mind hath betrayed the innocency of so many a gentleman. And in that you bring in the example of a beast to confirm your folly, you show therein your beastly disposition, which is ready to follow such beastliness. But Venus played false! And for what? Seeing her lightness serveth for an example, I would wish thou mightest try her punishment for a reward, that being openly taken in an iron net all the world might judge whether thou be fish or flesh; and certes in my mind no angle will hold thee, it must be a net. Cornelia loved a miller, and thou a miser; can her folly excuse thy fault? Helen of Greece, my countrywoman born, but thine by profession, changed and rechanged at her pleasure, I grant. Shall the lewdness of others animate thee in thy lightness? Why then dost thou not haunt the stews because Lais frequented them? Why doest thou not love a bull seeing Pasiphae loved one? Why art thou not enamored of thy father, knowing that Mirha was so incensed? These are set down that we viewing their incontinency should fly the like impudence, not follow the like excess, neither can they excuse thee of any inconstancy. Merry I will be as I may, but if I may hereafter as thou meanest, I will not; and therefore farewell, Lucilla, the most inconstant that ever was nursed in Naples; farewell, Naples, the most cursed town in all Italy; and women all, farewell!"

Euphues having thus given her his last farewell, yet being solitary began afresh to recount his sorrow on this manner:

"Ah, Euphues, into what a quandary art thou brought? In what sudden misfortune

art thou wrapped? It is like to fare with thee as with the eagle, which dieth neither for age nor with sickness, but with famine, for although thy stomach hunger yet thy heart will not suffer thee to eat. And why shouldest thou torment thyself for one in whom is neither faith nor fervency? Oh the counterfeit love of women! Oh inconstant sex! I have lost Philautus, I have lost Lucilla, I have lost that which I shall hardly find again, a faithful friend. Ah foolish Euphues, why diddest thou leave Athens, the nurse of wisdom, to inhabit Naples, the nourisher of wantonness? Had it not been better for thee to have eaten salt with the philosophers in Greece than sugar with the courtiers of Italy? But behold the course of youth, which always inclineth to pleasure; I forsook mine old companions to search for new friends, I rejected the grave and fatherly counsel of Eubulus, to follow the brain-sick humour of mine own will. I addicted myself wholly to the service of women to spend my life in the laps of ladies, my lands in maintenance of bravery, my wit in the vanities of idle sonnets. I had thought that women had been as we men, that is true, faithful, zealous, constant, but I perceive they be rather woe unto men, by their falsehood, jealousy, inconstancy. I was half persuaded that they were made of the perfection of men, and would be comforters, but now I see they have tasted of the infection of the serpent, and will be corasives. The physician saith it is dangerous to minister physic unto the patient that hath a cold stomach and a hot liver, lest in giving warmth to the one he inflame the other; so verily it is hard to deal with a woman whose words seem fervent, whose heart is congealed into hard ice, lest trusting their outward talk he be betrayed with their inward treachery. I will to Athens, there to toss my books, no more in Naples to live with fair looks. I will so frame myself as all youth hereafter shall rather rejoice to see mine amendment than be animated to follow my former life. Philosophy, physic, divinity, shall be my study. Oh the hidden secrets of Nature, the express image of moral virtues, the equal balance of Justice, the medicines to heal all diseases, how they begin to delight me! The Axiomaes of Aristotle, the Maxims of Justinian, the Aphorisms of Galen, have suddenly made such a breach into my mind that I seem only to desire them which did only erst detest them. If wit be employed in the honest study of learning, what thing so precious as wit? If in the idle trade of love, what thing more pestilent than wit? The proof of late hath been verified in me, whom nature hath endued with a little wit, which I have abused with an obstinate will; most true it is that the thing the better it is the greater is the abuse, and that there is nothing but through the malice of man may be abused.

"Doth not the fire (an element so necessary that without it man cannot live) as well burn the house as burn in the house, if it be abused? Doth not treacle as well poison as help if it be taken out of time? Doth not wine if it be immoderately taken kill the stomach, inflame the liver, murther the drunken? Doth not physic destroy if it be not well tempered? Doth not law accuse if it be not rightly interpreted? Doth not divinity condemn if it be not faithfully construed? Is not poison taken out of the honeysuckle by the spider, venom out of the rose by the canker, dung out of the maple tree by the scorpion? Even so the greatest wickedness is drawn out of the greatest wit, if it be abused by will, or entangled with the world, or inveigled with women.

"But seeing I see mine own impiety, I will endeavor myself to amend all that is past, and to be a mirror of godliness hereafter. The rose though a little it be eaten with the canker, yet being distilled yieldeth sweet water, the iron though fretted with the rust yet being burnt in the fire shineth brighter, and wit although it hath been eaten with the canker of his own conceit and fretted with the rust of vain love, yet being purified in the still of wisdom and tried in the fire of zeal, will shine bright and smell sweet in the nostrils of all young novices.

"As therefore I gave a farewell to Lucilla, a farewell to Naples, a farewell to women, so now do I give a farewell to the world, meaning rather to macerate myself with melancholy than pine in folly, rather choosing to die in my study amidst my books than to court it in Italy, in the company of ladies."

It happened immediately Ferardo to return home, who hearing this strange event was not a little amazed, and was now more ready to exhort Lucilla from the love of Curio than before to the liking of Philautus. Therefore in all haste, with watery eyes and a woeful heart, began on this manner to reason with his daughter:

"Lucilla (daughter I am ashamed to call thee, seeing thou hast neither care of thy father's tender affection, nor of thine own credit), what sprite hath enchanted thy spirit that every minute thou alterest thy mind? I had thought that my hoary hairs should have found comfort by thy golden locks, and my rotten age great ease by thy ripe years. But alas, I see in thee neither wit to order thy doings, neither will to frame thyself to discretion, neither the nature of a child, neither the nurture of a maiden, neither (I cannot without tears speak it) any regard of thine honor, neither any care of thine honesty.

"I am now enforced to remember thy mother's death, who I think was a prophetess in her life, for oftentimes she would say that thou haddest more beauty than was convenient for one that should be honest, and more cockering than was meet for one that should be a matron.

"Would I had never lived to be so old or thou to be so obstinate; either would I had died in my youth in the court, or thou in thy cradle. I would to God that either I had never been born, or thou never bred. Is this the comfort that the parent reapeth for all his care? Is obstinacy paid for obedience, stubborness rendered for duty, malicious desperateness for filial fear? I perceive now that the wise painter saw more than the foolish parent can, who painted love going downward, saying it might well descend, but ascend it could never. Danaus, whom they report to be the father of fifty children, had among them all but one that disobeyed him in a thing most dishonest, but I that am father to one more than I would be although one be all, have that one most disobedient to me in a request lawful and reasonable. If Danaus seeing but one of his daughters without awe became himself without mercy, what shall Ferardo do in this case who hath one and all most unnatural to him in a most just cause? Shall Curio enjoy the fruit of my travails, possess the benefit of my labors, inherit the patrimony of mine ancestors, who hath neither wisdom to increase them nor wit to keep them? Wilt thou, Lucilla, bestow thyself on such an one as hath neither comeliness in his body, nor knowledge in his mind, nor credit in his country? Oh I would thou haddest either been ever faithful to Philautus, or never faithless to Euphues, or would thou wouldest be more fickle to Curio. As thy beauty hath made thee blaze of Italy, so will thy lightness make thee the byword of the world. Oh Lucilla, Lucilla, would thou wert less fair or more fortunate, either of less honor or greater honesty! either better minded, or soon buried! Shall thine old father live to see thee match with a young fool? Shall my kind heart be rewarded with such unkind hate? Ah Lucilla, thou knowest not the care of a father nor the duty of a child, and as far art thou from piety as I from cruelty.

"Nature will not permit me to disherit my daughter, and yet it will suffer thee to dishonor thy father. Affection causeth me to wish thy life, and shall it entice thee to procure my death? It is mine only comfort to see thee flourish in thy youth, and is it thine to see me fade in mine age? To conclude, I desire to live to see thee prosper, and thou to see me perish. But why cast I the effect of this unnaturalness in thy teeth, seeing I myself was the cause? I made thee a wanton and thou hast made me a fool, I brought thee up like a cockney, and thou hast handled me like a coxcomb (I speak it to mine own shame). I made more of thee than became a father, and thou less of me than beseemed a child. And shall my loving care be cause of thy wicked cruelty? Yea, yea, I am not the first that hath been too careful, nor the last that shall be handled so unkindly; it is common to see fathers too fond, and children too froward. Well, Lucilla, the tears which thou seest trickle down my cheeks and the drops of blood (which thou canst not see) that fall from my heart enforce me to make an end of my talk; and if thou have any duty of a child, or care of a friend, or courtesy of

a stranger, or feeling of a Christian, or humanity of a reasonable creature, then release thy father of grief, and acquit thyself of ungratefulness; otherwise thou shalt but hasten my death and increase thine own defame, which if thou do the gain is mine and the loss thine, and both infinite."

Lucilla, either so bewitched that she could not relent, or so wicked that she would not yield to her father's request, answered him on this manner:

"Dear father, as you would have me to show the duty of a child, so ought you to show the care of a parent, and as the one standeth in obedience so the other is grounded upon reason. You would have me as I owe duty to you to leave Curio, and I desire you as you owe me any love that you suffer me to enjoy him. If you accuse me of unnaturalness in that I yield not to your request, I am also to condemn you of unkindness, in that you grant not my petition. You object I know not what to Curio, but it is the eye of the master that fatteth the horse, and the love of the woman that maketh the man. To give reason for fancy were to weigh the fire and measure the wind. If, therefore, my delight be the cause of your death, I think my sorrow would be an occasion of your solace. And if you be angry because I am pleased, certes I deem you would be content if I were deceased; which if it be so that my pleasure breed your pain, and my annoy your joy, I may well say that you are an unkind father and I an unfortunate child. But, good father, either content yourself with my choice, or let me stand to the main chance, otherwise the grief will be mine and the fault yours, and both untolerable."

Ferardo, seeing his daughter to have neither regard of her own honor nor his request, conceived such an inward grief that in short space he died, leaving Lucilla the only heir of his lands, and Curio to possess them; but what end came of her, seeing it is nothing incident to the history of Euphues, it were superfluous to insert it, and so incredible that all women would rather wonder at it than believe it, which event being so strange, I had rather leave them in a muse what it should be, than in a maze in telling what it was.

Philautus having intelligence of Euphues his success, and the falsehood of Lucilla, although he began to rejoice at the misery of his fellow, yet seeing her fickleness could not but lament her folly and pity his friend's misfortune; thinking that the lightness of Lucilla enticed Euphues to so great liking.

Euphues and Philautus having conference between themselves, casting discourtesy in the teeth each of the other, but chiefly noting disloyalty in the demeanor of Lucilla, after much talk renewed their old friendship, both abandoning Lucilla as most abominable. Philautus was earnest to have Euphues tarry in Naples, and Euphues desirous to have Philautus to Athens, but the one was so addicted to the court, the other so wedded to the university, that each refused the offer of the other; yet this they agreed between themselves that though their bodies were by distance of place severed, yet the conjunction of their minds should neither be separated by the length of time nor alienated by change of soil. "I for my part," said Euphues, "to confirm this league give thee my hand and my heart." And so likewise did Philautus, and so shaking hands they bid each other farewell.

## FROM *EUPHUES AND HIS ENGLAND*

### To the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England, John Lyly Wisheth What They Would.

Arachne, having woven in cloth of arras a rainbow of sundry silks, it was objected unto her by a lady more captious than cunning, that in her work there wanted some colors; for that in a rainbow there should be all. Unto whom she replied, "If the colors lack thou lookest for, thou must imagine that they are on the other side of the cloth. For in the sky we can discern but one side of the rainbow, and what colors are in the other, see we cannot, guess we may."

In the like manner, ladies and gentlewomen, am I to shape an answer in the behalf of Euphues, who framing divers

questions and quirks of love, if, by some more curious than needeth, it shall be told him that some sleights are wanting, I must say they are noted on the backside of the book. When Venus is painted, we cannot see her back, but her face; so that all other things that are to be recounted in love, Euphues thinketh them to hang at Venus' back in a budget, which because he cannot see, he will not set down.

These discourses I have not clapped in a cluster, thinking with myself that ladies had rather be sprinkled with sweet water than washed; so that I have sowed them here and there, like strawberries, not in heaps, like hops; knowing that you take more delight to gather flowers one by one in a garden than to snatch them by handfuls from a garland.

It resteth, ladies, that you take the pains to read it, but at such times as you spend in playing with your little dogs; and yet will I not pinch you of that pastime, for I am content that your dogs lie in your laps, so Euphues may be in your hands, that when you shall be weary in reading of the one you may be ready to sport with the other; or handle him as you do your junkets, that when you can eat no more, you tie some in your napkin for children; for if you be filled with the first part, put the second in your pocket for your waiting maids. Euphues had rather lie shut in a lady's casket than open in a scholar's study.

Yet after dinner you may overlook him to keep you from sleep, or if you be heavy, to bring you asleep, for to work upon a full stomach is against physic, and therefore better it were to hold Euphues in your hands, though you let him fall when you be willing to wink, than to sew in a clout, and prick your fingers when you begin to nod.

Whatsoever he hath written, it is not to flatter, for he never reaped any reward by your sex but repentance; neither can it be to mock you, for he never knew anything by your sex but righteousness.

But I fear no anger for saying well, when there is none but thinketh she deserveth better.

She that hath no glass to dress her head will use a bowl of water; she that wanteth a sleek-stone to smooth her linen will take a pebble; the country dame girdeth herself as straight in the waist with a coarse caddis as the madam of the court with a silk riband; so that seeing everyone so willing to be pranked, I could not think anyone unwilling to be praised.

One hand washeth another, but they both wash the face; one foot goeth by another, but they both carry the body; Euphues and Philautus praise one another, but they both extol women. Therefore in my mind you are more beholding to gentlemen that make the colors than to the painters that draw your counterfeits; for that Apelles' cunning is nothing if he paint with water, and the beauty of women not much if they go unpraised.

If you think this love dreamed, not done, yet methinketh you may as well like that love which is penned and not practised as that flower that is wrought with the needle and groweth not by nature. The one you wear in your heads, for the fair sight, though it have no favor; the other you may read for to pass the time, though it bring small pastime. You choose cloth that will wear whitest, not that will last longest, colors that look freshest, not that endure soundest, and I would you would read books that have more show of pleasure than ground of profit; then should Euphues be as often in your hands, being but a toy, as lawn on your heads, being but trash; the one will be scarce liked after once reading, and the other is worn out after the first washing.

There is nothing lighter than a feather, yet is it set aloft in a woman's hat; nothing slighter than hair, yet is it most frizzled in a lady's head; so that I am in good hope, though there be nothing of less account than Euphues, yet he shall be marked with ladies' eyes, and liked sometimes in their ears. For this I have diligently observed, that there shall be nothing found that may offend the chaste mind with unseemly terms or uncleanly talk.

Then, ladies, I commit myself to your courtesies, craving this only, that, having read, you conceal your censure, writing your judgments as you do the posies on your rings, which are always next to the finger, not to be seen of him that holdeth you by the hands, and yet known to you that wear them on your hands. If you be wrong (which

cannot be done without wrong) it were better to cut the shoe than burn the last.

If a tailor make your gown too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher; if too great, with a number of plights; if too short, with a fair guard; if too long, with a false gathering. My trust is you will deal in the like manner with Euphues, that if he have not fed your humour, yet you will excuse him more than the tailor; for could Euphues take the measure of a woman's mind, as the tailor doth of her body, he would go as near to fit them for a fancy, as the other doth for a fashion.

He that weighs wind must have a steady hand to hold the balance, and he that searcheth a woman's thoughts must have his own stayed. But lest I make my Epistle as you do your new-found bracelets, endless, I will frame it like a bullet, which is no sooner in the mold but it is made. Committing your ladyships to the Almighty, who grant you all you would have and should have, so your wishes stand with his will. And so humbly I bid you farewell.

Your ladyships' to command,
JOHN LYLY.

## TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS

Gentlemen, Euphues is come at the length, though too late, for whose absence I hope three bad excuses shall stand in stead of one good reason.

First, in his travel you must think he loitered, tarrying many a month in Italy viewing the ladies in a painter's shop, when he should have been on the seas in a merchant's ship, not unlike unto an idle huswife who is catching of flies when she should sweep down cobwebs.

Secondly, being a great start from Athens to England, he thought to stay for the advantage of a leap year, and had not this year leaped with him, I think he had not yet leaped hither.

Thirdly, being arrived, he was as long in viewing of London as he was in coming to it, not far differing from gentlewomen, who are longer a-dressing their heads than their whole bodies.

But now he is come, gentlemen, my request is only to bid him welcome, for divers there are, not that they mislike the matter but that they hate the man, that will not stick to tear Euphues because they do envy Lyly; wherein they resemble angry dogs, which bite the stone, not him that throweth it, or the choleric horse-rider, who being cast from a young colt, and not daring to kill the horse, went into the stable to cut the saddle.

These be they that thought Euphues to be drowned and yet were never troubled with drying of his clothes; but they guessed as they wished, and I would it had happened as they desired.

They that loath the fountain's head will never drink of the little brooks; they that seek to poison the fish will never eat the spawn; they that like not me will not allow anything that is mine.

But as the serpent Porphirius, though he be full of poison, yet having no teeth hurteth none but himself, so the envious, though they swell with malice till they burst, yet having no teeth to bite I have no cause to fear.

Only my suit is to you gentlemen, that if anything be amiss, you pardon it; if well, you defend it; and howsoever it be, you accept it.

Faults escaped in the printing, correct with your pens; omitted by my negligence, overslip with patience; committed by ignorance, remit with favor.

If in every part it seem not alike, you know that it is not for him that fashioneth the shoe to make the grain of the leather.

The old hermit will have his talk savor of his cell; the old courtier, his love taste of Saturn; yet the last lover may haply come somewhat near Jupiter.

Lovers when they come into a garden, some gather nettles, some roses, one thyme, another sage, and every one that, for his lady's favor, that she favoreth; insomuch as there is no weed almost but it is worn. If you gentlemen do the like in reading, I shall be sure all my discourses shall be regarded, some for the smell, some for the smart, all for a kind of loving smack; let everyone follow his fancy, and say that is best which he liketh best. And so I commit every man's delight to his own choice, and myself to all your courtesies.

Yours to use,
JOHN LYLY

# STEPHEN GOSSON (1555–1624)

## FROM *THE SCHOOL OF ABUSE*

*To the right noble Gentleman, Master Philip Sidney, Esquire, Stephen Gosson wisheth health of body, wealth of mind, reward of virtue, advancement of honor, and good success in godly affairs.*

Caligula, lying in France with a great army of fighting men, brought all his force on a sudden to the sea-side, as though he intended to cut over and invade England. When he came to the shore, his soldiers were presently set in array, himself, shipped in a small bark, weighed anchors, and launched out. He had not played long in the sea, wafting to and fro at his pleasure, but he returned again, struck sail, gave alarm to his soldiers in token of battle, and charged every man to gather cockles. I know not, right worshipful, whether myself be as frantic as Caligula in my proceedings, because that after I have set out the flag of defiance to some abuses I may seem well enough to strike up the drum and bring all my power to a vain skirmish. The title of my book doth promise much; the volume, you see, is very little; and sithence I cannot bear out my folly by authority, like an emperor, I will crave pardon for my frenzy by submission, as your worship's to command. The School which I build is narrow, and at the first blush appeareth but a dog-hole; yet small clouds carry water; slender threads sew sure stitches; little hares have their shadow; blunt stones whet knives; from hard rocks flow soft springs; the whole world is drawn in a map; Homer's *Iliads* in a nut-shell; a king's picture in a penny; little chests may hold great treasure; a few ciphers contain the substance of a rich merchant; the shortest pamphlet may shroud matter; the hardest head may give light; and the harshest pen may set down somewhat worth the reading.

He that hath been shook with fierce ague giveth good counsel to his friends when he is well. When Ovid had roved long on the seas of wantonness, he became a good pilot to all that followed, and printed a card of every danger; and I persuade myself that seeing the abuses which I reveal, trying them thoroughly to my hurt, and bearing the stench of them yet in my own nose, I may best make the frame, found the school, and read the first lecture of all myself, to warn every man to avoid the peril. Wherein I am contrary to Simonides, for he was ever slow to utter and swift to conceal, being more sorrowful that he had spoken than that he had held his peace. But I accuse myself of discourtesy to my friends in keeping these abuses so long secret, and now think my duty discharged in laying them open.

A good physician, when the disease cannot be cured within, thrusteth the corruption out in the face, and delivereth his patient to the chirurgeon; though my skill in physic be small, I have some experience in these maladies, which I thrust out with my pen to every man's view, yielding the rank flesh to the chirurgeon's knife, and so rid my hands of the cure, for it passeth my cunning to heal them privily.

If your worship vouchsafe to enter the school door, and walk an hour or twain within for your pleasure, you shall see what I teach, which present my school, my cunning, and myself to your worthy patronage; beseeching you, though I bid you to dinner, not to look for a feast fit for the curious taste of a perfect courtier, but to imitate Philip of Macedon, who, being invited to a farmer's house when he came from hunting, brought a greater train than the poor man looked for. When they were set, the good Philip, perceiving his host sorrowful for want of meat to satisfy so many, exhorted his friends to keep their stomachs for the second course; whereupon every man fed modestly on that which stood before him, and left meat enough at the

taking up of the table. And I trust if your worship feed sparingly on this (to comfort your poor host) in hope of a better course hereafter, though the dishes be few that I set before you, they shall for this time suffice yourself and a great many more.

Your worship's to command,

STEPHEN GOSSON.

. . . The scarab flies over many a sweet flower and lights in a cowshard. It is the custom of the fly to leave the sound places of the horse, and suck at the botch; the nature of Colloquintida to draw the worst humours to itself; the manner of swine to forsake the fair fields and wallow in the mire; and the whole practise of poets, either with fables to show their abuses, or with plain terms to unfold their mischief, discover their shame, discredit themselves, and disperse their poison through all the world. Virgil sweats in describing his gnat; Ovid bestirreth him to paint out his flea; the one shows his art in the lust of Dido, the other his cunning in the incest of Myrrha, and that trumpet of bawdry, the Craft of Love.

I must confess that poets are the whetstones of wit; notwithstanding, that wit is dearly bought. Where honey and gall are mixed, it will be hard to sever the one from the other. The deceitful physician giveth sweet syrups to make his poison go down the smoother; the juggler casteth a mist to work the closer; the Sirens' song is the sailors' wrack; the fowlers' whistle, the birds' death; the wholesome bait, the fishes' bane; the harpies have virgins' faces and vultures' talons; Hyena speaks like a friend, and devours like a foe; the calmest seas hide dangerous rocks; the wolf jets in wethers' fells; many good sentences are spoken by Davus to shadow his knavery; and written by poets as ornaments to beautify their works and set their trumpery to sale without suspect.

But if you look well to Epaeus' horse you shall find in his bowels the destruction of Troy; open the sepulchre of Semiramis, whose title promiseth such wealth to the kings of Persia, you shall see nothing but dead bones; rip up the golden ball that Nero consecrated to Jupiter Capitolinus, you shall have it stuffed with the shavings of his beard; pull off the vizard that poets mask in, you shall disclose their reproach, bewray their vanity, loath their wantonness, lament their folly, and perceive their sharp sayings to be placed as pearls in dunghills, fresh pictures on rotten walls, chaste matrons' apparel on common courtezans. These are the cups of Circe that turn reasonable creatures into brute beasts, the balls of Hippomenes that hinder the course of Atalanta, and the blocks of the devil that are cast in our ways to cut off the race of toward wits. No marvel though Plato shut them out of his school, and banished them quite from his commonwealth, as effeminate writers, unprofitable members, and utter enemies to virtue.

The Romans were very desirous to imitate the Greeks, and yet very loth to receive their poets; insomuch that Cato layeth it in the dish of Marcus the noble as a foul reproach, that in the time of his consulship he brought Ennius the poet into his province. Tully accustomed to read them with great diligence in his youth, but when he waxed graver in study, elder in years, riper in judgment, he accompted them the fathers of lies, pipes of vanity, and schools of abuse. Maximus Tyrius taketh upon him to defend the discipline of these doctors under the name of Homer; wresting the rashness of Ajax to valor, the cowardice of Ulysses to policy, the dotage of Nestor to grave counsel, and the battle of Troy to the wonderful conflict of the four elements, where Juno, which is counted the air, sets in her foot to take up the strife, and steps boldly betwixt them to part the fray. It is a pageant worth the sight, to behold how he labors with mountains to bring forth mice; much like to some of those players that come to the scaffold with drum and trumpet to proffer skirmish, and when they have sounded alarum, off go the pieces to encounter a shadow, or conquer a paper monster. You will smile, I am sure, if you read it, to see how this moral philosopher toils to draw the lion's skin upon Aesop's ass, Hercules' shoes on a child's feet; amplifying that which the more it is stirred the more it stinks; the lesser it is talked of, the better it is liked; and as wayward children, the more they be flattered the worse they are; or as curst sores with often touching wax angry and run the longer without

healing. He attributeth the beginning of virtue to Minerva, of friendship to Venus, and the root of all handicrafts to Vulcan; but if he had broke his arm as well as his leg when he fell out of heaven into Lemnos, either Apollo must have played the bone-setter, or every occupation been laid a-water. Plato when he saw the doctrine of these teachers neither for profit necessary nor to be wished for pleasure, gave them all drums' entertainment, not suffering them once to show their faces in a reformed commonwealth. And the same Tyrius that lays such a foundation for poets in the name of Homer overthrows his whole building in the person of Mithecus, which was an excellent cook among the Greeks, and as much honored for his confections as Phidias for his carving. But when he came to Sparta, thinking there for his cunning to be accompted a god, the good laws of Lycurgus, and custom of the country, were too hot for his diet. The governors banished him and his art, and all the inhabitants following the steps of their predecessors used not with dainties to provoke appetite, but with labor and travail to whet their stomachs to their meat. I may well liken Homer to Mithecus, and poets to cooks. The pleasures of the one wins the body from labor and conquereth the sense; the allurement of the other draws the mind from virtue, and counfoundeth wit. As in every perfect commonwealth there ought to be good laws established, right maintained, wrong repressed, virtue rewarded, vice punished, and all manner of abuses thoroughly purged; so ought there such schools for the furtherance of the same to be advanced, that young men may be taught that in green years that becomes them to practise in gray hairs.

Anacharsis being demanded of a Greek whether they had not instruments of music or schools of poetry in Scythia, answered yes, and that without vice; as though it were either impossible or incredible that no abuse should be learned where such lessons are taught and such schools maintained.

Sallust in describing the nurture of Sempronia commendeth her wit in that she could frame herself to all companies, to talk discreetly with wise men, and vainly with wantons, taking a quip ere it came to ground, and returning it back without a fault. She was taught, saith he, both Greek and Latin; she could versify, sing, and dance, better than became an honest woman. Sappho was skilful in poetry and sung well, but she was whorish. I set not this down to condemn the gifts of versifying, dancing, or singing in women, so they be used with mean and exercised in due time; but to show you that as by Anacharsis' report the Scythians did it without offence, so one swallow brings not summer, nor one particular example is sufficient proof for a general precept. White silver draws a black line; fire is as hurtful as healthy; water is as dangerous as it is commodious; and these qualities as hard to be well used when we have them as they are to be learned before we get them. He that goes to sea must smell of the ship; and that which sails into poets will savor of pitch.

. . . . . .

And because I have been matriculated myself in the school where so many abuses flourish, I will imitate the dogs of Egypt, which coming to the banks of Nilus to quench their thirst, sip and away, drink running, lest they be snapped short for a prey to crocodiles. I should tell tales out of school, and be ferruled for my fault, or hissed at for a blab, if I laid all the orders open before your eyes. You are no sooner entered but liberty looseth the reins and gives you head, placing you with poetry in the lowest form; when his skill is shown to make his scholar as good as ever twanged; he prefers you to piping, from piping to playing, from play to pleasure, from pleasure to sloth, from sloth to sleep, from sleep to sin, from sin to death, from death to the devil, if you take your learning apace and pass through every form without revolting. Look not to have me discourse these at large; the crocodile watcheth to take me tardy; whichsoever of them I touch is a bile; trip and go, for I dare not tarry.

. . . . . .

. . . As I would that offences should not be hid, for going unpunished, nor escape without scourge for ill example; so I wish that every rebuker should place a hatch before the door; keep his quill within com-

pass. He that holds not himself contented with the light of the sun, but lifts up his eyes to measure the bigness, is made blind; he that bites every weed to search out his nature may light upon poison, and so kill himself; he that loves to be sifting of every cloud may be struck with a thunderbolt, if it chance to rent; and he that taketh upon him to show men their faults may wound his own credit, if he go too far. We are not angry with the clerk of the market if he come to our stall and reprove our balance when they are faulty, or forfeit our weights when they are false; nevertheless, if he presume to enter our house, and rig every corner, searching for more than belongs to his office, we lay hold on his locks, turn him away with his back full of stripes, and his hands loaden with his own amends. Therefore I will content myself to show you no more abuses in my school than myself have seen, nor so many by hundreds as I have heard of. Lions fold up their nails when they are in their dens, for wearing them in the earth and need not; eagles draw in their talons as they sit in their nests, for blunting them there among dross; and I will cast anchor in these abuses, rest my bark in this simple road, for grating my wits upon needless shelves. And because I accuse other for treading awry, which since I was born never went right; because I find so many faults abroad, which have at home more spots on my body than the leopard, more stains on my coat than the wicked Nessus, more holes in my life than the open sieve, more sins in my soul than hairs on my head; if I have been tedious in my lecture, or yourselves be weary of your lesson, hearken no longer for the clock, shut up the School, and get you home.

# SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554–1586)

## FROM *ARCADIA*

### Dedication: To my dear Lady and Sister, the Countess of Pembroke

Here now have you, most dear, and most worthy to be most dear, lady, this idle work of mine; which, I fear, like the spider's web, will be thought fitter to be swept away than worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth (as the cruel fathers among the Greeks were wont to do to the babes they would not foster) I could well find in my heart to cast out in some desert of forgetfulness this child, which I am loth to father. But you desired me to do it, and your desire, to my heart, is an absolute commandment. Now it is done only for you, only to you; if you keep it to yourself, or to such friends who will weigh errors in the balance of good will, I hope, for the father's sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in itself it have deformities. For, indeed, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you as fast as they were done. In sum, a young head, not so well stayed as I would it were (and shall be when God will), having many many fancies begotten in it, if it had not been in some way delivered would have grown a monster, and more sorry might I be that they came in than that they gat out. But his chief safety shall be the not walking abroad; and his chief protection the bearing the livery of your name; which (if much much good will do not deceive me) is worthy to be a sanctuary for a greater offender. This say I, because I know the virtue so; and this say I, because it may be ever so; or to say better, because it will be ever so. Read it then at your idle times, and the follies your judgment will find in it blame not, but laugh at. And so, looking for no better stuff than, as in an haberdasher's shop, glasses, or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth exceedingly love you; and most most heartily prays you may long live, to be a principal ornament to the family of the Sidneys.

Your loving brother,
Philip Sidney.

### From the First Book

#### chap. 1

It was in the time that the earth begins to put on her new apparel against the approach of her lover, and that the sun running a most even course becomes an indifferent arbiter between the night and the day; when the hopeless shepherd Strephon was come to the sands which lie against the Island of Cithera; where viewing the place with a heavy kind of delight, and sometimes casting his eyes to the isle-ward, he called his friendly rival, the pastor Claius, unto him, and setting first down in his darkened countenance a doleful copy of what he would speak:

"Oh my Claius," said he, "hither we are now come to pay the rent, for which we are so called unto by over-busy Remembrance, Remembrance, restless Remembrance, which claims not only this duty of us, but for it will have us forget ourselves. I pray you when we were amid our flock, and that of other shepherds some were running after their sheep strayed beyond their bounds, some delighting their eyes with seeing them nibble upon the short and sweet grass, some medicining their sick ewes, some setting a bell for an ensign of a sheepish squadron, some with more leisure inventing new games of exercising their bodies and sporting their wits; did Remembrance grant us any holiday, either for pastime or devotion, nay, either for necessary food or natural

rest? but that still it forced our thoughts to work upon this place, where we last (alas that the word "last" should so long last) did gaze our eyes upon her ever flourishing beauty; did it not still cry within us, 'Ah, you base minded wretches, are your thoughts so deeply bemired in the trade of ordinary worldlings, as for respect of gain some paltry wool may yield you, to let so much time pass without knowing perfectly her estate, especially in so troublesome a season? To leave that shore unsaluted, from whence you may see to the island where she dwelleth? To leave those steps unkissed wherein Urania printed the farewell of all beauty?'

"Well, then, Remembrance commanded, we obeyed, and here we find that as our remembrance came ever clothed unto us in the form of this place, so this place gives new heat to the fever of our languishing remembrance. Yonder, my Claius, Urania lighted; the very horse (methought) bewailed to be so disburdened; and as for thee, poor Claius, when thou went'st to help her down, I saw reverence and desire so divide thee that thou didst at one instant both blush and quake, and instead of bearing her wert ready to fall down thyself. There she sat, vouchsafing my cloak (then most gorgeous) under her; at yonder rising of the ground she turned herself, looking back toward her wonted abode, and because of her parting bearing much sorrow in her eyes, the lightsomeness whereof had yet so natural a cheerfulness as it made even sorrow seem to smile; at that turning she spake unto us all, opening the cherry of her lips, and Lord, how greedily mine ears did feed upon the sweet words she uttered! And here she laid her hand over thine eyes, when she saw the tears springing in them, as if she would conceal them from other, and yet herself feel some of thy sorrow. But woe is me, yonder, yonder did she put her foot into the boat, at that instant as it were dividing her heavenly beauty between the earth and the sea. But when she was embarked, did you not mark how the winds whistled and the seas danced for joy, how the sails did swell with pride, and all because they had Urania? Oh Urania, blessed be thou, Urania, the sweetest fairness and fairest sweetness!"

With that word his voice brake so with sobbing that he could say no further; and Claius thus answered: "Alas, my Strephon," said he, "what needs this score to reckon up only our losses? What doubt is there but that the light of this place doth call our thoughts to appear at the court of affection, held by that racking steward, Remembrance? As well may sheep forget to fear when they spy wolves as we can miss such fancies when we see any place made happy by her treading. Who can choose that saw her but think where she stayed, where she walked, where she turned, where she spoke? But what is all this? Truly, no more, but as this place served us to think of those things, so those things serve as places to call to memory more excellent matters. No, no, let us think with consideration, and consider with acknowledging, and acknowledge with admiration, and admire with love, and love with joy in the midst of all woes; let us in such sort think, I say, that our poor eyes were so enriched as to behold, and our low hearts so exalted as to love, a maid who is such that, as the greatest thing the world can show is her beauty, so the least thing that may be praised in her is her beauty. Certainly as her eyelids are more pleasant to behold than two white kids climbing up a fair tree and browsing on his tenderest branches, and yet are nothing compared to the day-shining stars contained in them; and as her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer, and yet is nothing compared to the honey-flowing speech that breath doth carry; no more all that our eyes can see of her (though when they have seen her what else they shall ever see is but dry stubble after clover's grass) is to be matched with the flock of unspeakable virtues laid up delightfully in that best builded fold. But indeed, as we can better consider the sun's beauty by marking how he gilds these waters and mountains than by looking upon his own face, too glorious for our weak eyes; so it may be our conceits (not able to bear her sun-staining excellency) will better weigh it by her works upon some meaner subject employed. And

alas, who can better witness that than we, whose experience is grounded upon feeling? Hath not the only love of her made us (being silly ignorant shepherds) raise up our thoughts above the ordinary level of the world, so as great clerks do not disdain our conference? Hath not the desire to seem worthy in her eyes made us when others were sleeping to sit viewing the course of heavens? When others were running at base, to run over learned writings? When other mark their sheep, we to mark ourselves? Hath not she thrown reason upon our desires, and as it were given eyes unto Cupid? Hath in any, but in her, love-fellowship maintained fellowship between rivals, and beauty taught the beholders chastity?"

He was going on with his praises, but Strephon bade him stay and look. And so they both perceived a thing which floated drawing nearer and nearer to the bank; but rather by the favorable working of the sea than by any self-industry. They doubted a while what it should be; till it was cast up even hard before them; at which time they fully saw that it was a man. Whereupon running for pity sake unto him, they found his hands (as it should appear, constanter friends to his life than his memory) fast griping upon the edge of a square small coffer, which lay all under his breast; else in himself no show of life, so as the board seemed to be but a bier to carry him a-land to his sepulchre. So drew they up a young man of so goodly shape and well-pleasing favor that one would think death had in him a lovely countenance; and that though he were naked, nakedness was to him an apparel. That sight increased their compassion, and their compassion called up their care; so that, lifting his feet above his head, making a great deal of salt water to come out of his mouth, they laid him upon some of their garments and fell to rub and chafe him, till they brought him to recover both breath, the servant, and warmth, the companion, of living.

At length, opening his eyes, he gave a great groan; a doleful note but a pleasant ditty, for by that they found not only life but strength of life in him. They therefore continued on their charitable office, until, his spirits being well returned, he, without so much as thanking them for their pains, gat up, and looking round about to the uttermost limits of his sight, and crying upon the name of Pyrocles, nor seeing nor hearing cause of comfort: "What," said he, "and shall Musidorus live after Pyrocles?" Therewithal he offered wilfully to cast destruction and himself again into the sea; a strange sight to the shepherds, to whom it seemed that before being in appearance dead had yet saved his life, and now coming to his life should be a cause to procure his death; but they ran unto him, and pulling him back (then too feeble for them) by force stickled that unnatural fray. "I pray," said he, "honest men, what such right have you in me as not to suffer me to do with myself what I list? And what policy have you to bestow a benefit where it is counted an injury?"

They hearing him speak in Greek, which was their natural language, became the more tender-hearted towards him; and considering, by his calling and looking, that the loss of some dear friend was great cause of his sorrow; told him they were poor men that were bound by course of humanity to prevent so great a mischief; and that they wished him, if opinion of somebody's perishing bred such desperate anguish in him, that he should be comforted by his own proof, who had lately escaped as apparent danger as any might be.

"No, no," said he, "it is not for me to attend so high a blissfulness; but since you take care of me, I pray you find means that some bark may be provided that will go out of the haven, that if it be possible we may find the body, far far too precious a food for fishes. And for the hire," said he, "I have within this casket of value sufficient to content them."

Claius presently went to a fisherman, and having agreed with him, and provided some apparel for the naked stranger, he embarked, and the shepherds with him; and were no sooner gone beyond the mouth of the haven but that some way into the sea they might discern as it were a stain of the water's color, and by times some sparks and smoke mounting thereout.

But the young man no sooner saw it, but that beating his breast he cried that there was the beginning of his ruin, entreating them to bend their course as near unto it as they could; telling how that smoke was but a small relic of a great fire, which had driven both him and his friend rather to commit themselves to the cold mercy of the sea than to abide the hot cruelty of the fire; and that therefore, though they both had abandoned the ship, that he was (if anywhere) in that course to be met withal. They steered therefore as near thitherward as they could; but when they came so near as their eyes were full masters of the object, they saw a sight full of piteous strangeness: a ship, or rather the carcass of the ship, or rather some few bones of the carcass, hulling there, part broken, part burned, part drowned; death having used more than one dart to that destruction. About it floated great store of very rich things, and many chests which might promise no less. And amidst the precious things were a number of dead bodies, which likewise did not only testify both elements' violence, but that the chief violence was grown of human inhumanity; for their bodies were full of grisly wounds, and their blood had as it were filled the wrinkles of the sea's visage; which it seemed the sea would not wash away, that it might witness it is not always his fault when we condemn his cruelty. In sum, a defeat where the conquered kept both field and spoil; a shipwrack without storm or ill footing; and a waste of fire in the midst of water.

But a little way off they saw the mast, whose proud height now lay along, like a widow having lost her make of whom she held her honor; but upon the mast they saw a young man (at least if he were a man) bearing show of about eighteen years of age, who sat as on horseback, having nothing upon him but his shirt, which being wrought with blue silk and gold had a kind of resemblance to the sea; on which the sun (then near his western home) did shoot some of his beams. His hair (which the young men of Greece used to wear very long) was stirred up and down with the wind, which seemed to have a sport to play with it, as the sea had to kiss his feet; himself full of admirable beauty, set forth by the strangeness both of his seat and gesture; for, holding his head up full of unmoved majesty, he held a sword aloft with his fair arm, which often he waved about his crown as though he would threaten the world in that extremity. But the fishermen, when they came so near him that it was time to throw out a rope, by which they might draw him, their simplicity bred such amazement, and their amazement such a superstition, that, assuredly thinking it was some god begotten between Neptune and Venus, that had made all this terrible slaughter, as they went under sail by him held up their hands and made their prayers. Which when Musidorus saw, though he were almost as much ravished with joy as they with astonishment, he leaped to the mariner and took the rope out of his hand, and—saying, "Dost thou live and art well?" who answered, "Thou canst tell best, since most of my well being stands in thee"—threw it out; but already the ship was passed beyond Pyrocles; and therefore Musidorus could do no more but persuade the mariners to cast about again, assuring them that he was but a man, although of most divine excellencies, and promising great rewards for their pain.

And now they were already come upon the stays, when one of the sailors descried a galley which came with sails and oars directly in the chase of them, and straight perceived it was a well-known pirate, who hunted not only for goods, but for bodies of men, which he employed either to be his galley-slaves or to sell at the best market. Which when the master understood, he commanded forthwith to set on all the canvas they could and fly homeward, leaving in that sort poor Pyrocles; so near to be rescued. But what did not Musidorus say? What did he not offer to persuade them to venture the fight? But fear, standing at the gates of their ears, put back all persuasions; so that he had nothing to accompany Pyrocles but his eyes, nor to succor him but his wishes. Therefore praying for him, and casting a long look that way, he saw the galley leave the pursuit of them and turn to take up the spoils of the other wreck; and, lastly, he might well see them lift up

the young man; and, "Alas!" said he to himself, "dear Pyrocles, shall that body of thine be enchained? Shall those victorious hands of thine be commanded to base offices? Shall virtue become a slave to those that be slaves to viciousness? Alas, better had it been thou hadst ended nobly thy noble days. What death is so evil as unworthy servitude?" But that opinion soon ceased when he saw the galley setting upon another ship, which held long and strong fight with her; for then he began afresh to fear the life of his friend, and to wish well to the pirates, whom before he hated, lest in their ruin he might perish. But the fishermen made such speed into the haven that they absented his eyes from beholding the issue; where being entered, he could procure neither them nor any other as then to put themselves into the sea; so that, being as full of sorrow for being unable to do anything as void of counsel how to do anything, besides that sickness grew something upon him, the honest shepherds Strephon and Claius (who, being themselves true friends, did the more perfectly judge the justness of his sorrow) advise him that he should mitigate somewhat of his woe, since he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from assured persuasion of his death to have no cause to despair of his life, as one that had lamented the death of his sheep should after know they were but strayed, would receive pleasure, though readily he knew not where to find them.

### CHAP. II

"Now, sir," said they, "thus for ourselves it is. We are in profession but shepherds, and in this country of Laconia little better than strangers, and therefore neither in skill nor ability of power greatly to stead you. But what we can present unto you is this: Arcadia, of which country we are, is but a little way hence, and even upon the next confines.

There dwelleth a gentleman, by name Kalander, who vouchsafeth much favor unto us; a man who for his hospitality is so much haunted that no news stir but comes to his ears; for his upright dealing so beloved of his neighbors that he hath many ever ready to do him their uttermost service, and, by the great good will our Prince bears him, may soon obtain the use of his name and credit, which hath a principal sway, not only in his own Arcadia, but in all these countries of Peloponnesus; and, which is worth all, all these things give him not so much power as his nature gives him will to benefit, so that it seems no music is so sweet to his ear as deserved thanks. To him we will bring you, and there you may recover again your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent search for your friend, and, therefore, but in that respect, you must labor for it. Besides, we are sure the comfort of courtesy and ease of wise counsel shall not be wanting."

Musidorus (who, besides he was merely unacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow) gave easy consent to that from which he saw no reason to disagree; and therefore, defraying the mariners with a ring bestowed upon them, they took their journey together through Laconia, Claius and Strephon by course carrying his chest for him, Musidorus only bearing in his countenance evident marks of a sorrowful mind supported with a weak body; which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not at the first to be striven withal (being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following than overthrown by withstanding) they gave way unto it for that day and the next, never troubling him either with asking questions or finding fault with his melancholy, but rather fitting to his dolor dolorous discourses of their own and other folk's misfortunes. Which speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his senses shut up in sorrow, yet, like one half asleep, he took hold of much of the matters spoken unto him, so as a man may say, ere sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts bear away something else beside his own sorrow, which wrought so in him that at length he grew content to mark their speeches, then to marvel at such wit in shepherds, after to like their company, and lastly to vouchsafe conference; so that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strow roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales, striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused

sorrow, made them put off their sleep; and, rising from under a tree, which that night had been their pavilion, they went on their journey, which by and by welcomed Musidorus' eyes, wearied with the wasted soil of Laconia, with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enameled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dams' comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice's music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye) they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succor: a show, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness, and of a civil wildness.

"I pray you," said Musidorus, then first unsealing his long-silent lips, "what countries be these we pass through, which are so diverse in show, the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want?"

"The country," answered Claius, "where you were cast ashore, and now are passed through, is Laconia, not so poor by the barrenness of the soil (though in itself not passing fertile) as by a civil war, which, being these two years within the bowels of that estate, between the gentlemen and the peasants (by them named helots) hath in this sort, as it were, disfigured the face of nature and made it so unhospital as now you have found it; the towns neither of the one side nor the other willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering, for fear of being mistaken.

"But this country, where now you set your foot, is Arcadia; and even hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you; this country being thus decked with peace and (the child of peace) good husbandry. These houses you see so scattered are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep, and therefore, in the division of the Arcadian estate, are termed shepherds; a happy people, wanting little, because they desire not much."

"What cause, then," said Musidorus, "made you venture to leave this sweet life and put yourself in yonder unpleasant and dangerous realm?"

"Guarded with poverty," answered Strephon, "and guided with love."

"But now," said Claius, "since it hath pleased you to ask anything of us, whose baseness is such as the very knowledge is darkness, give us leave to know something of you and of the young man you so much lament, that at least we may be the better instructed to inform Kalander, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment."

Musidorus, according to the agreement between Pyrocles and him to alter their names, answered that he called himself Palladius, and his friend Daïphantus. "But, till I have him again," said he, "I am indeed nothing, and therefore my story is of nothing. His entertainment, since so good a man he is, cannot be so low as I account my estate; and, in sum, the sum of all his courtesy may be to help me by some means to seek my friend."

They perceived he was not willing to open himself further, and therefore, without further questioning, brought him to the house; about which they might see (with fit consideration both of the air, the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all such necessary additions to a great house as might well show Kalander knew that provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence.

The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness as an honorable representing of a firm stateliness; the lights, doors, and stairs rather directed to the use of the guest than to the eye of the artificer, and yet as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet slubbered up with good-fellowship; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the

consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful; the servants, not so many in number as cleanly in apparel and serviceable in behavior, testifying even in their countenances that their master took as well care to be served as of them that did serve. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the shepherds, as men who, though they were poor, their master greatly favored; and understanding by them that the young man with them was to be much accounted of, for that they had seen tokens of more than common greatness, howsoever now eclipsed with fortune, he ran to his master, who came presently forth, and pleasantly welcoming the shepherds, but especially applying him to Musidorus, Strephon privately told him all what he knew of him, and particularly that he found this stranger was loth to be known.

"No," said Kalander, speaking aloud, "I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues; which, if this young man's face be not a false witness, do better apparel his mind than you have done his body."

While he was speaking, there came a boy, in show like a merchant's prentice, who, taking Strephon by the sleeve, delivered him a letter, written jointly both to him and Claius from Urania; which they no sooner had read, but that with short leave-taking of Kalander, who quickly guessed and smiled at the matter, and once again, though hastily, recommending the young man unto him, they went away, leaving Musidorus even loth to part with them, for the good conversation he had of them, and obligation he accounted himself tied in unto them; and therefore, they delivering his chest unto him, he opened it, and would have presented them with two very rich jewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him they were more than enough rewarded in the knowing of him, and without hearkening unto a reply, like men whose hearts disdained all desires but one, gat speedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them fly. But by that sight Kalander soon judged that his guest was of no mean calling; and therefore the more respectfully entertaining him, Musidorus found his sickness, which the fight, the sea, and late travel had laid upon him, grow greatly; so that fearing some sudden accident, he delivered the chest to Kalander, which was full of most precious stones, gorgeously and cunningly set in divers manners, desiring him he would keep those trifles, and if he died, he would bestow so much of it as was needful to find out and redeem a young man naming himself Daïphantus, as then in the hands of Laconian pirates.

But Kalander seeing him faint more and more, with careful speed conveyed him to the most commodious lodging in his house; where, being possessed with an extreme burning fever, he continued some while with no great hope of life; but youth at length got the victory of sickness, so that in six weeks the excellency of his returned beauty was a credible ambassador of his health; to the great joy of Kalander, who, as in this time he had by certain friends of his, that dwelt near the sea in Messenia, set forth a ship and a galley to seek and succor Daïphantus, so at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profit or gratify Palladius.

For, having found in him (besides his bodily gifts, beyond the degree of admiration) by daily discourses, which he delighted himself to have with him, a mind of most excellent composition (a piercing wit, quite void of ostentation, high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy, an eloquence as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to the uttering, a behavior so noble as gave a majesty to adversity, and all in a man whose age could not be above one-and-twenty years), the good old man was even enamored with a fatherly love towards him; or rather became his servant by the bonds such virtue laid upon him; once he acknowledged himself so to be, by the badge of diligent attendance.

### CHAP. III

But Palladius having gotten his health, and only staying there to be in place where he might hear answer of the ships set forth, Kalander one afternoon led him abroad to a well-arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to show him before his going, as the place himself

more than in any other delighted. The backside of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard; or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard: for as soon as the descending of the stairs had delivered them down, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits; but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but that they were suddenly stepped into a delicate green; of each side of the green a thicket bend, behind the thickets again new beds of flowers, which being under the trees, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaical floor; so that it seemed that Art therein would needs be delightful by counterfeiting his enemy Error and making order in confusion.

In the midst of all the place was a fair pond, whose shaking crystal was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare show of two gardens—one in deed, the other in shadows; and in one of the thickets was a fine fountain, made thus: a naked Venus, of white marble, wherein the graver had used such cunning that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places to set forth the beautiful veins of her body; at her breast she had her babe Aeneas, who seemed, having begun to suck, to leave that to look upon her fair eyes, which smiled at the babe's folly, the meanwhile the breast running. Hard by was a house of pleasure, built for a summer retiring-place, whither Kalander leading him, he found a square room, full of delightful pictures, made by the most excellent workman of Greece. There was Diana when Acteon saw her bathing, in whose cheeks the painter had set such a color as was mixed between shame and disdain: and one of her foolish Nymphs, who weeping, and withal louring, one might see the workman meant to set forth tears of anger. In another table was Atalanta; the posture of whose limbs was so lively expressed, that if the eyes were the only judges, as they be the only seers, one would have sworn the very picture had run. Besides many more, as of Helena, Omphale, Iole; but in none of them all beauty seemed to speak so much as in a large table, which contained a comely old man, with a lady of middle age, but of excellent beauty; and more excellent would have been deemed, but that there stood between them a young maid, whose wonderfulness took away all beauty from her but that which it might seem she gave her back again by her very shadow. And such difference, being known that it did indeed counterfeit a person living, was there between her and all the other, though goddesses, that it seemed the skill of the painter bestowed on the other new beauty, but that the beauty of her bestowed new skill of the painter.

Though he thought inquisitiveness an uncomely guest, he could not choose but ask who she was, that, bearing show of one being in deed, could with natural gifts go beyond the reach of invention. Kalander answered that it was made by Philoclea, the younger daughter of his prince, who also with his wife were contained in that table; the painter meaning to represent the present condition of the young lady, who stood watched by an over-curious eye of her parents; and that he would also have drawn her eldest sister, esteemed her match for beauty, in her shepherdish attire; but that the rude clown her guardian would not suffer it; neither durst he ask leave of the Prince for fear of suspicion. Palladius perceived that the matter was wrapped up in some secrecy, and therefore would for modesty demand no further; but yet his countenance could not but with dumb eloquence desire it; which Kalander perceiving, "Well," said he, "my dear guest, I know your mind, and I will satisfy it; neither will I do it like a niggardly answerer, going no further than the bounds of the question, but I will discover unto you as well that wherein my knowledge is common with others as that which by extraordinary means is delivered unto me: knowing so much in you, though not long acquainted, that I shall find your ears faithful treasurers."

So then sitting down in two chairs; and sometimes casting his eye to the picture, he thus spake: "This country Arcadia, among all the provinces of Greece, hath ever been had in singular reputation, partly for the sweetness of the air, and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people.

who (finding that the shining title of glory, so much affected by other nations, doth indeed help little to the happiness of life) are the only people which, as by their justice and providence give neither cause nor hope to their neighbors to annoy them, so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble others' quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their own lives in ravening, that their posterity should long after say they had done so. Even the Muses seem to approve their good determination, by choosing this country for their chief repairing place, and by bestowing their perfections so largely here that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning.

"Here dwelleth and reigneth this prince whose picture you see, by name Basilius; a prince of sufficient skill to govern so quiet a country, where the good minds of the former princes had set down good laws, and the well bringing up of the people doth serve as a most sure bond to hold them. But to be plain with you, he excels in nothing so much as in the zealous love of his people, wherein he doth not only pass all his own foregoers, but as I think all the princes living. Whereof the cause is, that though he exceed not in the virtues which get admiration, as depth of wisdom, height of courage, and largeness of magnificence, yet is he notable in those which stir affection, as truth of word, meekness, courtesy, mercifulness, and liberality.

"He, being already well stricken in years, married a young princess, named Gynecia, daughter to the king of Cyprus, of notable beauty, as by her picture you see; a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely virtues than her husband; of most unspotted chastity, but of so working a mind, and so vehement spirits, as a man may say it was happy she took a good course, for otherwise it would have been terrible.

"Of these two are brought to the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures that we may think they were born to show that Nature is no stepmother to that sex, how much soever some men, sharp-witted only in evil speaking, have sought to disgrace them. The elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to her sister. For my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela: methought love played in Philoclea's eyes and threatened in Pamela's: methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds: Philoclea so bashful as though her excellencies had stolen into her before she was aware, so humble that she will put all pride out of countenance—in sum, such proceeding as will stir hope, but teach hope good manners; Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride—her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guess aright) knit with a more constant temper.

"Now, then, our Basilius being so publicly happy as to be a prince, and so happy in that happiness as to be a beloved prince, and so in his private blessed as to have so excellent a wife, and so over-excellent children, hath of late taken a course which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For, having made a journey to Delphos, and safely returned, within short space he brake up his court and retired himself, his wife, and children, into a certain forest hereby, which he calleth his desert; wherein (besides a house appointed for stables, and lodgings for certain persons of mean calling, who do all household services) he hath builded two fine lodges. In the one of them himself remains with his younger daughter Philoclea (which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture), without having any other creature living in that lodge with him. Which, though it be strange, yet not so strange as the course he hath taken with the princess Pamela, whom he hath placed in the other lodge; but how think you accompanied? Truly with none other but one Dametas, the most arrant, doltish clown that I think ever

was without the privilege of a bauble, with his wife Miso and daughter Mopsa, in whom no wit can devise anything wherein they may pleasure her, but to exercise her patience and to serve for a foil of her perfections. This loutish clown is such that you never saw so ill-favored a vizard; his behavior such that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; and for his apparel, even as I would wish him; Miso his wife, so handsome a beldame that only her face and her splay-foot have made her accused for a witch; only one good point she hath, that she observes decorum, having a froward mind in a wretched body. Between these two personages (who never agreed in any humour but in disagreeing) is issued forth Mistress Mopsa, a fit woman to participate of both their perfections; but because a pleasant fellow of my acquaintance set forth her praises in verse, I will only repeat them, and spare mine own tongue, since she goes for a woman. These verses are these, which I have so often caused to be sung that I have them without book.

"What length of verse can serve brave Mopsa's good to show?
Whose virtues strange, and beauties, such as no man them may know?
Thus shrewdly burdened then, how can my Muse escape?
The gods must help, and precious things must serve to show her shape.
Like great god Saturn fair, and like fair Venus chaste;
As smooth as Pan, as Juno mild, like goddess Iris faced.
With Cupid she foresees, and goes god Vulcan's pace;
And for a taste of all these gifts, she steals god Momus' grace.
Her forehead jacinth like, her cheeks of opal hue,
Her twinkling eyes bedecked with pearl, her lips as sapphire blue;
Her hair like crapal-stone; her mouth, oh heavenly wide;
Her skin like burnished gold, her hands like silver ore untried.
As for her parts unknown, which hidden sure are best,
Happy be they which well believe, and never seek the rest.

"Now truly having made these descriptions unto you, methinks you should imagine that I rather feign some pleasant device, than recount a truth, that a prince (not banished from his own wits) could possibly make so unworthy a choice. But truly, dear guest, so it is, that princes (whose doings have been often soothed with good success) think nothing so absurd, which they cannot make honorable. The beginning of his credit was by the prince's straying out of the way, one time he hunted, where meeting this fellow, and asking him the way, and so falling into other questions, he found some of his answers (as a dog sure if he could speak had wit enough to describe his kennel) not insensible, and all uttered with such rudeness, which he interpreted plainness (though there be great difference between them) that Basilius, conceiving a sudden delight, took him to his court, with apparent show of his good opinion; where the flattering courtier had no sooner taken the prince's mind, but that there were straight reasons to confirm the prince's doing, and shadows of virtues found for Dametas. His silence grew wit, his bluntness integrity, his beastly ignorance virtuous simplicity; and the prince (according to the nature of great persons, in love with that he had done himself) fancied that his weakness with his presence would much be mended. And so, like a creature of his own making, he liked him more and more, and thus having first given him the office of principal herdman, lastly, since he took this strange determination, he hath in a manner put the life of himself and his children into his hands. Which authority (like too great a sail for so small a boat) doth so oversway poor Dametas, that if before he were a good fool in a chamber, he might be allowed it now in a comedy; so as I doubt me (I fear me indeed) my master will in the end (with his cost) find that his office is not to make men, but to use men as men are; no more than a horse will be taught to hunt, or an ass to manage. But in sooth I am afraid I have given your ears too great a surfeit, with the gross discourses of that heavy piece of flesh. But the zealous grief I conceive to see so great an error in my Lord hath made me bestow more words than I confess so base a subject deserveth.

CHAP. IV

"Thus much now that I have told you is nothing more than in effect any Arcadian knows. But what moved him to this strange solitariness hath been imparted, as I think, but to one person living. Myself can conjecture, and indeed more than conjecture, by this accident that I will tell you.

I have an only son, by name Clitophon, who is now absent, preparing for his own marriage, which I mean shortly shall be here celebrated. This son of mine, while the prince kept his court, was of his bedchamber; now, since the breaking up thereof, returned home; and showed me, among other things he had gathered, the copy which he had taken of a letter which, when the prince had read, he had laid in a window, presuming nobody durst look in his writings; but my son not only took a time to read it, but to copy it. In truth I blamed Clitophon for the curiosity which made him break his duty in such a kind, whereby kings' secrets are subject to be revealed; but, since it was done, I was content to take so much profit as to know it.

Now here is the letter, that I ever since for my good liking have carried about me; which before I read unto you, I must tell you from whom it came. It is a nobleman of this country, named Philanax, appointed by the prince regent in this time of his retiring, and most worthy so to be; for there lives no man whose excellent wit more simply embraceth integrity, besides his unfeigned love to his master, wherein never yet any could make question, saving whether he loved Basilius or the prince better; a rare temper, while most men either servilely yield to all appetites, or with an obstinate austerity, looking to that they fancy good, in effect neglect the prince's person. This, then, being the man whom of all other, and most worthy, the prince chiefly loves, it should seem (for more than the letter I have not to guess by) that the prince, upon his return from Delphos (Philanax then lying sick), had written unto him his determination, rising, as evidently appears, upon some oracle he had there received, whereunto he wrote this answer.

*Philanax his Letter to Basilius*

"'Most redouted and beloved prince, if as well it had pleased you, at your going to Delphos as now, to have used my humble service, both I should in better season and to better purpose have spoken; and you (if my speech had prevailed) should have been at this time, as no way more in danger, so much more in quietness; I would then have said, that wisdom and virtue be the only destinies appointed to man to follow, whence we ought to seek all our knowledge, since they be such guides as cannot fail; which, besides their inward comfort, do lead so direct a way of proceeding, as either prosperity must ensue or, if the wickedness of the world should oppress it, it can never be said that evil happeneth to him who falls accompanied with virtue. I would then have said, the heavenly powers to be reverenced, and not searched into; and their mercies rather by prayers to be sought, than their hidden counsels by curiosity; these kind of soothsayers (since they have left us in ourselves sufficient guides) to be nothing but fancy, wherein there must either be vanity, or infallibleness, and so, either not to be respected, or not to be prevented.

"'But since it is weakness too much to remember what should have been done, and that your commandment stretcheth to know what is to be done, I do, most dear Lord, with humble boldness say that the manner of your determination doth in no sort better please me than the cause of your going. These thirty years you have so governed this region that neither your subjects have wanted justice in you, nor you obedience in them; and your neighbors have found you so hurtlessly strong that they thought it better to rest in your friendship than make new trial of your enmity.

"'If this then have proceeded out of the good constitution of your state, and out of a wise providence, generally to prevent all those things which might encumber your happiness; why should you now seek new courses, since your own ensample comforts you to continue, and that it is to me most certain (though it please you not to tell me the very words of the oracle) that yet no destiny, nor influence whatsoever, can bring man's wit to a higher point than wisdom

and goodness? Why should you deprive yourself of government, for fear of losing your government? like one that should kill himself for fear of death? Nay rather, if this oracle be to be accounted of, arm up your courage the more against it; for who will stick to him that abandons himself? Let your subjects have you in their eyes; let them see the benefits of your justice daily more and more; and so must they needs rather like of present sureties than uncertain changes. Lastly, whether your time call you to live or die, do both like a prince.

" 'Now for your second resolution; which is, to suffer no worthy prince to be a suitor to either of your daughters, but while you live to keep them both unmarried; and, as it were, to kill the joy of posterity, which in your time you may enjoy; moved perchance by a misunderstood oracle: what shall I say, if the affection of a father to his own children cannot plead sufficiently against such fancies? Once certain it is, the God which is God of nature doth never teach unnaturalness; and even the same mind hold I touching your banishing them from company, lest I know not what strange loves should follow. Certainly, Sir, in my ladies, your daughters, nature promiseth nothing but goodness, and their education by your fatherly care hath been hitherto such as hath been most fit to restrain all evil; giving their minds virtuous delights, and not grieving them for want of well-ruled liberty. Now to fall to a sudden straitening them, what can it do but argue suspicion, a thing no more unpleasant than unsure for the preserving of virtue? Leave women's minds the most untamed that way of any; see whether any cage can please a bird! or whether a dog grow not fiercer with tying! What doth jealousy, but stir up the mind to think what it is from which they are restrained? For they are treasures, or things of great delight, which men use to hide, for the aptness they have to catch men's fancies; and the thoughts once awaked to that, harder sure it is to keep those thoughts from accomplishment than it had been before to have kept the mind (which being the chief part, by this means is defiled) from thinking.

" 'Lastly, for the recommending so principal a charge of the Princess Pamela (whose mind goes beyond the governing of many thousands such) to such a person as Dametas is, besides that the thing in itself is strange, it comes of a very evil ground, that ignorance should be the mother of faithfulness. Oh, no; he cannot be good that knows not why he is good, but stands so far good as his fortune may keep him unassayed; but coming once to that, his rude simplicity is either easily changed, or easily deceived; and so grows that to be the last excuse of his fault, which seemed to have been the first foundation of his faith.

" 'Thus far hath your commandment and my zeal drawn me; which I, like a man in a valley that may discern hills, or like a poor passenger that may spy a rock, so humbly submit to your gracious consideration, beseeching you again to stand wholly upon your own virtue, as the surest way to maintain you in that you are, and to avoid any evil which may be imagined.'

"By the contents of this letter you may perceive that the cause of all hath been the vanity which possesseth many, who (making a perpetual mansion of this poor baiting place of man's life) are desirous to know the certainty of things to come; wherein there is nothing so certain as our continual uncertainty. But what in particular points the oracle was, in faith I know not; neither (as you may see by one place of Philanax's letter) he himself distinctly knew. But this experience shows us that Basilius' judgment, corrupted with a prince's fortune, hath rather heard than followed the wise (as I take it) counsel of Philanax. For, having lost the stern of his government, with much amazement to the people, among whom many strange bruits are received for current, and with some appearance of danger in respect of the valiant Amphialus his nephew, and much envy in the ambitious number of the nobility against Philanax, to see Philanax so advanced, though (to speak simply) he deserve more than as many of us as there be in Arcadia; the prince himself hath hidden his head in such sort as I told you, not sticking plainly to confess that he means not, while he breathes, that his daughters shall have any husband, but keep them thus solitary with him; where he gives no other body leave to visit him at any time, but a certain priest, who being excellent in

poetry, he makes him write out such things as he best likes, he being no less delightful in conversation than needful for devotion, and about twenty specified shepherds, in whom (some for exercises, and some for eclogues) he taketh greater recreation.

"And now you know as much as myself; wherein if I have held you over-long, lay hardly the fault upon my old age, which in the very disposition of it is talkative; whether it be"—said he smiling—"that nature loves to exercise that part most which is least decayed, and that is our tongue; or that knowledge being the only thing whereof we poor old men can brag, we cannot make it known but by utterance; or that mankind by all means seeking to eternize himself so much the more, as he is near his end, doth it not only by the children that come of him, but by speeches and writings recommended to the memory of hearers and readers. And yet thus much I will say for myself, that I have not laid these matters either so openly or largely to any as yourself; so much (if I much fail not) do I see in you, which makes me both love and trust you."

"Never may he be old," answered Palladius, "that doth not reverence that age whose heaviness, if it weigh down the frail and fleshly balance, it as much lifts up the noble and spiritual part; and well might you have alleged another reason, that their wisdom makes them willing to profit others. And that have I received of you, never to be forgotten, but with ungratefulness. But among many strange conceits you told me, which have showed effects in your prince, truly even the last, that he should conceive such pleasure in shepherds' discourses, would not seem the least unto me, saving that you told me at the first that this country is notable in those wits, and that indeed myself having been brought not only to this place, but to my life, by Strephon and Claius, in their conference found wits as might better become such shepherds as Homer speaks of, that be governors of peoples, than such senators who hold their council in a sheepcote."

"For them two," said Kalander, "especially Claius, they are beyond the rest by so much as learning commonly doth add to nature; for, having neglected their wealth in respect of their knowledge, they have not so much impaired the meaner, as they bettered the better. Which all, notwithstanding, it is a sport to hear how they impute to love, which hath indued their thoughts (say they) with such a strength.

"But certainly, all the people of this country from high to low is given to those sports of the wit, so as you would wonder to hear how soon even children will begin to versify. Once, ordinary it is among the meanest sort to make songs and dialogues in meter, either love whetting their brain, or long peace having begun it, example and emulation amending it. Not so much but the clown Dametas will stumble sometimes upon some songs that might become a better brain; but no sort of people so excellent in that kind as the pastors; for their living standing but upon the looking to their beasts, they have ease, the nurse of poetry. Neither are our shepherds such as (I hear) they be in other countries; but they are the very owners of the sheep, to which either themselves look, or their children give daily attendance. And then, truly, it would delight you under some tree or by some river's side, when two or three of them meet together, to hear their rural muse, how prettily it will deliver out, sometimes joys, sometimes lamentations, sometimes challengings one of the other, sometimes under hidden forms uttering such matters as otherwise they durst not deal with. Then they have most commonly one who judgeth the prize to the best doer, of which they are no less glad than great princes are of triumphs; and his part is to set down in writing all that is said, save that it may be his pen with more leisure doth polish the rudeness of an unthought-on song. Now the choice of all (as you may well think) either for goodness of voice, or pleasantness of wit, the prince hath; among whom also there are two or three strangers, whom inward melancholies having made weary of the world's eyes have come to spend their lives among the country people of Arcadia; and their conversation being well approved, the prince vouchsafeth them his presence, and not only by looking on, but by great courtesy and liberality, animates the shepherds the more exquisitely to labor for his good liking. So that there is no cause to blame the prince

for sometimes hearing them; the blameworthiness is, that to hear them he rather goes to solitariness than makes them come to company.

"Neither do I accuse my master for advancing a countryman, as Dametas is, since God forbid but where worthiness is (as, truly, it is among divers of that fellowship) any outward lowness should hinder the highest raising; but that he would needs make election of one the baseness of whose mind is such that it sinks a thousand degrees lower than the basest body could carry the most base fortune; which although it might be answered for the prince, that it is rather a trust he hath in his simple plainness than any great advancement, being but chief herdman; yet all honest hearts feel that the trust of their lord goes beyond all advancement.

"But I am ever too long upon him, when he crosseth the way of my speech, and by the shadow of yonder tower I see it is a fitter time with our supper to pay the duties we owe to our stomachs than to break the air with my idle discourses; and more wit I might have learned of Homer (whom even now you mentioned), who never entertained either guests or hosts with long speeches, till the mouth of hunger be thoroughly stopped."

So withal he rose, leading Palladius through the garden again to the parlor, where they used to sup; Palladius assuring him that he had already been more fed to his liking than he could be by the skilfullest trencher-men of Media.

### CHAP. 12

. . . . . .

"But," said he [Musidorus], . . . "Now I pray you again tell me; but tell it me fully, omitting no circumstance, the story of your affections both beginning and proceeding, assuring yourself that there is nothing so great which I will fear to do for you; nor nothing so small which I will disdain to do for you. Let me therefore receive a clear understanding, which many times we miss, while those things we account small, as a speech, or a look, are omitted, like as a whole sentence may fail of his congruity by wanting one particle. Therefore between friends all must be laid open, nothing being superfluous nor tedious." "You shall be obeyed," said Pyrocles. "And here are we in as fit a place for it as may be; for this arbor nobody offers to come into but myself; I using it as my melancholy retiring place, and therefore that respect is born unto it; yet if by chance any should come, say that you are a servant sent from the queen of the Amazons to seek me, and then let me alone for the rest." So sat they down, and Pyrocles thus said:

### CHAP. 13

"Cousin," said he, "then began the fatal overthrow of all my liberty, when walking among the pictures in Kalander's house you yourself delivered unto me what you had understood of Philoclea, who much resembling (though I must say much surpassing) the lady Zelmane, whom too well I loved; there were mine eyes infected, and at your mouth did I drink my poison. Yet, alas, so sweet was it unto me that I could not be contented till Kalander had made it more and more strong with his declaration. Which the more I questioned, the more pity I conceived of her unworthy fortune; and when with pity once my heart was made tender, according to the aptness of the humour, it received quickly a cruel impression of that wonderful passion which to be defined is impossible, because no words reach to the strange nature of it; they only know it which inwardly feel it; it is called love. Yet did I not, poor wretch, at first know my disease, thinking it only such a wonted kind of desire to see rare sights; and my pity to be no other but the fruits of a gentle nature. But even this arguing with myself came of further thoughts; and the more I argued, the more my thoughts increased. Desirous I was to see the place where she remained, as though the architecture of the lodges would have been much for my learning; but more desirous to see herself, to be judge, forsooth, of the painter's cunning. For thus at the first did I flatter myself, as though my wound had been no deeper; but when within short time I came to the degree of uncertain wishes, and that the wishes grew to unquiet longings, when I could fix my thoughts upon nothing but

that within little varying they should end with Philoclea; when each thing I saw seemed to figure out some parts of my passions; when even Parthenia's fair face became a lecture to me of Philoclea's imagined beauty; when I heard no word spoken but that methought it carried the sum of Philoclea's name; then indeed, then I did yield to the burthen, finding myself prisoner before I had leisure to arm myself; and that I might well, like the spaniel, gnaw upon the chain that ties him, but I should sooner mar my teeth than procure liberty.

"Yet I take to witness the eternal spring of virtue, that I had never read, heard, nor seen anything, I had never any taste of philosophy, nor inward feeling in myself, which for a while I did not call for my succor. But, alas, what resistance was there, when ere long my very reason was—you will say corrupted—I must needs confess, conquered; and that methought even reason did assure me that all eyes did degenerate from their creation which did not honor such beauty? Nothing in truth could hold any plea with it, but the reverent friendship I bare unto you. For as it went against my heart to break any way from you, so did I fear more than any assault to break it to you; finding (as it is indeed) that to a heart fully resolute counsel is tedious, but reprehension is loathsome; and that there is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart than the eye of a respected friend. This made me determine with myself (thinking it a less fault in friendship to do a thing without your knowledge than against your will) to take this secret course. Which conceit was most builded up in me the last day of my parting and speaking with you; when upon your speech with me, and my but naming love (when else perchance I would have gone further) I saw your voice and countenance so change as it assured me my revealing it should but purchase your grief with my cumber; and therefore, dear Musidorus, even ran away from thy well known chiding. For having written a letter, which I know not whether you found or no, and taking my chief jewels with me, while you were in the midst of your sport I got a time (as I think) unmarked, to steal away, I cared not whither so I might scape you; and so came I to Ithonia in the province of Messenia; where lying secret I put this in practise which before I had devised. For remembering by Philanax his letter, and Kalander's speech, how obstinately Basilius was determined not to marry his daughters, and therefore fearing lest any public dealing should rather increase her captivity than further my love; love (the refiner of invention) had put in my head thus to disguise myself, that under that mask I might, if it were possible, get access, and what access could bring forth commit to fortune and industry; determining to bear the countenance of an Amazon. Therefore in the closest manner I could, naming myself Zelmane, for that dear lady's sake to whose memory I am so much bound, I caused this apparel to be made, and bringing it near the lodges, which are hard at hand, by night, thus dressed myself, resting till occasion might make me found by them whom I sought; which the next morning happened as well as my own plot could have laid it. For after I had run over the whole pedigree of my thoughts, I gave myself to sing a little, which as you know I ever delighted in, so now especially, whether it be the nature of this clime to stir up poetical fancies, or rather, as I think, of love; whose scope being pleasure will not so much as utter his griefs but in some form of pleasure.

"But I had sung very little when (as I think displeased with my bad music) comes master Dametas with a hedging bill in his hand, chafing, and swearing by the pantable of Pallas and such other oaths as his rustical bravery could imagine; and when he saw me, I assure you my beauty was no more beholding to him than my harmony; for leaning his hands upon his bill, and his chin upon his hands, with the voice of one that playeth Hercules in a play but never had his fancy in his head, the first word he spake to me was, 'Am I not Dametas? Why, am I not Dametas?' He needed not name himself; for Kalander's description had set such a note upon him as made him very notable unto me, and therefore the height of my thoughts would not descend so much as to make him any answer, but continued on my inward

discourses; which he, perchance witness of his own unworthiness, and therefore the apter to think himself contemned, took in so heinous manner that standing upon his tip-toes, and staring as though he would have a mote pulled out of his eye, 'Why,' said he, 'thou woman, or boy, or both, whatsoever thou be, I tell thee here is no place for thee! Get thee gone! I tell thee, it is the prince's pleasure, I tell thee, it is Dametas' pleasure!' I could not choose but smile at him, seeing him look so like an ape that had newly taken a purgation; yet taking myself with the manner, spake these words to myself: 'O spirit,' said I, 'of mine, how canst thou receive any mirth in the midst of thine agonies, and thou, mirth, how darest thou enter into a mind so grown of late thy professed enemy?' 'Thy spirit!' said Dametas. 'Dost thou think me a spirit? I tell thee I am Basilius' officer, and have charge of him and his daughters.' 'Oh only pearl,' said I sobbing, 'that so vile an oyster should keep thee!' 'By the combcase of Diana,' sware Dametas, 'this woman is mad. Oysters and pearls? Dost thou think I will buy oysters? I tell thee once again, get thee packing!' And with that lifted up his bill to hit me with the blunt end of it. But indeed that put me quite out of my lesson, so that I forgat all Zelmane's-ship, and drawing out my sword, the baseness of the villain yet made me stay my hand, and he (who, as Kalander told me, from his childhood ever feared the blade of a sword) ran back, backward, with his hands above his head, at least twenty paces, gaping and staring, with the very grace, I think, of the clowns that by Latona's prayers were turned into frogs. At length staying, finding himself without the compass of blows, he fell to a fresh scolding, in such mannerly manner as might well show he had passed the discipline of a tavern. But seeing me walk up and down, without marking what he said, he went his way (as I perceived after) to Basilius; for within a while he came unto me; bearing indeed shows in his countenance of an honest and well-minded gentleman, and, with as much courtesy as Dametas with rudeness, saluting me, 'Fair lady,' said he, 'it is nothing strange that such a solitary place as this should receive solitary persons; but much do I marvel how such a beauty as yours is should be suffered to be thus alone.' I (that now knew it was my part to play) looking with a grave majesty upon him, as if I found in myself cause to be reverenced, 'They are never alone,' said I, 'that are accompanied with noble thoughts.' 'But those thoughts,' replied Basilius, 'cannot in this your loneliness neither warrant you from suspicion in others nor defend you from melancholy in yourself.' I then showing a mislike that he pressed me so far, 'I seek no better warrant,' said I, 'than my own conscience, nor no greater pleasures than mine own contentation.' 'Yet virtue seeks to satisfy others,' said Basilius. 'Those that be good,' said I; 'and they will be satisfied as long as they see no evil.' 'Yet will the best in this country,' said Basilius, 'suspect so excellent a beauty being so weakly guarded.' 'Then are the best but stark naught,' answered I, 'for open suspecting others comes of secret condemning themselves. But in my country, whose manners I am in all places to maintain and reverence, the general goodness which is nourished in our hearts makes everyone think the strength of virtue in another whereof they find the assured foundation in themselves.' 'Excellent lady,' said he, 'you praise so greatly, and yet so wisely, your country, that I must needs desire to know what the nest is out of which such birds do fly.' 'You must first deserve it,' said I, 'before you may obtain it.' 'And by what means,' said Basilius, 'shall I deserve to know your estate?' 'By letting me first know yours,' answered I. 'To obey you,' said he, 'I will do it, although it were so much more reason yours should be known first, as you do deserve in all points to be preferred. Know you, fair lady, that my name is Basilius, unworthily lord of this country; the rest, either fame hath brought to your ears, or (if it please you to make this place happy by your presence) at more leisure you shall understand of me.' I that from the beginning assured myself it was he, but would not seem I did so, to keep my gravity the better, making a piece of reverence unto him, 'Mighty

prince,' said I, 'let my not knowing you serve for the excuse of my boldness, and the little reverence I do you, impute it to the manner of my country, which is the invincible land of the Amazons. Myself niece to Senicia, queen thereof, lineally descended of the famous Penthesilea, slain by the bloody hand of Pyrrhus. I having in this my youth determined to make the world see the Amazons' excellencies, as well in private as in public virtue, have passed some dangerous adventures in divers countries; till the unmerciful sea deprived me of my company; so that shipwreck casting me not far hence, uncertain wandering brought me to this place.'

"But Basilius (who now began to taste that which since he hath swallowed up, as I will tell you) fell to more cunning entreating my abode than any greedy host would use to well-paying passengers. I thought nothing could shoot righter at the mark of my desires; yet had I learned already so much, that it was against my womanhood to be forward in my own wishes. And therefore he, to prove whether intercessions in fitter mouths might better prevail, commanded Dametas to bring forthwith his wife and daughters thither; three ladies, although of divers, yet all of excellent beauty.

"His wife in grave matron-like attire, with countenance and gesture suitable, and of such fairness (being in the strength of her age) as if her daughters had not been by, might with just price have purchased admiration; but they being there, it was enough that the most dainty eye would think her a worthy mother of such children. The fair Pamela, whose noble heart I find doth greatly disdain that the trust of her virtue is reposed in such a lout's hands as Dametas, had yet, to show an obedience, taken on a shepherdish apparel, which was but of russet cloth cut after their fashion, with a straight body, open breasted, the nether part full of pleats, with long and wide sleeves; but believe me, she did apparel her apparel, and with the preciousness of her body made it most sumptuous; her hair at the full length, wound about with gold lace, only by the comparison to see how far her hair doth excel in color. Betwixt her breasts (which sweetly rase up like two fair mountainets in the pleasant valley of Tempe) there hung a very rich diamond set but in a black horn; the word I have since read is this: 'Yet still myself.' And thus particularly have I described them, because you may know that mine eyes are not so partial but that I marked them too. But when the ornament of the earth, the model of heaven, the triumph of nature, the light of beauty, queen of love, young Philoclea appeared in her nymph-like apparel, so near nakedness as one might well discern part of her perfections, and yet so appareled as did show she kept best store of her beauty to herself; her hair (alas, too poor a word, why should I not rather call them her beams?) drawn up into a net, able to take Jupiter when he was in the form of an eagle; her body (oh sweet body!) covered with a light taffeta garment, so cut as the wrought smock came through it in many places, enough to have made your restrained imagination have thought what was under it; with the cast of her black eyes; black indeed, whether nature so made them that we might be the more able to behold and bear their wonderful shining, or that she, goddess-like, would work this miracle in herself, in giving blackness the price above all beauty. Then, I say, indeed methought the lilies grew pale for envy, the roses methought blushed to see sweeter roses in her cheeks, and the apples methought fell down from the trees to do homage to the apples of her breast. Then the clouds gave place, that the heavens might more freshly smile upon her; at the least the clouds of my thoughts quite vanished; and my sight (then more clear and forcible than ever) was so fixed there that, I imagine, I stood like a well wrought image, with some life in show, but none in practise. And so had I been like enough to have stayed long time, but that Gynecia stepping between my sight and the only Philoclea, the change of object made me recover my senses; so that I could with reasonable good manner receive the salutation of her, and of the princess Pamela, doing then yet no further reverence than one prince useth to another. But when I came to the never-enough-praised Philoclea, I could not but fall down on my knees, and taking by force her hand, and kissing it (I must confess) with more than womanly

ardency; 'Divine lady,' said I, 'let not the world nor these great princes marvel to see me (contrary to my manner) do this especial honor unto you, since all both men and women do owe this to the perfection of your beauty.' But she blushing, like a fair morning in May, at this my singularity, and causing me to rise, 'Noble lady,' said she, 'it is no marvel to see your judgment mistaken in my beauty, since you begin with so great an error as to do more honor unto me than to them whom I myself owe all service.' 'Rather,' answered I with a bowed down countenance, 'that shows the power of your beauty, which forced me to do such an error, if it were an error.' 'You are so well acquainted,' said she, sweetly, most sweetly smiling, 'with your own beauty that it makes you easily fall into the discourse of beauty.' 'Beauty in me?' said I, truly sighing. 'Alas, if there be any, it is in my eyes, which your blessed presence hath imparted unto them.'

"But then (as I think), Basilius willing her so do, 'Well,' said she, 'I must needs confess I have heard that it is a great happiness to be praised of them that are most praiseworthy; and well I find that you are an invincible Amazon, since you will overcome, though in a wrong matter. But if my beauty be anything, then let it obtain thus much of you, that you will remain some while in this company, to ease your own travail, and our solitariness.' 'First let me die,' said I, 'before any word spoken by such a mouth should come in vain.'

"And thus with some other words of entertaining was my staying concluded, and I led among them to the lodge; truly a place for pleasantness, not unfit to flatter solitariness; for it being set upon such an unsensible rising of the ground as you are come to a pretty height before almost you perceive that you ascend, it gives the eye lordship over a good large circuit, which according to the nature of the country being diversified between hills and dales, woods and plains, one place more clear, and the other more darksome, it seems a pleasant picture of nature, with lovely lightsomeness and artificial shadows. The lodge is of a yellow stone, built in the form of a star; having round about a garden framed into like points; and beyond the garden, ridings cut out, each answering the angles of the lodge; at the end of one of them is the other smaller lodge, but of like fashion, where the gracious Pamela liveth; so that the lodge seemeth not unlike a fair comet, whose tail stretcheth itself to a star of less greatness."

. . . . . .

## From the Third Book

### CHAP. 8 [CONCERNING A BATTLE BETWEEN BASILIUS AND AMPHIALUS]

Thus with the well-followed valor of Amphialus were the other almost overthrown, when Philanax (who was the marshal of the army) came in, with new force renewing the almost decayed courage of his soldiers. For, crying to them, and asking them whether their backs or their arms were better fighters, he himself thrust into the press, and making force and fury wait upon discretion and government, he might seem a brave lion who taught his young lionets how in taking of a prey to join courage with cunning. Then Fortune, as if she had made chases enow of the one side of that bloody tennis court, went of the other side the line, making as many fall down of Amphialus' followers as before had done of Philanax's; they losing the ground as fast as before they had won it, only leaving them to keep it who had lost themselves in keeping it. Then those that had killed inherited the lot of those that had been killed; and cruel Death made them lie quietly together who most in their lives had sought to disquiet each other; and many of those first overthrown had the comfort to see the murderers overrun them to Charon's ferry.

Codrus, Ctesiphon, and Milo lost their lives upon Philanax his sword; but nobody's case was more pitied than of a young esquire of Amphialus, called Ismenus, who never abandoning his master, and making his tender age aspire to acts of the strongest manhood, in this time that his side was put to the worst, and that Amphialus his valor was the only stay of them from delivering themselves over to a shameful flight, he saw his master's horse killed under him. Whereupon, asking no advice of no thought but of faithfulness and courage, he presently

lighted from his own horse, and with the help of some choice and faithful servants gat his master up. But in the multitude that came of either side, some to succor, some to save Amphialus, he came under the hand of Philanax; and the youth perceiving he was the man that did most hurt to his party (desirous even to change his life for glory) strake at him as he rode by him, and gave him a hurt upon the leg, that made Philanax turn towards him; but seeing him so young, and of a most lovely presence, he rather took pity of him; meaning to make him prisoner, and then to give him to his brother Agenor to be his companion, because they were not much unlike, neither in years nor countenance. But as he looked down upon him with that thought, he spied where his brother lay dead, and his friend Leontius by him, even almost under the squire's feet. Then sorrowing not only his own sorrow, but the past-comfort sorrow which he foreknew his mother would take (who with many tears and misgiving sighs had suffered him to go with his elder brother Philanax) blotted out all figures of pity out of his mind, and putting forth his horse, while Ismenus doubled two or three more valiant than well-set blows, saying to himself, "Let other mothers bewail an untimely death as well as mine," he thrust him through. And the boy, fierce though beautiful, and beautiful, though dying, not able to keep his failing feet, fell down to the earth, which he bit for anger, repining at his fortune, and as long as he could resisting Death, which might seem unwilling to, so long he was in taking away his young struggling soul.

Philanax himself could have wished the blow ungiven, when he saw him fall like a fair apple which some uncourteous body (breaking his bow) should throw down before it were ripe. But the case of his brother made him forget both that and himself; so as overhastily pressing upon the retiring enemies he was, ere he was aware, further engaged than his own soldiers could relieve him; where being overthrown by Amphialus, Amphialus glad of him kept head against his enemies while some of his men carried away Philanax.

But Philanax his men, as if with the loss of Philanax they had lost the fountain of their valor, had their courages so dried up in fear that they began to set honor at their backs, and to use the virtue of patience in an untimely time; when into the press comes—as hard as his horse, more afraid of the spur than the sword, could carry him—a knight in armor as dark as blackness could make it, followed by none, and adorned by nothing; so far without authority that he was without knowledge. But virtue quickly made him known, and admiration bred him such authority, that though they of whose side he came knew him not, yet they all knew it was fit to obey him; and while he was followed by the valiantest, he made way for the vilest. For, taking part with the besiegers, he made the Amphialians' blood serve for a caparison to his horse and a decking to his armor. His arm no oftener gave blows, than the blows gave wounds, than the wounds gave deaths; so terrible was his force, and yet was his quickness more forcible than his force, and his judgment more quick than his quickness. For though the sword went faster than eyesight could follow it, yet his own judgment went still before it. There died of his hand Sarpedon, Plistonax, Strophilus, and Hippolitus, men of great proof in wars, and who had that day undertaken the guard of Amphialus. But while they sought to save him, they lost the fortresses that Nature had placed them in. Then slew he Megalus, who was a little before proud to see himself stained in the blood of his enemies; but when his own blood came to be married to theirs he then felt that Cruelty doth never enjoy a good cheap glory. After him sent he Palemon, who had that day vowed (with foolish bravery) to be the death of ten; and nine already he had killed, and was careful to perform his almost performed vow, when the black knight helped him to make up the tenth himself.

And now the often-changing Fortune began also to change the hue of the battles. For at the first, though it were terrible, yet Terror was decked so bravely with rich furniture, gilt swords, shining armors, pleasant pensils, that the eye with delight had scarce leisure to be afraid. But now all uiversally defiled with dust, blood, broken armors, mangled bodies, took away the mask and set forth Horror in his own

horrible manner. But neither could danger be dreadful to Amphialus his undismayable courage, nor yet seem ugly to him, whose truly-affected mind did still paint it over with the beauty of Philoclea. And therefore he, rather inflamed than troubled with the increase of dangers, and glad to find a worthy subject to exercise his courage, sought out this new knight, whom he might easily find; for he, like a wanton rich man that throws down his neighbors' houses to make himself the better prospect, so had his sword made him so spacious a room that Amphialus had more cause to wonder at the finding than labor for the seeking; which, if it stirred hate in him to see how much harm he did to the one side, it provoked as much emulation in him to perceive how much good he did to the other side. Therefore they approaching one to the other, as in two beautiful folks love naturally stirs a desire of joining, so in their two courages hate stirred a desire of trial. Then began there a combat between them, worthy to have had more large lists, and more quiet beholders; for with the spur of courage and the bit of respect each so guided himself that one might well see the desire to overcome made them not forget how to overcome; in such time and proportion they did employ their blows that none of Ceres' servants could more cunningly place his flail; while the left foot spur set forward his own horse, the right set backward the contrary horse, even sometimes by the advantage of the enemy's leg, while the left hand (like him that held the stern) guided the horse's obedient courage; all done in such order that it might seem the mind was a right prince indeed, who sent wise and diligent lieutenants into each of those well governed parts. But the more they fought the more they desired to fight; and the more they smarted the less they felt the smart; and now were like to make a quick proof, to whom Fortune or Valor would seem most friendly, when in comes an old governor of Amphialus, always a good knight, and careful of his charge; who giving a sore wound to the black knight's thigh, while he thought not of him, with another blow slew his horse under him. Amphialus cried to him that he dishonored him. "You say well," answered the old knight, "to stand now like a private soldier, setting your credit upon particular fighting, while you may see Basilius with all his host is getting between you and your town."

He looked that way and found that true indeed, that the enemy was beginning to encompass him about and stop his return; and therefore causing the retreat to be sounded, his governor led his men homeward, while he kept himself still hindmost, as if he had stood at the gate of a sluice, to let the stream go with such proportion as should seem good unto him; and with so manful discretion performed it that (though with loss of many of his men) he returned in himself safe, and content that his enemies had felt how sharp the sword could bite of Philoclea's lover. The other party being sorry for the loss of Philanax was yet sorrier when the black knight could not be found. For he having gotten on a horse whom his dying master bequeathed to the world, finding himself sore hurt and not desirous to be known, had in the time of the enemy's retiring retired away also; his thigh not bleeding blood so fast as his heart bled revenge. But Basilius having attempted in vain to bar the safe return of Amphialus, encamped himself as strongly as he could, while he (to his grief) might hear the joy was made in the town by his own subjects, that he had that day sped no better. For Amphialus being well beloved of that people, when they saw him not vanquished they esteemed him as victorious, his youth setting a flourishing show upon his worthiness, and his great nobility ennobling his dangers.

## THE DEFENCE OF POESY

When the right virtuous Edward Wotton and I were at the Emperor's court together, we gave ourselves to learn horsemanship of Gio. Pietro Pugliano; one that, with great commendation, had the place of an esquire in his stable; and he, according to the fertileness of the Italian wit, did not only afford us the demonstration of his practise, but sought to enrich our minds with the contemplations therein, which he thought most precious. But with none, I remember, mine ears were at any time more loaden, than when (either angered with slow pay-

ment, or moved with our learner-like admiration) he exercised his speech in the praise of his faculty.

He said soldiers were the noblest estate of mankind, and horsemen the noblest of soldiers. He said they were the masters of war and ornaments of peace, speedy goers, and strong abiders, triumphers both in camps and courts; nay, to so unbelieved a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a prince as to be a good horseman; skill of government was but a "pedanteria" in comparison. Then would he add certain praises by telling what a peerless beast the horse was, the only serviceable courtier, without flattery, the beast of most beauty, faithfulness, courage, and such more, that if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse. But thus much, at least, with his no few words, he drave into me, that self love is better than any gilding, to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves be parties.

Wherein, if Pugliano's strong affection and weak arguments will not satisfy you, I will give you a nearer example of myself, who, I know not by what mischance, in these my not old years and idlest times, having slipped into the title of a poet, am provoked to say something unto you in the defence of that my unelected vocation; which if I handle with more good will than good reasons, bear with me, since the scholar is to be pardoned that followeth the steps of his master.

And yet I must say, that as I have more just cause to make a pitiful defence of poor poetry, which from almost the highest estimation of learning is fallen to be the laughing-stock of children, so have I need to bring some more available proofs, since the former is by no man barred of his deserved credit, the silly latter hath had even the names of philosophers used to the defacing of it, with great danger of civil war among the Muses.

At first, truly, to all them that professing learning inveigh against poetry, may justly be objected, that they go very near to ungratefulness to seek to deface that which, in the noblest nations and languages that are known, hath been the first light-giver to ignorance, and first nurse, whose milk by little and little enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will you play the hedgehog, that being received into the den, drave out his host? or rather the vipers, that with their birth kill their parents?

Let learned Greece, in any of her manifold sciences, be able to show me one book before Musaeus, Homer, and Hesiod, all three nothing else but poets. Nay, let any history be brought that can say any writers were there before them, if they were not men of the same skill, as Orpheus, Linus, and some others are named, who, having been the first of that country that made pens deliverers of their knowledge to the posterity, may justly challenge to be called their fathers in learning. For not only in time they had this priority (although in itself antiquity be venerable) but went before them as causes to draw with their charming sweetness the wild untamed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as Amphion was said to move stones with his poetry to build Thebes, and Orpheus to be listened to by beasts, indeed stony and beastly people. So among the Romans were Livius Andronicus, and Ennius; so in the Italian language, the first that made it aspire to be a treasure-house of science were the poets Dante, Boccace, and Petrarch; so in our English were Gower and Chaucer; after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed to beautify our mother tongue, as well in the same kind as other arts.

This did so notably show itself that the philosophers of Greece durst not a long time appear to the world but under the masks of poets; so Thales, Empedocles, and Parmenides sang their natural philosophy in verses; so did Pythagoras and Phocylides their moral counsels; so did Tyrtaeus in war matters; and Solon in matters of policy; or rather they, being poets, did exercise their delightful vein in those points of highest knowledge, which before them lay hidden to the world; for that wise Solon was directly a poet it is manifest, having written in verse the notable fable of the Atlantic Island, which was continued by Plato. And truly, even Plato, whosoever well considereth shall find that in the body of his work, though

the inside and strength were philosophy, the skin, as it were, and beauty depended most of poetry. For all stands upon dialogues; wherein he feigns many honest burgesses of Athens speak of such matters that if they had been set on the rack they would never have confessed them; besides, his poetical describing the circumstances of their meetings, as the well-ordering of a banquet, the delicacy of a walk, with interlacing mere tales, as Gyges's Ring, and others; which who knows not to be flowers of poetry did never walk into Apollo's garden.

And even historiographers, although their lips sound of things done, and verity be written in their foreheads, have been glad to borrow both fashion and, perchance, weight of the poets; so Herodotus entitled his history by the name of the nine Muses; and both he, and all the rest that followed him, either stale or usurped of poetry their passionate describing of passions, the many particularities of battles which no man could affirm; or, if that be denied me, long orations, put in the mouths of great kings and captains, which it is certain they never pronounced.

So that, truly, neither philosopher nor historiographer could, at the first, have entered into the gates of popular judgments if they had not taken a great passport of poetry; which in all nations, at this day, where learning flourisheth not, is plain to be seen; in all which they have some feeling of poetry. In Turkey, besides their lawgiving divines they have no other writers but poets. In our neighbor-country Ireland, where truly learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in a devout reverence. Even among the most barbarous and simple Indians, where no writing is, yet have they their poets who make and sing songs, which they call "arentos," both of their ancestors' deeds and praises of their gods. A sufficient probability that if ever learning come among them, it must be by having their hard dull wits softened and sharpened with the sweet delights of poetry; for until they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge will little persuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In Wales, the true remnant of the ancient Britons, as there are good authorities to show the long time they had poets, which they called bards, so through all the conquests of Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, some of whom did seek to ruin all memory of learning from among them, yet do their poets, even to this day, last; so as it is not more notable in the soon beginning than in long continuing.

But since the authors of most of our sciences were the Romans, and before them the Greeks, let us, a little, stand upon their authorities, but even so far as to see what names they have given unto this now scorned skill. Among the Romans a poet was called "vates," which is as much as a diviner, foreseer, or prophet, as by his conjoined words "vaticinium," and "vaticinari," is manifest; so heavenly a title did that excellent people bestow upon this heart-ravishing knowledge! And so far were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the chanceable hitting upon any such verses, great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of *sortes Virgilianae;* when, by sudden opening Virgil's book, they lighted upon some verse of his, as it is reported by many. Whereof the histories of the Emperors' lives are full. As of Albinus, the governor of our island, who in his childhood met with this verse—

Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis;[1]

and in his age performed it. Although it were a very vain and godless superstition; as also it was to think spirits were commanded by such verses; whereupon this word "charms," derived of "carmina," cometh; so yet serveth it to show the great reverence those wits were held in; and altogether not without ground, since both the oracles of Delphos and Sibylla's prophecies were wholly delivered in verses; for that same exquisite observing of number and measure in the words, and that high-flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet, did seem to have some divine force in it.

And may not I presume a little farther to show the reasonableness of this word *vates*, and say that the holy David's Psalms are a divine poem? If I do, I shall not do it

[1] "Irrationally, I fly to arms, nor is there sufficient reason in so doing."

without the testimony of great learned men, both ancient and modern. But even the name of "Psalms" will speak for me, which, being interpreted, is nothing but "Songs"; then, that it is fully written in metre, as all learned Hebricians agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly, and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awaking his musical instruments, the often and free changing of persons, his notable *prosopopoeias*, when he maketh you, as it were, see God coming in his majesty, his telling of the beasts' joyfulness, and hills leaping, but a heavenly poesy, wherein almost he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith? But truly, now, having named him, I fear I seem to profane that holy name, applying it to poetry, which is among us thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that with quiet judgments will look a little deeper into it shall find the end and working of it such as, being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the church of God.

But now let us see how the Greeks have named it, and how they deemed of it. The Greeks named him *ποιητήν*, which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages; it cometh of this word *ποιεῖν*, which is *to make;* wherein, I know not whether by luck or wisdom, we Englishmen have met with the Greeks in calling him "a maker," which name how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were known by marking the scope of other sciences than by any partial allegation. There is no art delivered unto mankind that hath not the works of nature for his principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. So doth the astronomer look upon the stars, and by that he seeth set down what order nature hath taken therein. So doth the geometrician and arithmetician, in their diverse sorts of quantities. So doth the musician, in times, tell you which by nature agree, which not. The natural philosopher thereon hath his name; and the moral philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or passions of man; and follow nature, saith he, therein, and thou shalt not err. The lawyer saith what men have determined, the historian, what men have done. The grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech; and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The physician weigheth the nature of man's body, and the nature of things helpful and hurtful unto it. And the metaphysic, though it be in the second and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he, indeed, build upon the depth of nature. Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigor of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature; in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite anew; forms such as never were in nature, as the heroes, demi-gods, cyclops, chimeras, furies, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with Nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-much-loved earth more lovely; her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden.

But let those things alone, and go to man; for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her uttermost cunning is employed; and know, whether she have brought forth so true a lover as Theagenes; so constant a friend as Pylades; so valiant a man as Orlando; so right a prince as Xenophon's Cyrus; so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Aeneas? Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential, the other in imitation or fiction; for every understanding knoweth the skill of each artificer standeth in that idea, or foreconceit of the work, and not in the work itself. And that the poet hath that idea is manifest by delivering them forth in such excellency as he had imagined them; which delivering forth, also, is not wholly

imaginative, as we are wont to say by them that build castles in the air; but so far substantially it worketh, not only to make a Cyrus, which had been but a particular excellency, as Nature might have done; but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world to make many Cyruses, if they will learn aright why, and how, that maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honor to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who, having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature; which in nothing he showeth so much as in poetry; when, with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings, with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam; since our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by fewer granted; thus much I hope will be given me, that the Greeks, with some probability of reason, gave him the name above all names of learning.

Now let us go to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be the more palpable; and so, I hope, though we get not so unmatched a praise as the etymology of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will deny, shall not justly be barred from a principal commendation.

Poesy, therefore, is an art of imitation; for so Aristotle termeth it in the word μίμησις; that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth: to speak metaphorically, a speaking picture, with this end, to teach and delight.

Of this have been three general kinds: the chief, both in antiquity and excellency, were they that did imitate the inconceivable excellencies of God. Such were David in his Psalms; Salomon in his Song of Songs, in his Ecclesiastes, and Proverbs; Moses and Deborah in their hymns; and the writer of Job; which, beside other, the learned Emanuel Tremellius and Franciscus Junius do entitle the poetical part of the scripture; against these none will speak that hath the Holy Ghost in due holy reverence. In this kind, though in a full wrong divinity, were Orpheus, Amphion, Homer in his hymns, and many other, both Greeks and Romans. And this poesy must be used by whosoever will follow St. Paul's counsel, in singing psalms when they are merry; and I know is used with the fruit of comfort by some, when, in sorrowful pangs of their death-bringing sins, they find the consolation of the never-leaving goodness.

The second kind is of them that deal with matters philosophical; either moral, as Tyrtaeus, Phocylides, Cato; or natural, as Lucretius, and Virgil's Georgics; or astronomical, as Manilius and Pontanus; or historical, as Lucan; which who mislike, the fault is in their judgment, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

But because this second sort is wrapped within the fold of the proposed subject, and takes not the free course of his own invention; whether they properly be poets or no, let grammarians dispute, and go to the third, indeed right poets, of whom chiefly this question ariseth; betwixt whom and these second is such a kind of difference as betwixt the meaner sort of painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent, who having no law but wit, bestow that in colors upon you which is fittest for the eye to see; as the constant though lamenting look of Lucretia, when she punished in herself another's fault; wherein he painteth not Lucretia, whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a virtue. For these third be they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight; and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or shall be; but range, only reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be, and should be. These be they that, as the first and most noble sort, may justly be termed "vates"; so these are waited on in the excellentest languages and best understandings, with the foredescribed name of poets. For these, indeed, do merely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to move men to take that goodness in hand which, without delight, they would fly as from a

stranger; and teach to make them know that goodness whereunto they are moved; which being the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to bark at them.

These be subdivided into sundry more special denominations; the most notable be the heroic, lyric, tragic, comic, satiric, iambic, elegiac, pastoral, and certain others; some of these being termed according to the matter they deal with, some by the sort of verse they like best to write in; for, indeed, the greatest part of poets have appareled their poetical inventions in that numerous kind of writing which is called verse. Indeed but appareled; verse being but an ornament, and no cause to poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets. For Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently as to give us *effigiem justi imperii*, the portraiture of a just empire, under the name of Cyrus, as Cicero saith of him, made therein an absolute heroical poem. So did Heliodorus, in his sugared invention of that picture of love in Theagenes and Chariclea; and yet both these wrote in prose; which I speak to show that it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet (no more than a long gown maketh an advocate, who, though he pleaded in armor, should be an advocate and no soldier); but it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by. Although, indeed, the senate of poets hath chosen verse as their fittest raiment; meaning, as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to go beyond them; not speaking table-talk fashion, or like men in a dream, words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but piecing each syllable of each word by just proportion, according to the dignity of the subject.

Now, therefore, it shall not be amiss, first, to weight this latter sort of poetry by his works, and then by his parts; and if in neither of these anatomies he be commendable, I hope we shall obtain a more favorable sentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end soever it be directed; the final end is, to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay lodgings, can be capable of. This, according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impressions; for some that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be so high or heavenly as to be acquainted with the stars, gave themselves to astronomy; others, persuading themselves to be demi-gods if they knew the causes of things, became natural and supernatural philosophers. Some an admirable delight drew to music, and some the certainty of demonstration to the mathematics; but all, one and other, having this scope—to know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoying his own divine essence. But when, by the balance of experience, it was found that the astronomer, looking to the stars, might fall in a ditch; that the inquiring philosopher might be blind in himself; and the mathematician might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart; then lo! did proof, the overruler of opinions, make manifest that all these are but serving sciences, which, as they have a private end in themselves, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistress knowledge, by the Greeks called ἀρχιτεκτονική, which stands, as I think, in the knowledge of a man's self, in the ethic and politic consideration, with the end of well doing, and not of well knowing only; even as the saddler's next end is to make a good saddle, but his further end to serve a nobler faculty, which is horsemanship; so the horseman's to soldiery; and the soldier not only to have the skill, but to perform the practise of a soldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that have a most just title to be princes over all the rest; wherein, if we can show, the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors.

Among whom principally to challenge it, step forth the moral philosophers; whom,

methinks, I see coming towards me with a sullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by daylight, rudely clothed, for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things; with books in their hands against glory, whereto they set their names; sophistically speaking against subtilty, and angry with any man in whom they see the foul fault of anger. These men, casting largess as they go of definitions, divisions, and distinctions, with a scornful interrogative do soberly ask whether it be possible to find any path so ready to lead a man to virtue, as that which teacheth what virtue is; and teacheth it not only by delivering forth his very being, his causes and effects, but also by making known his enemy, vice, which must be destroyed, and his cumbersome servant, passion, which must be mastered; by showing the generalities that contain it, and the specialities that are derived from it; lastly, by plain setting down how it extends itself out of the limits of a man's own little world, to the government of families, and maintaining of public societies.

The historian scarcely gives leisure to the moralist to say so much, but that he (laden with old mouse-eaten records, authorizing himself, for the most part, upon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built upon the notable foundation of hearsay, having much ado to accord differing writers, and to pick truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thousand years ago than with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goes than how his own wit runs; curious for antiquities, and inquisitive of novelties, a wonder to young folks, and a tyrant in table-talk) denieth, in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of virtue and virtuous actions is comparable to him. "I am 'Testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriae, magistra vitae, nuntia vetustatis.' [1] The philosopher," saith he, "teacheth a disputative virtue, but I do an active; his virtue is excellent in the dangerless academy of Plato, but mine showeth forth her honorable face in the battles of Marathon, Pharsalia, Poictiers, and Agincourt: he teacheth virtue by certain abstract considerations; but I only bid you follow the footing of them that have gone before you. Old-aged experience goeth beyond the fine-witted philosopher; but I give the experience of many ages. Lastly, if he make the song book, I put the learner's hand to the lute; and if he be the guide, I am the light." Then would he allege you innumerable examples, confirming story by stories, how much the wisest senators and princes have been directed by the credit of history, as Brutus, Alphonsus of Aragon, and who not, if need be. At length, the long line of their disputation makes a point in this, that the one giveth the precept, and the other the example.

Now whom shall we find, since the question standeth for the highest form in the school of learning, to be moderator? Truly, as me seemeth, the poet; and if not a moderator, even the man that ought to carry the title from them both, and much more from all other serving sciences. Therefore compare we the poet with the historian, and with the moral philosopher; and if he go beyond them both, no other human skill can match him; for as for the divine, with all reverence, he is ever to be excepted, not only for having his scope as far beyond any of these as eternity exceedeth a moment, but even for passing each of these in themselves; and for the lawyer, though *Jus* be the daughter of Justice, the chief of virtues, yet because he seeks to make men good rather *formidine poenae* than *virtutis amore*,[2] or, to say righter, doth not endeavor to make men good, but that their evil hurt not others, having no care, so he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be: therefore, as our wickedness maketh him necessary, and necessity maketh him honorable, so is he not in the deepest truth to stand in rank with these, who all endeavor to take naughtiness away, and plant goodness even in the secretest cabinet of our souls. And these four are all that any way deal in the consideration of men's manners, which

[1] "Witness of the times, light of truth, life of memory, mistress of life, messenger of antiquity." —Cicero, "De Oratore."

[2] "rather from the fear of punishment than from the love of virtue."

being the supreme knowledge, they that best breed it deserve the best commendation.

The philosopher, therefore, and the historian are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example; but both, not having both, do both halt. For the philosopher, setting down with thorny arguments the bare rule, is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him shall wade in him until he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and general that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy that can apply what he doth understand. On the other side the historian, wanting the precept, is so tied, not to what should be, but to what is; to the particular truth of things, and not to the general reason of things; that his example draweth no necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine.

Now doth the peerless poet perform both; for whatsoever the philosopher saith should be done, he giveth a perfect picture of it, by some one by whom he pre-supposeth it was done, so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture, I say; for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul so much as that other doth. For as, in outward things, to a man that had never seen an elephant, or a rhinoceros, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shape, color, bigness, and particular marks; or of a gorgeous palace, an architector, who, declaring the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeat, as it were by rote, all he had heard, yet should never satisfy his inward conceit with being witness to itself of a true lively knowledge; but the same man, as soon as he might see those beasts well painted, or that house well in model, should straightway grow, without need of any description, to a judicial comprehending of them; so, no doubt, the philosopher, with his learned definitions, be it of virtues or vices, matters of public policy or private government, replenisheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which, notwithstanding, lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of poesy.

Tully taketh much pains, and many times not without poetical helps, to make us know the force love of our country hath in us. Let us but hear old Anchises speaking in the midst of Troy's flames, or see Ulysses, in the fulness of all Calypso's delights, bewail his absence from barren and beggarly Ithaca. Anger, the Stoics said, was a short madness; let but Sophocles bring you Ajax on a stage, killing and whipping sheep and oxen, thinking them the army of the Greeks, with their chieftains Agamemnon and Menelaus; and tell me if you have not a more familiar insight into anger than finding in the schoolmen his genus and difference. See whether wisdom and temperance in Ulysses and Diomedes, valor in Achilles, friendship in Nisus and Euryalus, even to an ignorant man carry not an apparent shining; and, contrarily, the remorse of conscience in Oedipus; the soon-repenting pride in Agamemnon; the self-devouring cruelty in his father Atreus; the violence of ambition in the two Theban brothers; the sour sweetness of revenge in Medea; and, to fall lower, the Terentian Gnatho, and our Chaucer's Pandar, so expressed that we now use their names to signify their trades; and finally, all virtues, vices, and passions so in their own natural states laid to the view, that we seem not to hear of them but clearly to see through them.

But even in the most excellent determination of goodness, what philosopher's counsel can so readily direct a prince as the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon? or a virtuous man in all fortunes, as Aeneas in Virgil? or a whole commonwealth, as the way of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia?* I say the way, because where Sir Thomas More erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the poet; for that way of patterning a commonwealth was most absolute, though he, perchance, hath not so absolutely performed it. For the question is, whether the feigned image of poetry or the regular instruction of philosophy hath the more force in teaching. Wherein if the philosophers have more rightly showed themselves philosophers than

the poets have attained to the high top of their profession, (as in truth,

"Mediocribus esse poëtis
Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnae," [1]

it is, I say again, not the fault of the art, but that by few men that art can be accomplished. Certainly, even our Savior Christ could as well have given the moral commonplaces of uncharitableness and humbleness as the divine narration of Dives and Lazarus; or of disobedience and mercy as that heavenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious father; but that his thorough-searching wisdom knew the estate of Dives burning in hell, and of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, would more constantly, as it were, inhabit both the memory and judgment. Truly, for myself (me seems), I see before mine eyes the lost child's disdainful prodigality turned to envy a swine's dinner; which, by the learned divines, are thought not historical acts, but instructing parables.

For conclusion, I say the philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for the tenderest stomachs; the poet is, indeed, the right popular philosopher. Whereof Aesop's tales give good proof; whose pretty allegories, stealing under the formal tales of beasts, makes many, more beastly than beasts, begin to hear the sound of virtue from those dumb speakers.

But now may it be alleged, that if this imagining of matters be so fit for the imagination, then must the historian needs surpass, who brings you images of true matters, such as indeed were done, and not such as fantastically or falsely may be suggested to have been done. Truly, Aristotle himself, in his Discourse of Poesy, plainly determineth this question, saying that poetry is *φιλοσοφώτερον* and *σπουδαιότερον*, that is to say, it is more philosophical and more studiously serious than history. His reason is, because poesy dealeth with *καθόλου*, that is to say, with the universal consideration, and the history *καθ' ἕκαστον*, the particular. "Now," saith he, "the universal weighs what is fit to be said or done, either in likelihood or necessity; which the poesy considereth in his imposed names, and the particular only marketh, whether Alcibiades did or suffered this or that." Thus far Aristotle. Which reason of his, as all his, is most full of reason. For, indeed, if the question were whether it were better to have a particular act truly or falsely set down, there is no doubt which is to be chosen, no more than whether you had rather have Vespasian's picture right as he was, or, at the painter's pleasure, nothing resembling. But if the question be, for your own use and learning, whether it be better to have it set down as it should be, or as it was, then, certainly, is more doctrinable the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon than the true Cyrus in Justin; and the feigned Aeneas in Virgil than the right Aeneas in Dares Phrygius; as to a lady that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a painter should more benefit her to portrait a most sweet face, writing Canidia upon it, than to paint Canidia as she was, who, Horace sweareth, was full ill-favored. If the poet do his part aright, he will show you in Tantalus, Atreus, and such like, nothing that is not to be shunned; in Cyrus, Aeneas, Ulysses, each thing to be followed; where the historian, bound to tell things as things were, cannot be liberal—without he will be poetical—of a perfect pattern; but, as in Alexander, or Scipio himself, show doings, some to be liked, some to be misliked; and then how will you discern what to follow, but by your own discretion, which you had without reading Q. Curtius? And whereas a man may say, though in universal consideration of doctrine the poet prevaileth, yet that the history, in his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that he shall follow; the answer is manifest: that if he stand upon that *was*, as if he should argue, because it rained yesterday therefore it should rain to-day; then, indeed, hath it some advantage to a gross conceit. But if he know an example only enforms a conjectured likelihood, and so go by reason, the poet doth so far exceed him, as he is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable, be it in warlike, politic, or private matters; where the historian in his bare *was* hath many times that which we call fortune

[1] "Neither gods, men, nor lettered columns have admitted mediocrity in poets."

to overrule the best wisdom. Many times he must tell events whereof he can yield no cause; or if he do, it must be poetically.

For, that a feigned example hath as much force to teach as a true example (for as for to move, it is clear, since the feigned may be tuned to the highest key of passion), let us take one example wherein an historian and a poet did concur. Herodotus and Justin do both testify that Zopyrus, King Darius's faithful servant, seeing his master long resisted by the rebellious Babylonians, feigned himself in extreme disgrace of his king; for verifying of which he caused his own nose and ears to be cut off, and so flying to the Babylonians, was received; and, for his known valor, so far credited, that he did find means to deliver them over to Darius. Muchlike matter doth Livy record of Tarquinius and his son. Xenophon excellently feigneth such another stratagem, performed by Abradates in Cyrus's behalf. Now would I fain know, if occasion be presented unto you to serve your prince by such an honest dissimulation, why do you not as well learn it of Xenophon's fiction as of the other's verity? And, truly, so much the better, as you shall save your nose by the bargain; for Abradates did not counterfeit so far. So, then, the best of the historian is subject to the poet; for, whatsoever action or faction, whatsoever counsel, policy, or war stratagem the historian is bound to recite, that may the poet, if he list, with his imitation make his own, beautifying it both for further teaching and more delighting, as it please him; having all, from Dante his heaven to his hell, under the authority of his pen. Which if I be asked, what poets have done so; as I might well name some, so yet, say I, and say again, I speak of the art, and not of the artificer.

Now, to that which commonly is attributed to the praise of history, in respect of the notable learning is got by marking the success, as though therein a man should see virtue exalted, and vice punished: truly, that commendation is peculiar to poetry, and far off from history. For, indeed, poetry ever sets virtue so out in her best colors, making fortune her well-waiting handmaid, that one must needs be enamored of her. Well may you see Ulysses in a storm, and in other hard plights; but they are but exercises of patience and magnanimity, to make them shine the more in the near following prosperity. And of the contrary part, if evil men come to the stage, they ever go out (as the tragedy writer answered to one that misliked the show of such persons) so manacled as they little animate folks to follow them. But history being captived to the truth of a foolish world is many times a terror from well-doing and an encouragement to unbridled wickedness. For see we not valiant Miltiades rot in his fetters? the just Phocion and the accomplished Socrates put to death like traitors? the cruel Severus live prosperously? the excellent Severus miserably murdered? Sylla and Marius dying in their beds? Pompey and Cicero slain then when they would have thought exile a happiness? See we not virtuous Cato driven to kill himself, and rebel Caesar so advanced that his name yet, after sixteen hundred years, lasteth in the highest honor? And mark but even Caesar's own words of the forenamed Sylla (who in that only did honestly, to put down his dishonest tyranny), "literas nescivit"; as if want of learning caused him to do well. He meant it not by poetry, which, not content with earthly plagues, deviseth new punishments in hell for tyrants; nor yet by philosophy, which teacheth "occidendos esse;" [1] but, no doubt, by skill in history; for that, indeed, can afford you Cypselus, Periander, Phalaris, Dionysius, and I know not how many more of the same kennel, that speed well enough in their abominable injustice or usurpation.

I conclude, therefore, that he excelleth history, not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserves to be called and accounted good: which setting forward, and moving to well-doing, indeed, setteth the laurel crown upon the poets as victorious, not only of the historian, but over the philosopher, howsoever in teaching it may be questionable. For suppose it be granted, that which I suppose with great reason may be denied, that the philosopher in respect of his methodical proceeding teach more perfectly than the poet, yet do I think that no man is so much φιλοφιλόσοφος [2] as

[1] "That they are to be put to death."

[2] A friend to the philosopher.

to compare the philosopher in moving with the poet. And that moving is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appear, that it is well nigh both the cause and effect of teaching; for who will be taught, if he be not moved with desire to be taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth (I speak still of moral doctrine) as that it moveth one to do that which it doth teach? For, as Aristotle saith, it is not γνῶσις but πρᾶξις [1] must be the fruit; and how πρᾶξις can be without being moved to practise, it is no hard matter to consider. The philosopher showeth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way and of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive, studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholding to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought that where once reason hath so much overmastered passion as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book; since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, "hoc opus, hic labor est." [2]

Now therein of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit), is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it; nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations and load the memory with doubtfulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth. So is it in men (most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves); glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Aeneas; and, hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valor, and justice; which, if they had been barely (that is to say, philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again. That imitation whereof poetry is, hath the most conveniency to nature of all other; insomuch that, as Aristotle saith, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monsters, are made, in poetical imitation, delightful. Truly, I have known men that even with reading Amadis de Gaule, which, God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect poesy, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who readeth Aeneas carrying old Anchises on his back, that wisheth not it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act? Whom doth not those words of Turnus move (the tale of Turnus having planted his image in the imagination)

> "——fugientem haec terra videbit?
> Usque adeone mori miserum est?" [3]

Where the philosophers, as they think scorn to delight, so must they be content little to move, saving wrangling whether *virtus* be the chief or the only good; whether the contemplative or the active life do excel; which Plato and Boethius well knew; and

[1] Not knowledge but practise.

[2] "This is a task, this is labor."

[3] "And shall this ground see (Turnus) flying?
Is it so hard to die?"

therefore made mistress Philosophy very often borrow the masking raiment of poesy. For even those hard-hearted evil men who think virtue a school-name, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*,[1] and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher and feel not the inward reason they stand upon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good-fellow poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness, which seen, they cannot but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries.

Infinite proofs of the strange effects of this poetical invention might be alleged; only two shall serve, which are so often remembered as I think all men know them. The one of Menenius Agrippa, who, when the whole people of Rome had resolutely divided themselves from the senate, with apparent show of utter ruin, though he were, for that time, an excellent orator, came not among them upon trust either of figurative speeches or cunning insinuations, and much less with far-fet maxims of philosophy, which, especially if they were Platonic, they must have learned geometry before they could well have conceived; but, forsooth, he behaveth himself like a homely and familiar poet. He telleth them a tale, that there was a time when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conspiracy against the belly, which they thought devoured the fruits of each other's labor; they concluded they would let so unprofitable a spender starve. In the end, to be short (for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale), with punishing the belly they plagued themselves. This, applied by him, wrought such effect in the people as I never read that only words brought forth but then so sudden and so good an alteration, for upon reasonable conditions a perfect reconcilement ensued.

The other is of Nathan the prophet, who, when the holy David had so far forsaken God as to confirm adultery with murther, when he was to do the tenderest office of a friend, in laying his own shame before his eyes, sent by God to call again so chosen a servant, how doth he it? But by telling of a man whose beloved lamb was ungratefully taken from his bosom. The application most divinely true, but the discourse itself feigned; which made David (I speak of the second and instrumental cause) as in a glass see his own filthiness, as that heavenly Psalm of Mercy well testifieth.

By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest that the poet, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth. And so a conclusion not unfitly ensueth: that as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman.

But I am content not only to decipher him by his works (although works in commendation and dispraise must ever hold a high authority), but more narrowly will examine his parts; so that, as in a man, though all together may carry a presence full of majesty and beauty, perchance in some one defectuous piece we may find blemish.

Now, in his parts, kinds, or species, as you list to term them, it is to be noted that some poesies have coupled together two or three kinds; as the tragical and comical, whereupon is risen the tragi-comical; some, in the manner, have mingled prose and verse, as Sannazzaro and Boethius; some have mingled matters heroical and pastoral; but that cometh all to one in this question; for, if severed they be good, the conjunction cannot be hurtful. Therefore, perchance forgetting some, and leaving some as needless to be remembered, it shall not be amiss in a word to cite the special kinds, to see what faults may be found in the right use of them.

Is it, then, the pastoral poem which is misliked? For, perchance, where the hedge is lowest, they will soonest leap over. Is the poor pipe disdained, which sometimes, out of Melibaeus's mouth, can show the misery of people under hard lords and ravening soldiers? and again, by Tityrus, what blessedness is derived to them that lie lowest from the goodness of them that sit highest? sometimes, under the pretty tales of wolves and sheep, can include the whole considerations of wrong

[1] To indulge one's inclinations.

doing and patience; sometimes show that contentions for trifles can get but a trifling victory; where, perchance, a man may see that even Alexander and Darius, when they strave who should be cock of this world's dunghill, the benefit they got was, that the after-livers may say,

"Haec memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsim.
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis." [1]

Or is it the lamenting elegiac, which, in a kind heart, would move rather pity than blame; who bewaileth, with the great philosopher Heraclitus, the weakness of mankind, and the wretchedness of the world; who, surely, is to be praised, either for compassionately accompanying just causes of lamentations, or for rightly painting out how weak be the passions of woefulness?

Is it the bitter but wholesome iambic, who rubs the galled mind, in making shame the trumpet of villainy, with bold and open crying out against naughtiness?

Or the satiric? who,

"Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit amico;" [2]

who sportingly never leaveth till he make a man laugh at folly, and, at length, ashamed to laugh at himself, which he cannot avoid without avoiding the folly; who, while "circum praecordia ludit," [3] giveth us to feel how many headaches a passionate life bringeth us to; how when all is done,

"Est Ulubris, animus si nos non deficit aequus." [4]

No, perchance, it is the comic; whom naughty play-makers and stage-keepers have justly made odious. To the arguments of abuse I will after answer; only thus much now is to be said, that the comedy is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be; so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now as in geometry the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in arithmetic the odd as well as the even; so in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthiness of evil wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the comedy handle so, in our private and domestical matters, as with hearing it we get, as it were, an experience of what is to be looked for of a niggardly Demea, of a crafty Davus, of a flattering Gnatho, of a vain-glorious Thraso; and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge given them by the comedian. And little reason hath any man to say that men learn the evil by seeing it so set out; since, as I said before, there is no man living but by the force truth hath in nature no sooner seeth these men play their parts but wisheth them in *pistrinum;* [5] although, perchance, the sack of his own faults lie so behind his back that he seeth not himself to dance in the same measure, whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes than to see his own actions contemptibly set forth; so that the right use of comedy will, I think, by nobody be blamed.

And much less of the high and excellent tragedy, that openeth the greatest wounds, and showeth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue; that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants manifest their tyrannical humours; that with stirring the effects of admiration and commiseration teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilden roofs are builded; that maketh us know,

"Qui sceptra saevus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes, metus in authorem redit." [6]

But how much it can move, Plutarch yieldeth a notable testimony of the abominable tyrant Alexander Pheraeus; from whose eyes a tragedy, well made and represented,

[1] "These things I remember, and how the vanquished Thyrsis strove.
From that time there has been nobody for us but Corydon, only Corydon."

[2] "Shrewdly touches all vice in a laughing friend."

[3] "He plays about the heart—"

[4] [That which you seek] "is at Ulubrae, if a calm spirit does not fail us." i. e., even at Ulubrae (a small Italian town, notably dull to one used to Rome, for instance).

[5] The pounding-mill.

[6] "The harsh ruler who governs his kingdom with a stern power fears those who fear him, the dread recoils upon its originator."

drew abundance of tears, who without all pity had murthered infinite numbers, and some of his own blood; so as he that was not ashamed to make matters for tragedies yet could not resist the sweet violence of a tragedy. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was that he in despite of himself withdrew himself from hearkening to that which might mollify his hardened heart. But it is not the tragedy they do mislike, for it were too absurd to cast out so excellent a representation of whatsoever is most worthy to be learned.

Is it the lyric that most displeaseth, who with his tuned lyre and well-accorded voice giveth praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts? who giveth moral precepts and natural problems? who sometime raiseth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal God? Certainly I must confess mine own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil apareled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? In Hungary I have seen it the manner at all feasts, and other such-like meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valor, which that right soldier-like nation think one of the chiefest kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable Lacedaemonians did not only carry that kind of music ever with them to the field, but even at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be singers of them; when the lusty men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young what they would do. And where a man may say that Pindar many times praiseth highly victories of small moment, rather matters of sport than virtue; as it may be answered, it was the fault of the poet, and not of the poetry, so, indeed, the chief fault was in the time and custom of the Greeks, who set those toys at so high a price that Philip of Macedon reckoned a horse-race won at Olympus among his three fearful felicities. But as the unimitable Pindar often did, so is that kind most capable, and most fit, to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honorable enterprises.

There rests the heroical, whose very name, I think, should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speak evil of that which draweth with him no less champions than Achilles, Cyrus, Aeneas, Turnus, Tydeus, Rinaldo? who doth not only teach and move to truth, but teacheth and moveth to the most high and excellent truth; who maketh magnanimity and justice shine through all misty fearfulness and foggy desires; who, if the saying of Plato and Tully be true, that who could see virtue would be wonderfully ravished with the love of her beauty, this man setteth her out to make her more lovely, in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign not to disdain until they understand. But if anything be already said in the defence of sweet poetry, all concurreth to the maintaining the heroical, which is not only a kind, but the best and most accomplished kind, of poetry. For, as the image of each action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies most inflameth the mind with desire to be worthy, and informs with counsel how to be worthy. Only let Aeneas be worn in the tablet of your memory, how he governeth himself in the ruin of his country; in the preserving his old father, and carrying away his religious ceremonies; in obeying God's commandment to leave Dido, though not only passionate kindness, but even the human consideration of virtuous gratefulness, would have craved other of him; how in storms, how in sports, how in war, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to allies, how to enemies, how to his own; lastly, how in his inward self, and how in his outward government; and I think, in a mind most prejudiced with a prejudicating humour, he will be found in excellency fruitful. Yea, as Horace saith, "Melius Chrysippo et Crantore:"[1] but, truly, I imagine it falleth out with these poet-whippers as with some good

[1] "Better than Chrysippus and Crantor."

women who often are sick, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of poetry is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the sum that contains him, nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise.

Since, then, poetry is of all human learnings the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings; since it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, nor barbarous nation is without it; since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names unto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making, and that indeed that name of making is fit for him, considering that where all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the poet only, only bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of a matter, but maketh matter for a conceit; since neither his description nor end containeth any evil, the thing described cannot be evil; since his effects be so good as to teach goodness, and delight the learners of it; since therein (namely in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledges) he doth not only far pass the historian, but, for instructing, is well nigh comparable to the philosopher, for moving, leaveth him behind him; since the Holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Savior Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it; since all his kinds are not only in their united forms but in their severed dissections fully commendable; I think, and think I think rightly, the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains doth worthily, of all other learnings, honor the poet's triumph.

But because we have ears as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may be will seem to weigh greatly if nothing be put in the counterbalance, let us hear, and, as well as we can, ponder, what objections be made against this art, which may be worthy either of yielding or answering.

First, truly, I note, not only in these *μισομούσοι*, poet-haters, but in all that kind of people who seek a praise by dispraising others, that they do prodigally spend a great many wandering words in quips and scoffs, carping and taunting at each thing which, by stirring the spleen, may stay the brain from a thorough beholding the worthiness of the subject. Those kind of objections, as they are full of a very idle uneasiness (since there is nothing of so sacred a majesty but that an itching tongue may rub itself upon it), so deserve they no other answer but, instead of laughing at the jest, to laugh at the jester. We know a playing wit can praise the discretion of an ass, the comfortableness of being in debt, and the jolly commodities of being sick of the plague; so, of the contrary side, if we will turn Ovid's verse,

"Ut lateat virtus proximitate mali."

"That good lie hid in nearness of the evil," Agrippa will be as merry in showing the vanity of science, as Erasmus was in the commending of folly; neither shall any man or matter escape some touch of these smiling railers. But for Erasmus and Agrippa, they had another foundation than the superficial part would promise. Marry, these other pleasant fault-finders, who will correct the verb before they understand the noun, and confute others' knowledge before they confirm their own; I would have them only remember, that scoffing cometh not of wisdom; so as the best title in true English they get with their merriments is to be called good fools; for so have our grave forefathers ever termed that humourous kind of jesters.

But that which giveth greatest scope to their scorning humour is rhyming and versing. It is already said, and, as I think, truly said, it is not rhyming and versing that maketh poesy; one may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry. But yet, presuppose it were inseparable, as indeed it seemeth Scaliger judgeth, truly it were an inseparable commendation; for if *oratio* next to *ratio*, speech next to reason, be the greatest gift bestowed upon mortality, that cannot be praiseless which doth most polish that blessing of speech; which considereth each word, not only as a man may say by his forcible quality, but by his best measured quantity; carrying even in themselves a harmony; without, perchance, number, measure, order, proportion be in our time grown odious.

But lay aside the just praise it hath, by being the only fit speech for music—music, I say, the most divine striker of the senses—thus much is undoubtedly true, that if reading be foolish without remembering, memory being the only treasure of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memory are likewise most convenient for knowledge. Now, that verse far exceedeth prose in the knitting up of the memory, the reason is manifest; the words, besides their delight, which hath a great affinity to memory, being so set as one cannot be lost but the whole work fails; which accusing itself calleth the remembrance back to itself, and so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides, one word so, as it were, begetting another, as, be it in rhyme or measured verse, by the former a man shall have a near guess to the follower. Lastly, even they that have taught the art of memory have showed nothing so apt for it as a certain room divided into many places, well and thoroughly known; now that hath the verse in effect perfectly, every word having his natural seat, which seat must needs make the word remembered. But what needs more in a thing so known to all men? Who is it that ever was scholar that doth not carry away some verses of Virgil, Horace, or Cato, which in his youth he learned, and even to his old age serve him for hourly lessons? as,

"Percontatorem fugito: nam garrulus idem est.
Dum sibi quisque placet credula turba sumus." [1]

But the fitness it hath for memory is notably proved by all delivery of arts, wherein, for the most part, from grammar to logic, mathematics, physic, and the rest, the rules chiefly necessary to be borne away are compiled in verses. So that verse being in itself sweet and orderly, and being best for memory, the only handle of knowledge, it must be in jest that any man can speak against it.

Now then go we to the most important imputations laid to the poor poets; for aught I can yet learn, they are these:

First, that there being many other more fruitful knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them than in this.

Secondly, that it is the mother of lies.

Thirdly, that it is the nurse of abuse, infecting us with many pestilent desires, with a siren's sweetness drawing the mind to the serpent's tail of sinful fancies; and herein, especially, comedies give the largest field to ear, as Chaucer saith; how, both in other nations and ours, before poets did soften us, we were full of courage, given to martial exercises, the pillars of manlike liberty, and not lulled asleep in shady idleness with poets' pastimes.

And lastly and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth, as if they had overshot Robin Hood, that Plato banished them out of his commonwealth. Truly this is much, if there be much truth in it.

First, to the first, that a man might better spend his time is a reason indeed; but it doth, as they say, but "petere principium." [2] For if it be, as I affirm, that no learning is so good as that which teacheth and moveth to virtue, and that none can both teach and move thereto so much as poesy, then is the conclusion manifest, that ink and paper cannot be to a more profitable purpose employed. And certainly, though a man should grant their first assumption, it should follow, methinks, very unwillingly, that good is not good because better is better. But I still and utterly deny that there is sprung out of earth a more fruitful knowledge.

To the second, therefore, that they should be the principal liars, I answer paradoxically, but truly, I think truly, that of all writers under the sun, the poet is the least liar; and though he would, as a poet can scarcely be a liar. The astronomer, with his cousin the geometrician, can hardly escape when they take upon them to measure the height of the stars. How often, think you, do the physicians lie, when they aver things good for sicknesses which afterwards send Charon a great number of souls drowned in a potion before they come to his ferry? And no less of the rest which take upon them to affirm. Now for the poet, he nothing affirmeth, and therefore never lieth; for, as I take it, to lie is to affirm that to be true which is false;

[1] "Fly from the inquisitive man, for he is likewise garrulous."
"While each one pleases himself we are a credulous crowd."

[2] Beg the question.

so as the other artists, and especially the historian, affirming many things, can, in the cloudy knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from many lies. But the poet, as I said before, never affirmeth; the poet never maketh any circles about your imagination, to conjure you to believe for true what he writeth; he citeth not authorities of other histories, but even for his entry calleth the sweet Muses to inspire into him a good invention; in truth, not laboring to tell you what is or is not, but what should or should not be. And, therefore, though he recount things not true, yet because he telleth them not for true he lieth not; without we will say that Nathan lied in his speech, before alleged, to David; which, as a wicked man durst scarce say, so think I none so simple would say that Aesop lied in the tales of his beasts; for who thinketh that Aesop wrote it for actually true were well worthy to have his name chronicled among the beasts he writeth of. What child is there that cometh to a play, and seeing Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes? If then a man can arrive to the child's age, to know that the poet's persons and doings are but pictures what should be, and not stories what have been, they will never give the lie to things not affirmatively, but allegorically and figuratively written; and therefore, as in history, looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falsehood, so in poesy, looking but for fiction, they shall use the narration but as an imaginative ground-plot of a profitable invention.

But hereto is replied, that the poets give names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actual truth, and so, not being true, proveth a falsehood. And doth the lawyer lie then, when, under the names of John of the Stile, and John of the Nokes, he putteth his case? But that is easily answered, their naming of men is but to make their picture the more lively, and not to build any history. Painting men, they cannot leave men nameless; we see we cannot play at chess but that we must give names to our chess-men; and yet, methinks, he were a very partial champion of truth that would say we lied for giving a piece of wood the reverend title of a bishop. The poet nameth Cyrus and Aeneas no other way than to show what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates should do.

Their third is, how much it abuseth men's wit, training it to wanton sinfulness and lustful love. For, indeed, that is the principal if not only abuse I can hear alleged. They say the comedies rather teach than reprehend amorous conceits; they say the lyric is larded with passionate sonnets; the elegiac weeps the want of his mistress; and that even to the heroical Cupid hath ambitiously climbed. Alas! Love, I would thou couldst as well defend thyself as thou canst offend others! I would those on whom thou dost attend could either put thee away or yield good reason why they keep thee! But grant love of beauty to be a beastly fault, although it be very hard, since only man, and no beast, hath that gift to discern beauty; grant that lovely name of love to deserve all hateful reproaches, although even some of my masters the philosophers spent a good deal of their lamp-oil in setting forth the excellency of it; grant, I say, what they will have granted, that not only love, but lust, but vanity, but, if they list, scurrility, possess many leaves of the poets' books; yet, think I, when this is granted, they will find their sentence may, with good manners, put the last words foremost; and not say that poetry abuseth man's wit, but that man's wit abuseth poetry. For I will not deny but that man's wit may make poesy, which should be φραστικὴ, which some learned have defined, figuring forth good things, to be φανταστικὴ, which doth contrariwise infect the fancy with unworthy objects; as the painter, that should give to the eye either some excellent perspective, or some fine picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it some notable example, as Abraham sacrificing his son Isaac, Judith killing Holofernes, David fighting with Goliath, may leave those, and please an ill-pleased eye with wanton shows of better-hidden matters.

But, what! Shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious? Nay, truly, though I yield that poesy may not only be abused, but that being abused, by the reason of his sweet charming force it can do more hurt than any other army of words, yet shall it be so far from concluding that the abuse shall give reproach to the abused,

that, contrariwise, it is a good reason that whatsoever being abused doth most harm, being rightly used (and upon the right use each thing receives his title) doth most good. Do we not see skill of physic, the best rampire to our often-assaulted bodies, being abused, teach poison, the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of law, whose end is to even and right all things, being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Doth not (to go to the highest) God's word abused breed heresy, and his name abused become blasphemy? Truly, a needle cannot do much hurt, and as truly (with leave of ladies be it spoken) it cannot do much good. With a sword thou mayst kill thy father, and with a sword thou mayst defend thy prince and country; so that, as in their calling poets fathers of lies they said nothing, so in this their argument of abuse, they prove the commendation.

They allege herewith, that before poets began to be in price, our nation had set their heart's delight upon action, and not imagination; rather doing things worthy to be written, than writing things fit to be done. What that before-time was, I think scarcely Sphinx can tell; since no memory is so ancient that gives not the precedence to poetry. And certain it is that, in our plainest homeliness, yet never was the Albion nation without poetry. Marry, this argument, though it be leveled against poetry, yet it is indeed a chain-shot against all learning—or bookishness, as they commonly term it. Of such mind were certain Goths, of whom it is written that having in the spoil of a famous city taken a fair library, one hangman, belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murthered a great number of bodies, would have set fire in it. "No," said another, very gravely, "take heed what you do, for while they are busy about those toys we shall with more leisure conquer their countries." This, indeed, is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many words sometimes I have heard spent in it; but because this reason is generally against all learning, as well as poetry, or rather all learning but poetry; because it were too large a digression to handle it, or at least too superfluous, since it is manifest that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge best by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I only say with Horace, to him that is of that opinion,

"Jubeo stultum esse libenter——" [1]

for as for poetry itself, it is the freest from this objection, for poetry is the companion of camps. I dare undertake, Orlando Furioso or honest King Arthur will never displease a soldier: but the quiddity of *ens* and *prima materia* will hardly agree with a corselet. And, therefore, as I said in the beginning, even Turks and Tartars are delighted with poets. Homer, a Greek, flourished before Greece flourished; and if to a slight conjecture a conjecture may be opposed, truly it may seem, that as by him their learned men took almost their first light of knowledge, so their active men received their first motions of courage. Only Alexander's example may serve, who by Plutarch is accounted of such virtue that fortune was not his guide but his footstool; whose acts speak for him, though Plutarch did not; indeed, the phoenix of warlike princes. This Alexander left his schoolmaster, living Aristotle, behind him, but took dead Homer with him. He put the philosopher Callisthenes to death, for his seeming philosophical, indeed mutinous, stubbornness; but the chief thing he was ever heard to wish for was that Homer had been alive. He well found he received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude. And, therefore, if Cato misliked Fulvius for carrying Ennius with him to the field, it may be answered that if Cato misliked it the noble Fulvius liked it, or else he had not done it; for it was not the excellent Cato Uticensis, whose authority I would much more have reverenced, but it was the former, in truth a bitter punisher of faults, but else a man that had never sacrificed to the Graces. He misliked and cried out against all Greek learning, and yet, being fourscore years old, began to learn it, belike fearing that Pluto understood not Latin. Indeed, the Roman laws allowed no person to be carried to the wars but he that was in the soldiers' roll. And, therefore, though Cato mis-

[1] "I bid him enjoy his own foolishness."

liked his unmustered person, he misliked not his work. And if he had, Scipio Nasica (judged by common consent the best Roman) loved him; both the other Scipio brothers, who had by their virtues no less surnames than of Asia and Afric, so loved him that they caused his body to be buried in their sepulture. So as Cato's authority being but against his person, and that answered with so far greater than himself, is herein of no validity.

But now, indeed, my burthen is great, that Plato his name is laid upon me, whom, I must confess, of all philosophers I have ever esteemed most worthy of reverence; and with good reason, since of all philosophers he is the most poetical; yet if he will defile the fountain out of which his flowing streams have proceeded, let us boldly examine with what reasons he did it.

First, truly, a man might maliciously object that Plato, being a philosopher, was a natural enemy of poets. For, indeed, after the philosophers had picked out of the sweet mysteries of poetry the right discerning of true points of knowledge, they forthwith, putting it in method, and making a school-art of that which the poets did only teach by a divine delightfulness, beginning to spurn at their guides, like ungrateful apprentices, were not content to set up shop for themselves, but sought by all means to discredit their masters; which, by the force of delight being barred them, the less they could overthrow them the more they hated them. For, indeed, they found for Homer seven cities strave who should have him for their citizen, where many cities banished philosophers as not fit members to live among them. For only repeating certain of Euripides' verses many Athenians had their lives saved of the Syracusans, where the Athenians themselves thought many philosophers unworthy to live. Certain poets, as Simonides and Pindarus, had so prevailed with Hiero the First, that of a tyrant they made him a just king; where Plato could do so little with Dionysius that he himself of a philosopher was made a slave. But who should do thus, I confess, should requite the objections raised against poets with like cavillations against philosophers; as likewise one should do that should bid one read *Phaedrus* or *Symposium* in Plato, or the discourse of Love in Plutarch, and see whether any poet do authorize abominable filthiness as they do.

Again, a man might ask, out of what commonwealth Plato doth banish them? In sooth, thence where he himself alloweth community of women. So as belike this banishment grew not for effeminate wantonness, since little should poetical sonnets be hurtful when a man might have what woman he listed. But I honor philosophical instructions, and bless the wits which bred them, so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to poetry. Saint Paul himself sets a watchword upon philosophy, indeed upon the abuse. So doth Plato upon the abuse, not upon poetry. Plato found fault that the poets of his time filled the world with wrong opinions of the gods, making light tales of that unspotted essence, and therefore would not have the youth depraved with such opinions. Herein may much be said; let this suffice: the poets did not induce such opinions, but did imitate those opinions already induced. For all the Greek stories can well testify that the very religion of that time stood upon many and many-fashioned gods; not taught so by poets, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who list may read in Plutarch the discourses of Isis and Osiris, of the cause why oracles ceased, of the divine providence, and see whether the theology of that nation stood not upon such dreams, which the poets indeed superstitiously observed; and truly, since they had not the light of Christ, did much better in it than the philosophers, who, shaking off superstition, brought in atheism.

Plato, therefore, whose authority I had much rather justly construe than unjustly resist, meant not in general of poets, in those words of which Julius Scaliger saith, "Qua authoritate barbari quidam atque hispidi abuti velint ad poetas e republica exigendos:" [1] but only meant to drive out those wrong opinions of the Deity, whereof now, without farther law, Christianity

[1] "Which authority certain barbarous and rude writers would wrest into meaning that poets were to be thrust out of a state."

hath taken away all the hurtful belief, perchance, as he thought, nourished by the then esteemed poets. And a man need go no further than to Plato himself to know his meaning; who, in his dialogue called "Ion," giveth high and rightly divine commendation unto poetry. So as Plato, banishing the abuse not the thing, not banishing it, but giving due honor to it, shall be our patron and not our adversary. For, indeed, I had much rather, since truly I may do it, show their mistaking of Plato, under whose lion's skin they would make an ass-like braying against poesy, than go about to overthrow his authority; whom, the wiser a man is, the more just cause he shall find to have in admiration; especially since he attributeth unto poesy more than myself do, namely, to be a very inspiring of a divine force, far above man's wit, as in the forenamed dialogue is apparent.

Of the other side, who would show the honors have been by the best sort of judgments granted them, a whole sea of examples would present themselves; Alexanders, Caesars, Scipios, all favorers of poets; Laelius, called the Roman Socrates, himself a poet; so as part of *Heautontimeroumenos*, in Terence, was supposed to be made by him. And even the Greek Socrates, whom Apollo confirmed to be the only wise man, is said to have spent part of his old time in putting Aesop's fables into verse; and, therefore, full evil should it become his scholar Plato to put such words in his master's mouth against poets. But what needs more? Aristotle writes the *Art of Poesy;* and why, if it should not be written? Plutarch teacheth the use to be gathered of them; and how, if they should not be read? And who reads Plutarch's either history or philosophy, shall find he trimmeth both their garments with guards of poesy.

But I list not to defend poesy with the help of his underling historiography. Let it suffice to have showed it is a fit soil for praise to dwell upon; and what dispraise may be set upon it is either easily overcome, or transformed into just commendation. So that since the excellences of it may be so easily and so justly confirmed, and the low creeping objections so soon trodden down; it not being an art of lies, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateness, but of notable stirring of courage; not of abusing man's wit, but of strengthening man's wit; not banished, but honored by Plato; let us rather plant more laurels for to ingarland the poets' heads (which honor of being laureate, as besides them only triumphant captains were, is a sufficient authority to show the price they ought to be held in) than suffer the ill-savored breath of such wrong speakers once to blow upon the clear springs of poesy.

But since I have run so long a career in this matter, methinks, before I give my pen a full stop, it shall be but a little more lost time to inquire why England, the mother of excellent minds, should be grown so hard a step-mother to poets, who certainly in wit ought to pass all others, since all only proceeds from their wit, being, indeed, makers of themselves, not takers of others. How can I but exclaim,

"Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso?" [1]

Sweet poesy! that hath anciently had kings, emperors, senators, great captains, such as, besides a thousand others, David, Adrian, Sophocles, Germanicus, not only to favor poets, but to be poets; and of our nearer times can present for her patrons, a Robert, King of Sicily; the great King Francis of France; King James of Scotland; such cardinals as Bembus and Bibiena; such famous preachers and teachers as Beza and Melancthon; so learned philosophers as Fracastorius and Scaliger; so great orators as Pontanus and Muretus; so piercing wits as George Buchanan; so grave counselors as, besides many, but before all, that Hospital of France, than whom, I think, that realm never brought forth a more accomplished judgment more firmly builded upon virtue; I say these, with numbers of others, not only to read others' poesies, but to poetize for others' reading; that poesy, thus embraced in all other places, should only find in our time a hard welcome in England, I think the very earth laments it, and therefore decks our soil with fewer laurels than it was

[1] "Muse, bring to my mind the causes of these things: what divinity was injured?"

accustomed. For heretofore poets have in England also flourished; and, which is to be noted, even in those times when the trumpet of Mars did sound loudest. And now that an over-faint quietness should seem to strew the house for poets, they are almost in as good reputation as the mountebanks at Venice. Truly, even that, as of the one side it giveth great praise to poesy, which, like Venus (but to better purpose), had rather be troubled in the net with Mars than enjoy the homely quiet of Vulcan; so serveth it for a piece of a reason why they are less grateful to idle England, which now can scarce endure the pain of a pen. Upon this necessarily followeth that base men with servile wits undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer; and so as Epaminondas is said with the honor of his virtue to have made an office, by his exercising it, which before was contemptible, to become highly respected; so these men, no more but setting their names to it, by their own disgracefulness disgrace the most graceful poesy. For now, as if all the Muses were got with child to bring forth bastard poets, without any commission they do post over the banks of Helicon, until they make their readers more weary than post-horses; while, in the meantime, they,

"Queis meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan," [1]

are better content to suppress the outflowings of their wit than by publishing them to be accounted knights of the same order.

But I, that before ever I durst aspire unto the dignity am admitted into the company of the paper-blurrers, do find the very true cause of our wanting estimation is want of desert, taking upon us to be poets in despite of Pallas. Now, wherein we want desert were a thankworthy labor to express. But if I knew, I should have mended myself; but as I never desired the title so have I neglected the means to come by it; only, overmastered by some thoughts, I yielded an inky tribute unto them. Marry, they that delight in poesy itself should seek to know what they do, and how they do; and especially look themselves in an unflattering glass of reason, if they be inclinable unto it.

For poesy must not be drawn by the ears, it must be gently led, or rather it must lead; which was partly the cause that made the ancient learned affirm it was a divine gift, and no human skill, since all other knowledges lie ready for any that have strength of wit, a poet no industry can make, if his own genius be not carried into it. And therefore is an old proverb, "Orator fit, poeta nascitur." [2] Yet confess I always, that as the fertilest ground must be manured, so must the highest flying wit have a Daedalus to guide him. That Daedalus, they say, both in this and in other, hath three wings to bear itself up into the air of due commendation; that is art, imitation, and exercise. But these neither artificial rules nor imitative patterns we much cumber ourselves withal. Exercise, indeed, we do, but that very forebackwardly; for where we should exercise to know, we exercise as having known; and so is our brain delivered of much matter which never was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principal parts, matter to be expressed by words, and words to express the matter, in neither we use art or imitation rightly. Our matter is "quodlibet," [3] indeed, though wrongly performing Ovid's verse,

"Quicquid conabor dicere, versus erit;" [4]

never marshalling it into any assured rank, that almost the readers cannot tell where to find themselves.

Chaucer undoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus and Cresseid;* of whom, truly, I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that misty time could see so clearly, or that we in this clear age go so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so reverend an antiquity. I account the *Mirror of Magistrates* meetly furnished of beautiful parts. And in the Earl of Surrey's lyrics, many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind. The *Shepherds' Calendar* hath much poesy in his eclogues,

[1] "Whose hearts the Titan formed with a better clay—"

[2] The orator is made, the poet born.

[3] What you will.

[4] "Whatever I shall try to write will be verse."

indeed, worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustic language, I dare not allow; since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazzaro in Italian, did affect it. Besides these, I do not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed that have poetical sinews in them. For proof whereof, let but most of the verses be put in prose, and then ask the meaning, and it will be found that one verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first what should be the last; which becomes a confused mass of words, with a tinkling sound of rhyme, barely accompanied with reason.

Our tragedies and comedies not without cause cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility nor skilful poetry. Excepting *Gorboduc* (again I say of those that I have seen), which notwithstanding as it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality, which it doeth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesy; yet, in truth, it is very defectious in the circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept and common reason, but one day; there is both many days and many places inartificially imagined.

But if it be so in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the rest? Where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by, we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Now of time they are much more liberal; for ordinary it is, that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours' space; which, how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine, and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in Italy will not err in. Yet will some bring in an example of the *Eunuch* in Terence, that containeth matter of two days, yet far short of twenty years. True it is, and so was it to be played in two days, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though Plautus have in one place done amiss, let us hit it with him, and not miss with him. But they will say, how then shall we set forth a story which contains both many places and many times? And do they not know that a tragedy is tied to the laws of poesy, and not of history; not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter or to frame the history of the most tragical conveniency? Again, many things may be told, which cannot be showed—if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speak, though I am here, of Peru, and in speech digress from that to the description of Calicut; but in action I cannot represent it without Pacolet's horse. And so was the manner the ancients took, by some *Nuntius* [1] to recount things done in former time, or other place.

Lastly, if they will represent an history they must not, as Horace saith, begin "ab ovo," [2] but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed; I have a story of young Polydorus, delivered, for safety's sake, with great riches, by his father Priamus to Polymnestor, King of Thrace, in the Trojan war time. He, after some years, hearing of the overthrow of Priamus, for to make the treasure his own, murthereth the child; the body of the child is taken up; Hecuba, she, the

[1] Messenger.

[2] "From the egg."

same day, findeth a sleight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where, now, would one of our tragedy-writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then should he sail over into Thrace, and so spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth Euripides? Even with the finding of the body; leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. This needs no further to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it.

But, besides these gross absurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained. I know Apuleius did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment; and I know the ancients have one or two examples of tragi-comedies as Plautus hath *Amphytrio*. But, if we mark them well, we shall find that they never, or very daintily, match hornpipes and funerals. So falleth it out, that having indeed no right comedy in that comical part of our tragedy, we have nothing but scurrility, unworthy of any chaste ears; or some extreme show of doltishness, indeed fit to lift up a loud laughter, and nothing else; where the whole tract of a comedy should be full of delight; as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well-raised admiration.

But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed both together. Nay, rather in themselves they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety. For delight we scarcely do, but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves, or to the general nature; laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature. Delight hath a joy in it either permanent or present; laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example, we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter; we laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight. We delight in good chances; we laugh at mischances. We delight to hear the happiness of our friends and country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at that would laugh; we shall, contrarily, sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, and go down the hill against the bias, in the mouth of some such men as for the respect of them one shall be heartily sorry he cannot choose but laugh, and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not but that they may go well together; for as in Alexander's picture well set out we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad antics we laugh without delight: so in Hercules, painted, with his great beard and furious countenance, in a woman's attire, spinning at Omphale's commandment, it breeds both delight and laughter; for the representing of so strange a power in love procures delight, and the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter.

But I speak to this purpose, that all the end of the comical part be not upon such scornful matters as stir laughter only, but mix with it that delightful teaching which is the end of poesy. And the great fault, even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by Aristotle, is, that they stir laughter in sinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous; or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar, and a beggarly clown; or against law of hospitality, to jest at strangers because they speak not English so well as we do? What do we learn? Since it is certain,

> "Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
> Quam quod ridiculos homines facit." [1]

But rather a busy loving courtier, and a heartless threatening Thraso; a self-wise-seeming schoolmaster; a wry-transformed traveler: these, if we saw walk in stage names, which we play naturally, therein were delightful laughter, and teaching delightfulness; as in the other, the tragedies

[1] "Unhappy poverty has nothing in it harder than this, that it makes men ridiculous."

of Buchanan do justly bring forth a divine admiration.

But I have lavished out too many words of this play matter; I do it because, as they are excelling parts of poesy, so is there none so much used in England, and none can be more pitifully abused; which, like an unmannerly daughter, showing a bad education, causeth her mother Poesy's honesty to be called in question.

Other sorts of poetry, almost, have we none, but that lyrical kind of songs and sonnets, which, Lord if he gave us so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, both private and public, in singing the praises of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodness of that God who giveth us hands to write and wits to conceive! of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing but we should ever have new-budding occasions.

But, truly, many of such writings as come under the banner of unresistible love, if I were a mistress, would never persuade me they were in love; so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather read lover's writings, and so caught up certain swelling phrases—which hang together like a man that once told me the wind was at northwest and by south, because he would be sure to name winds enough—than that in truth they feel those passions, which easily, as I think, may be bewrayed by that same forcibleness, or "energia" (as the Greeks call it) of the writer. But let this be a sufficient, though short note, that we miss the right use of the material point of poesy.

Now for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may term it) diction, it is even well worse; so is it that honey-flowing matron Eloquence, appareled, or rather disguised, in a courtezan-like painted affectation; one time with so far-fet words, that many seem monsters, but must seem strangers, to any poor Englishman; another time with coursing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a dictionary; another time with figures and flowers, extremely winter-starved.

But I would this fault were only peculiar to versifiers, and had not as large possession among prose-printers; and, which is to be marveled, among many scholars, and, which is to be pitied, among some preachers. Truly, I could wish (if at least I might be so bold to wish, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity) the diligent imitators of Tully and Demosthenes (most worthy to be imitated) did not so much keep Nizolian paperbooks of their figures and phrases, as by attentive translation, as it were, devour them whole, and make them wholly theirs. For now they cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served at the table; like those Indians, not content to wear ear-rings at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their nose and lips, because they will be sure to be fine. Tully, when he was to drive out Catiline, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often useth the figure of repetition, as "Vivit et vincit, imo in senatum venit, imo in senatum venit," &c.[1] Indeed, inflamed with a well-grounded rage, he would have his words, as it were, double out of his mouth; and so do that artificially which we see men in choler do naturally. And we, having noted the grace of those words, hale them in sometimes to a familiar epistle, when it were too much choler to be choleric.

How well store of *similiter cadences* doth sound with the gravity of the pulpit, I would but invoke Demosthenes' soul to tell, who with a rare daintiness useth them. Truly, they have made me think of the sophister, that with too much subtilty would prove two eggs three, and though he may be counted a sophister, had none for his labor. So these men bringing in such a kind of eloquence, well may they obtain an opinion of a seeming fineness, but persuade few, which should be the end of their fineness.

Now for similitudes in certain printed discourses, I think all herbarists, all stories of beasts, fowls and fishes, are rifled up, that they may come in multitudes to wait upon any of our conceits, which certainly is as absurd a surfeit to the ears as is possible. For the force of a similitude not being to prove anything to a contrary disputer, but only to explain to a willing hearer: when

[1] "He lives and conquers, nay, comes to the Senate, nay, comes to the Senate," &c.

that is done, the rest is a most tedious prattling, rather overswaying the memory from the purpose whereto they were applied, than any whit informing the judgment, already either satisfied, or by similitudes not to be satisfied.

For my part, I do not doubt, when Antonius and Crassus, the great forefathers of Cicero in eloquence, the one (as Cicero testifieth of them) pretended not to know art, the other not to set by it, because with a plain sensibleness they might win credit of popular ears, which credit is the nearest step to persuasion (which persuasion is the chief mark of oratory); I do not doubt, I say, but that they used these knacks very sparingly; which who doth generally use, any man may see doth dance to his own music; and so to be noted by the audience, more careful to speak curiously than truly. Undoubtedly (at least to my opinion undoubtedly) I have found in divers small-learned courtiers a more sound style than in some professors of learning; of which I can guess no other cause, but that the courtier following that which by practise he findeth fittest to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to art, though not by art: where the other, using art to show art, and not hide art (as in these cases he should do), flieth from nature, and indeed abuseth art.

But what! Methinks I deserve to be pounded for straying from poetry to oratory; but both have such an affinity in the wordish consideration, that I think this digression will make my meaning receive the fuller understanding: which is not to take upon me to teach poets how they should do, but only finding myself sick among the rest, to show some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of writers; that, acknowledging ourselves somewhat awry, we may bend to the right use both of matter and manner; whereto our language; giveth us great occasion, being, indeed, capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say, it is a mingled language: and why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say, it wanteth grammar. Nay, truly, it hath that praise, that it wants not grammar; for grammar it might have, but it needs it not; being so easy in itself, and so void of those cumbersome differences of cases, genders, moods, and tenses; which, I think, was a piece of the tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world; and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, near the Greek, far beyond the Latin; which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language.

Now, of versifying there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other modern. The ancient marked the quantity of each syllable, and according to that framed his verse; the modern, observing only number, with some regard of the accent, the chief life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call rhyme. Whether of these be the more excellent would bear many speeches; the ancient no doubt more fit for music, both words and tune observing quantity; and more fit lively to express divers passions, by the low or lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter, likewise, with his rhyme striketh a certain music to the ear; and, in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the same purpose; there being in either, sweetness, and wanting in neither, majesty. Truly the English, before any vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts; for, for the ancient, the Italian is so full of vowels that it must ever be cumbered with elisions; the Dutch so, of the other side, with consonants that they cannot yield the sweet sliding fit for a verse. The French, in his whole language, hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable, saving two, called antepenultima; and little more hath the Spanish; and therefore very gracelessly may they use dactyls. The English is subject to none of these defects.

Now for rhyme, though we do not observe quantity, we observe the accent very precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely. That *caesura*, or breathing-place in the midst of the verse, neither Italian nor Spanish have; the French and we never almost fail of. Lastly, even the very rhyme itself the Italian cannot put in the last syllable, by the French named the masculine rhyme,

but still in the next to the last, which the French call the female; or the next before that, which the Italians term "sdrucciola." The example of the former is, "buono," "suono"; of the sdrucciola is, "femina," "semina." The French, of the other side, hath both the male, as "bon," "son," and the female, as "plaise," "taise"; but the "sdrucciola" he hath not. Where the English hath all three, as "due," "true," "father," "rather," "motion," "potion"; with much more which might be said, but that already I find the trifling of this discourse is much too much enlarged.

So that since the ever praiseworthy poesy is full of virtue, breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honor poesy, and to be honored by poesy; I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the Nine Muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy; no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverend title of "a rhymer"; but to believe, with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasurers of the Grecians' divinity; to believe, with Bembus, that they were the first bringers in of all civility; to believe, with Scaliger, that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man than the reading of Virgil; to believe, with Clauserus, the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the heavenly deity by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge, logic, rhetoric, philosophy natural and moral, and *quid non;*[1] to believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused; to believe, with Landin, that they are so beloved of the gods that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury. Lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses.

Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the printers' shops. Thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface. Thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; you shall dwell upon superlatives. Thus doing, though you be "Libertino patre natus,"[2] you shall suddenly grow "Herculea proles,"[3]

"Si quid mea Carmina possunt."[4]

Thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrix, or Virgil's Anchises.

But if (fie of such a but!) you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome as to be a Momus of poetry; then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself, nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets: that while you live, you live in love, and never get favor for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.

[1] What not.

[2] "Born of a freed-man—"

[3] "The offspring of Hercules."

[4] "If my verses are able to accomplish anything."

# EDMUND SPENSER (1552?–1599)

## FROM *A VIEW OF THE STATE OF IRELAND*

*Ireneus:* There is amongst the Irish a certain kind of people called bards, which are to them instead of poets, whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men in their poems or rhymes; the which are had in so high regard and estimation amongst them, that none dare displease them for fear to run into reproach through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men. For their verses are taken up with a general applause, and usually sung at all feasts and meetings by certain other persons, whose proper function that is, who also receive for the same great rewards and reputation amongst them.

*Eudoxus:* Do you blame this in them, which I would otherwise have thought to have been worthy of good account, and rather to have been maintained and augmented amongst them than to have been disliked? For I have read that in all ages poets have been had in special reputation, and that methinks not without great cause; for, besides their sweet inventions and most witty lays, they have always used to set forth the praises of the good and virtuous, and to beat down and disgrace the bad and vicious. So that many brave young minds have oftentimes, through hearing the praises and famous eulogies of worthy men sung and reported unto them, been stirred up to affect the like commendations, and so to strive to the like deserts. So they say that the Lacedemonians were more excited to desire of honor with the excellent verses of the poet Tyrtaeus than with all the exhortations of their captains, or authority of their rulers and magistrates.

*Ireneus:* It is most true that such poets as in their writings do labor to better the manners of men, and through the sweet bait of their numbers to steal into the young spirits a desire of honor and virtue, are worthy to be had in great respect. But these Irish bards are for the most part of another mind, and so far from instructing young men in moral discipline, that they themselves do more deserve to be sharply disciplined; for they seldom use to choose unto themselves the doings of good men for the arguments of their poems, but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorify in their rhymes, him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow.

*Eudoxus:* I marvel what kind of speeches they can find or what faces they can put on to praise such bad persons as live so lawlessly and licentiously upon stealths and spoils, as most of them do; or how can they think that any good mind will applaud or approve the same?

*Ireneus:* There is none so bad, Eudoxus, but shall find some to favor his doings; but such licentious parts as these, tending for the most part to the hurt of the English or maintenance of their own lewd liberty, they themselves being most desirous thereof do most allow. Besides this, evil things, being decked and attired with the gay attire of goodly words, may easily deceive and carry away the affection of a young mind that is not well stayed, but desirous by some bold adventures to make proof of himself. For being, as they all be, brought up idly, without awe of parents, without precepts of masters, and without fear of offence, not being directed nor employed in any course of life which may carry them to virtue, will easily be drawn to follow such as any shall set before them; for a young mind cannot rest; if he be not still busied in some goodness, he will find himself such business as shall soon

busy all about him. In which, if he shall find any to praise him and to give him encouragement, as those bards and rhymers do for little reward, or a share of a stolen cow, then waxeth he most insolent and half-mad with the love of himself and his own lewd deeds. And as for words to set forth such lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodly and painted show thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to virtue itself. As of a most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his lifetime of spoils and robberies, one of their bards in his praise will say that he was none of the idle milksops that was brought up by the fireside, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises; that he did never eat his meat before he had won it with his sword; that he lay not all night slugging in a cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives; and did light his candle at the flames of their houses to lead him in the darkness; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to be long wooing of wenches to yield to him, but where he came he took by force the spoil of other men's love, and left but lamentation to their lovers; that his music was not the harp nor lays of love, but the cries of people and clashing of armor; and finally, that he died not bewailed of many, but made many wail when he died that dearly bought his death. Do you not think, Eudoxus, that many of these praises might be applied to men of best deserts? Yet are they all yielded to a most notable traitor, and amongst some of the Irish not smally accounted of. For the song, when it was first made and sung to a person of high degree there, was bought, as their manner is, for forty crowns.

*Eudoxus:* And well worthy, sure. But tell me, I pray you, have they any art in their compositions? Or be they anything witty or well-favored, as poems should be?

*Ireneus:* Yea, truly. I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them; and surely they savored of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device which gave good grace and comeliness unto them; the which it is great pity to see so abused, to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage would serve to adorn and beautify virtue. This evil custom therefore needeth reformation.

# SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552?–1618)

## A REPORT OF THE TRUTH OF THE FIGHT ABOUT THE ISLES OF AÇORES THIS LAST SUMMER BETWIXT THE *REVENGE*, ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS, AND AN ARMADA OF THE KING OF SPAIN

BECAUSE the rumors are diversely spread, as well in England as in the Low Countries and elsewhere, of this late encounter between her Majesty's ships and the Armada of Spain; and that the Spaniards according to their usual manner fill the world with their vainglorious vaunts, making great appearance of victories, when on the contrary themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonored; thereby hoping to possess the ignorant multitude by anticipating and forerunning false reports; it is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth, to overcome falsehood and untruth, that the beginning, continuance, and success of this late honorable encounter of Sir Richard Grenville and other her majesty's captains, with the Armada of Spain, should be truly set down and published without partiality or false imaginations. And it is no marvel that the Spaniard should seek by false and slanderous pamphlets, advisoes, and letters, to cover their own loss and to derogate from others their due honors, especially in this fight being performed far off; seeing they were not ashamed in the year 1588, when they purposed the invasion of this land, to publish in sundry languages, in print, great victories in words, which they pleaded to have obtained against this realm; and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere. When shortly after it was happily manifested in very deed to all nations how their navy, which they termed invincible, consisting of 140 sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom but strengthened with the greatest argosies, Portugal carracks, Florentines, and huge hulks of other countries, were by thirty of her Majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our own merchants, by the wise, valiant, and most advantageous conduction of the Lord Charles Howard, high admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together; even from the Lizard in Cornwall, first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdes with his mighty ship; from Portland to Cales, where they lost Hugo de Moncado, with the gallias of which he was captain; and from Cales driven with squibs from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland. Where for the sympathy of their barbarous religion hoping to find succor and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those other that landed, being very many in number, were notwithstanding broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters, to be shipped into England. Where her Majesty of her princely and invincible disposition disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them, they were all sent back again to their countries, to witness and recount the worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadful navy. Of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burthen of their ships, the commanders' names of every squadron, with all other their magazines of provisions, were put in print, as an army and navy unresistable and disdaining prevention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or ever burned so much as one sheepcote of this land. Whenas on the contrary Sir Francis Drake, with only eight hundred soldiers, not long

before landed in their Indies and forced Santiago, Santo Domingo, Cartagena, and the forts of Florida. And after that Sir John Norris marched from Peniche in Portugal, with a handful of soldiers, to the gates of Lisbon, being above forty English miles. Where the earl of Essex himself and other valiant gentlemen braved the city of Lisbon, encamped at the very gates; from whence after many days' abode, finding neither promised party nor provision to batter, they made retreat by land in despite of all their garrisons both of horse and foot.

In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose, only by the necessary comparison of theirs and our actions; the one covetous of honor without vaunt of ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affairs and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their own dishonors as they will not only not blush to spread all manner of untruths, but even for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poor adventurer of the English, will celebrate the victory with bonfires in every town, always spending more in faggots than the purchase was worth they obtained. Whenas we never yet thought it worth the consumption of two billets when we have taken eight or ten of their Indian ships at one time and twenty of the Brazil fleet. Such is the difference between true valor and ostentation, and between honorable actions and frivolous vainglorious vaunts. But now to return to my first purpose.

The Lord Thomas Howard, with six of her Majesty's ships, six victualers of London, the bark *Raleigh*, and two or three pinnaces, riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton being in a very good sailer had kept them company three days before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight.

Many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and roomaging every thing out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one-half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable. For in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased; in the *Bonaventure* not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. For had not twenty men been taken out of a bark of Sir George Cary's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest for the most part were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these as followeth: the *Defiance*, which was admiral, the *Revenge*, vice-admiral, the *Bonaventure* commanded by Captain Cross, the *Lion* by George Fenner, the *Foresight* by Mr. Thomas Vavasour, and the *Crane* by Duffild. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships; only the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark *Raleigh* commanded by Captain Thin, were victualers and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of his ship; for the squadron of Sivil were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Sivil to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who,

as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind he could not be persuaded.

In the meanwhile as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the wind of him and coming towards him becalmed his sails in such sort as the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm, so huge and high cargoed was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard; of which the next was the admiral of the Biscaines, a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by Brittandona. The said *Philip* carried three tier of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forthright out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*, four other boarded her; two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossbar-shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth unless we were assured.

The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners, in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all, beside the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships or into the seas.

In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble* of London, having received some shot through her by the armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge* and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victualers and of small force. Sir Richard bid him save himself and leave him to his fortune.

After the fight had thus without intermission continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada and the admiral of the hulks both sunk, and in many of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company, brought home in a ship of lime from the islands, examined by some of the lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck, till an hour before midnight; and then being shot into the body with a musket, as he was a-dressing was again shot into the head, and withal his chirurgeon wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Sir Francis Godolphin of four other mariners of the same ship being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrue of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment as they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last

barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron; all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether rased, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence.

Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several armadas all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him, the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea; commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship; that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else, but as they had like valiant resolute men repulsed so many enemies they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.

The master gunner readily condescended, and divers others; but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them; alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same; and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And that whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water which were so weakly stopped as with the first working of the sea she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the master of the *Revenge* (while the captain wan unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the general, Don Alfonso Baçan. Who finding none over-hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville; whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner, finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the general sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men fearing Sir Richard's disposition stole away aboard the general and other ships. Sir Richard, thus

overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Baçan to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvelous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughterhouse. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swounded, and reviving again desired the company to pray for him. The general used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storm was by the *Lion* of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The general commander of the Armada was Don Alfonso Baçan, brother to the Marques of Santa Cruz. The admiral of the Biscaine squadron was Brittandona. Of the squadron of Sivil, the Marques of Arumburch. The hulks and fly-boats were commanded by Luis Coutinho. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near two thousand of the enemies, and two special commanders, Don Luis de Sant John, and Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga, as the Spanish captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account whereof as yet report is not made.

The admiral of the hulks and the *Ascension* of Sivil were both sunk by the side of the *Revenge;* one other recovered the road of St. Michael and sunk also there; a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the general, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea or on the land, we know not; the comfort that remaineth to his friends is that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that being dead he hath not outlived his own honor.

For the rest of her Majesty's ships that entered not so far into the fight as the *Revenge*, the reasons and causes were these. There were of them but six in all, whereof two but small ships; the *Revenge* engaged past recovery; the island of Flores was on the one side, fifty-three sail of the Spanish, divided into squadrons, on the other, all as full filled with soldiers as they could contain; almost the one half of our men sick and not able to serve; the ships grown foul, unroomaged, and scarcely able to bear any sail for want of ballast, having been six months at the sea before. If all the rest had entered, all had been lost. For the very hugeness of the Spanish fleet, if no other violence had been offered, would have crushed them between them into shivers. Of which the dishonor and loss to the queen had been far greater than the spoil or harm that the enemy could any way have received. Notwithstanding, it is very true that the Lord Thomas would have entered between the squadrons, but the rest would not condescend; and the master of his own ship offered to leap into the sea rather than to conduct that her Majesty's ship and the rest to be a prey to the enemy, where there was no hope nor possibility either of defence or victory. Which also in my opinion had ill sorted or answered the discretion and trust of a general, to commit himself and his charge to an assured destruction, without hope or any likelihood of prevailing; thereby to diminish the strength of her Majesty's navy, and to enrich the pride and glory of the enemy. The *Foresight* of the queen's, commanded by Master Thomas Vavisor, performed a very great fight, and stayed two hours as near the *Revenge* as the weather would permit him, not forsaking the fight till he was like to be encompassed by the squadrons and with great difficulty cleared himself. The rest gave divers volleys of shot and entered as far as the place permitted, and their own necessities to keep the weather gage of the enemy, until they were parted by night.

A few days after the fight was ended and the English prisoners dispersed into

the Spanish and Indy ships there arose so great a storm from the west and north-west that all the fleet was dispersed, as well the Indian fleet which were then come unto them as the rest of the Armada that attended their arrival, of which fourteen sail, together with the *Revenge*, and in her two hundred Spaniards, were cast away upon the isle of St. Michael. So it pleased them to honor the burial of that renowned ship the *Revenge*, not suffering her to perish alone, for the great honor she achieved in her life-time. On the rest of the islands there were cast away in this storm fifteen or sixteen more of the ships of war; and of a hundred and odd sail of the Indie fleet, expected this year in Spain, what in this tempest, and what before in the bay of Mexico, and about the Bermudas, there were seventy and odd consumed and lost, with those taken by our ships of London, besides one very rich Indian ship which set herself on fire, being boarded by the *Pilgrim*, and five other taken by Master Wats his ships of London, between the Havana and Cape S. Antonio. The fourth of this month of November we received letters from the Tercera affirming that there are three thousand bodies of men remaining in that island, saved out of the perished ships; and that by the Spaniards' own confession there are ten thousand cast away in this storm, besides those that are perished between the islands and the main. Thus it hath pleased God to fight for us and to defend the justice of our cause against the ambitious and bloody pretences of the Spaniard, who seeking to devour all nations are themselves devoured. A manifest testimony how injust and displeasing their attempts are in the sight of God, who hath pleased to witness by the success of their affairs his mislike of their bloody and injurious designs purposed and practised against all Christian princes, over whom they seek unlawful and ungodly rule and empery.

One day or two before this wrack happened to the Spanish fleet, whenas some of our prisoners desired to be set on shore upon the islands, hoping to be from thence transported into England, which liberty was formerly by the general promised, one Morice Fitz-John, son of old John of Desmond, a notable traitor, cousin german to the late earl of Desmond, was sent to the English from ship to ship to persuade them to serve the king of Spain. The arguments he used to induce them were these: the increase of pay, which he promised to be trebled; advancement to the better sort; and the exercise of the true Catholic religion and safety of their souls to all. For the first, even the beggarly and unnatural behavior of those English and Irish rebels that served the king in that present action was sufficient to answer that first argument of rich pay. For so poor and beggarly they were as for want of apparel they stripped their poor countrymen prisoners out of their ragged garments worn to nothing by six months' service, and spared not to despoil them even of their bloody shirts from their wounded bodies, and the very shoes from their feet; a notable testimony of their rich entertainment and great wages. The second reason was hope of advancement if they served well and would continue faithful to the king. But what man can be so blockishly ignorant ever to expect place or honor from a foreign king, having no argument or persuasion than his own disloyalty; to be unnatural to his own country that bred him, to his parents that begat him, and rebellious to his true prince to whose obedience he is bound by oath, by nature, and by religion? No, they are only assured to be employed in all desperate enterprises, to be held in scorn and disdain ever among those whom they serve. And that ever traitor was either trusted or advanced I could never yet read, neither can I at this time remember any example. And no man could have less becomed the place of an orator for such a purpose than this Morice of Desmond. For the earl his cousin being one of the greatest subjects in that kingdom of Ireland, having almost whole countries in his possession, so many goodly manors, castles, and lordships, the Count Palatine of Kerry, five hundred gentlemen of his own name and family to follow him, besides others—all which he possessed in peace for three or four hundred years—was in less than three years after his adhering to the Spaniards and re-

bellion beaten from all his holds, not so many as ten gentlemen of his name left living, himself taken and beheaded by a soldier of his own nation, and his land given by a parliament to her Majesty and possessed by the English; his other cousin, Sir John of Desmond, taken by Master John Zouch and his body hanged over the gates of his native city to be devoured by ravens; the third brother of Sir James hanged, drawn, and quartered in the same place. If he had withal vaunted of his success of his own house, no doubt the argument would have moved much and wrought great effect; which because he for that present forgot, I thought it good to remember in his behalf. For matter of religion, it would require a particular volume if I should set down how irreligiously they cover their greedy and ambitious pretences with that veil of piety. But sure I am that there is no kingdom or commonwealth in all Europe but, if they be reformed, they then invade it for religion sake; if it be, as they term, Catholic, they pretend title; as if the kings of Castile were the natural heirs of all the world; and so between both no kingdom is unsought. Where they dare not with their own forces to invade, they basely entertain the traitors and vagabonds of all nations; seeking by those and by their runagate Jesuits to win parts, and have by that mean ruined many noble houses and others in this land, and have extinguished both their lives and families. What good, honor, or fortune ever man yet by them achieved is yet unheard of or unwritten. And if our English papists do but look into Portugal, against which they have no pretence of religion, how the nobility are put to death, imprisoned, their rich men made a prey, and all sorts of people captived, they shall find that the obedience even of the Turk is easy and a liberty in respect of the slavery and tyranny of Spain. What they have done in Sicil, in Naples, Millaine, and in the Low Countries; who hath there been spared for religion at all? And it cometh to my remembrance of a certain burger of Antwerp, whose house being entered by a company of Spanish soldiers, when they first sacked the city, he besought them to spare him and his goods, being a good Catholic, and one of their own party and faction. The Spaniards answered that they knew him to be of a good conscience for himself, but his money, plate, jewels, and goods were all heretical and therefore good prize. So they abused and tormented the foolish Fleming, who hoped that an Agnus Dei had been a sufficient target against all force of that holy and charitable nation. Neither have they at any time, as they protest, invaded the kingdoms of the Indies and Peru and elsewhere but only led thereunto rather to reduce the people to Christianity than for either gold or empery. Whenas in one only island, called Hispaniola, they have wasted thirty hundred thousand of the natural people, besides many millions else in other places of the Indies; a poor and harmless people, created of God, and might have been won to his knowledge, as many of them were, and almost as many as ever were persuaded thereunto. The story whereof is at large written by a bishop of their own nation called Bartholomew de las Casas, and translated into English and many other languages, entitled *The Spanish Cruelties*. Who would therefore repose trust in such a nation of ravenous strangers, and especially in those Spaniards which more greedily thirst after English blood than after the lives of any other people of Europe, for the many overthrows and dishonors they have received at our hands, whose weakness we have discovered to the world, and whose forces at home, abroad, in Europe, in India, by sea and land, we have even with handfuls of men and ships overthrown and dishonored. Let not therefore any English man, of what religion soever, have other opinion of the Spaniards but that those whom he seeketh to win of our nation he esteemeth base and traitorous, unworthy persons, or unconstant fools; and that he useth his pretence of religion for no other purpose but to bewitch us from the obedience of our natural prince, thereby hoping in time to bring us to slavery and subjection, and then none shall be unto them so odious and disdained as the traitors themselves, who have sold their country to a stranger,

and forsaken their faith and obedience contrary to nature and religion; and contrary to that human and general honor, not only of Christians, but of heathen and irreligious nations, who have always sustained what labor soever, and embraced even death itself, for their country, prince, or commonwealth.

To conclude, it hath ever to this day pleased God to prosper and defend her Majesty, to break the purposes of malicious enemies, of foresworn traitors, and of unjust practises and invasions. She hath ever been honored of the worthiest kings, served by faithful subjects, and shall by the favor of God resist, repel, and confound all whatsoever attempts against her sacred person or kingdom. In the meantime let the Spaniard and traitor vaunt of their success; and we her true and obedient vassals guided by the shining light of her virtues shall always love her, serve her, and obey her to the end of our lives.

# ROBERT GREENE (1560?–1592)

## FROM *A NOTABLE DISCOVERY OF COSENAGE*

### The Art of Cony-Catching

There be requisite effectually to act the art of cony-catching three several parties: the setter, the verser, and the barnacle. The nature of the setter is to draw any person familiarly to drink with him, which person they call the cony, and their method is according to the man they aim at; if a gentleman, merchant, or apprentice, the cony is the more easily caught, in that they are soon induced to play, and therefore I omit the circumstance which they use in catching of them. And for because the poor country farmer or yeoman is the mark which they most of all shoot at, who they know comes not empty to the term, I will discover the means they put in practise to bring in some honest, simple and ignorant men to their purpose.

The cony-catchers, appareled like honest civil gentlemen, or good fellows, with a smooth face, as if butter would not melt in their mouths, after dinner when the clients are come from Westminster Hall and are at leisure to walk up and down Paul's, Fleet-street, Holborn, the Strand, and such common haunted places, where these cosening companions attend only to spy out a prey; who as soon as they see a plain country fellow well and cleanly appareled, either in a coat of homespun russet, or of frieze, as the time requires, and a side pouch at his side, "There is a cony," saith one.

At that word out flies the setter, and overtaking the man, begins to salute him thus: "Sir, God save you, you are welcome to London, how doth all our good friends in the country, I hope they be all in health?"

The country-man seeing a man so courteous he knows not, half in a brown study at this strange salutation, perhaps makes him this answer: "Sir, all our friends in the country are well, thanks be to God, but truly I know you not, you must pardon me."

"Why, sir," saith the setter, guessing by his tongue what country man he is, "are you not such a country man?"

If he say yes, then he creeps upon him closely. If he say no, then straight the setter comes over him thus: "In good sooth, sir, I know you by your face and have been in your company before; I pray you, if without offence, let me crave your name, and the place of your abode."

The simple man straight tells him where he dwells, his name, and who be his next neighbors, and what gentlemen dwell about him.

After he hath learned all of him, then he comes over his fallows kindly: "Sir, though I have been somewhat bold to be inquisitive of your name, yet hold me excused, for I took you for a friend of mine; but since by mistaking I have made you slack your business, we'll drink a quart of wine, or a pot of ale, together."

If the fool be so ready as to go, then the cony is caught; but if he smack the setter, and smells a rat by his clawing, and will not drink with him, then away goes the setter, and discourseth to the verser the name of the man, the parish he dwells in, and what gentlemen are his near neighbors. With that away goes he, and crossing the man at some turning, meets him full in the face, and greets him thus:

"What, goodman Barton, how fare all our friends about you? You are well met, I have the wine for you, you are welcome to town."

The poor countryman, hearing himself named by a man he knows not, marvels, and answers that he knows him not, and craves pardon.

"Not me, goodman Barton, have you forgot me? Why, I am such a man's kinsman, your neighbor not far off; how doth this or that good gentleman my friend? Good Lord, that I should be out of your

remembrance! I have been at your house divers times."

"Indeed sir," saith the farmer, "are you such a man's kinsman? Surely, sir, if you had not challenged acquaintance of me, I should never have known you. I have clean forgot you, but I know the good gentleman your cousin well, he is my very good neighbor."

"And for his sake," saith the verser, "we'll drink afore we part."

Haply the man thanks him, and to the wine or ale they go. Then ere they part, they make him a cony, and so ferret-claw him at cards that they leave him as bare of money as an ape of a tail.

Thus have the filthy fellows their subtle fetches to draw on poor men to fall into their cosening practises. Thus like consuming moths of the commonwealth they prey upon the ignorance of such plain souls as measure all by their own honesty, not regarding either conscience or the fatal revenge that's threatened for such idle and licentious persons, but do employ all their wits to overthrow such as with their handy-thrift satisfy their hearty thirst, they preferring cosenage before labor, and choosing an idle practise before any honest form of good living.

Well, to the method again of taking up their conies. If the poor countryman smoke them still, and will not stoop unto either of their lures, then one, either the verser, or the setter, or some of their crew, for there is a general fraternity betwixt them, steppeth before the cony as he goeth, and letteth drop twelve pence in the highway, that of force the cony must see it. The countryman, spying the shilling, maketh not dainty, for "quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum," but stoopeth very mannerly and taketh it up. Then one of the cony catchers behind crieth half part, and so challengeth half of his finding. The countryman, content, offereth to change the money. "Nay faith, friend," saith the verser, "'tis ill luck to keep found money, we'll go spend it in a pottle of wine"—or in a breakfast, dinner, or supper, as the time of day requires.

If the cony say he will not, then answers the verser, "Spend my part." If still the cony refuse, he taketh half and away.

If they spy the countryman to be of a having and covetous mind, then have they a further policy to draw him on; another that knoweth the place of his abode meeteth him and saith, "Sir, well met, I have run hastily to overtake you. I pray you, dwell you not in Darbyshire, in such a village?"

"Yes, marry, do I, friend," saith the cony.

Then replies the verser, "Truly, sir, I have a suit to you, I am going out of town, and must send a letter to the parson of your parish. You shall not refuse to do a stranger such a favor as to carry it him. Haply, as men may in time meet, it may lie in my lot to do you as good a turn; and for your pains I will give you twelve pence."

The poor cony in mere simplicity saith, "Sir, I'll do so much for you with all my heart; where is your letter?"

"I have it not, good sir, ready written, but may I entreat you to step into some tavern or alehouse? We'll drink the while, and I will write but a line or two."

At this the cony stoops, and for greediness of the money, and upon courtesy, goes with the setter into the tavern. As they walk, they meet the verser, and then they all three go into the tavern together.

See, gentlemen, what great logicians these cony-catchers be, that have such rhetorical persuasions to induce the poor countryman to his confusion, and what variety of villainy they have to strip the poor farmer of his money.

Well, imagine the cony is in the tavern, then sits down the verser and saith to the setter, "What, sirra! Wilt thou give me a quart of wine, or shall I give thee one?" "We'll drink a pint," saith the setter, "and play a game of cards for it, respecting more the sport than the loss." "Content," quoth the verser, "go call for a pair." And while he is gone to fetch them, he saith to the cony, "You shall see me fetch over my young master for a quart of wine finely. But this you must do for me; when I cut the cards, as I will not cut above five off, mark then, of all the greatest pack, which is undermost, and when I bid you call a card for me, name that, and you shall see we'll make him pay for a quart of wine straight."

"Truly," saith the cony, "I am no great player at cards, and I do not well understand your meaning."

"Why," saith he, "it is thus: I will play at mum-chance, or decoy, that he shall shuffle the cards and I will cut. Now either of us must call a card; you shall cut for me, and he for himself, and whose card comes first wins. Therefore, when I have cut the cards, then mark the nethermost of the greatest heap, that I set upon the cards which I cut off, and always call that for me."

"Oh, now," saith the cony, "I understand you. Let me alone, I warrant I'll fit your turn."

With that in comes the setter with his cards, and asketh at what game they shall play. "Why," saith the verser, "at a new game called mum-chance, that hath no policy nor knavery, but plain as a pike-staff. You shall shuffle and I'll cut, you shall call a card, and this honest man, a stranger almost to us both, shall call another for me, and which of our cards comes first shall win." "Content," saith the setter, "for that's but mere hazard." And so he shuffles the cards, and the verser cuts off some four cards, and then taking up the heap to set upon them giveth the cony a glance of the bottom card of that heap, and saith, "Now, sir, call for me."

The cony, to blind the setter's eyes, asketh as though he were not made privy to the game, "What shall I cut?"

"What card?" saith the verser. "Why, what you will, either heart, spade, club, or diamond, coat-card or other."

"Oh, is it so?" saith the cony. "Why, then, you shall have the four of hearts"—which was the card he had a glance of.

"And," saith the setter (holding the cards in his hand and turning up the uppermost card, as if he knew not well the game), "I'll have the knave of trumps." "Nay," saith the verser, "there is no trump, you may call what card you will." Then saith he, "I'll have the ten of spades." With that he draws, and the four of hearts comes first. "Well," saith the setter, " 'tis but hazard, mine might have come as well as yours, five is up, I fear not the set." So they shuffle and cut, but the verser wins.

"Well," saith the setter, "no butter will cleave on my bread. What, not one draught among five? Drawer, a fresh pint! I'll have another bout with you.—But, sir, I believe," saith he to the cony, "you see some card, that it goes so cross on my side."

"I?" saith the cony, "Nay, I hope you think not so of me; 'tis but hazard and chance, for I am but a mere stranger unto the game. As I am an honest man, I never saw it before."

Thus this simple cony closeth up smoothly to take the verser's part, only for greediness to have him win the wine. "Well," answers the setter, "then I'll have one cast more." And to it they go, but he loseth all, and beginneth to chafe in this manner: "Were it not," quoth he, "that I care not for a quart of wine, I could swear as many oaths for anger as there be hairs on my head. Why should not my luck be as good as yours, and fortune favor me as well as you? What, not one called card in ten cuts? I'll forswear the game forever."

"What, chafe not, man," saith the verser. "Seeing we have your quart of wine, I'll show you the game." And with that discourseth all to him, as if he knew it not. The setter, as simply as if the knave were ignorant, saith, "Aye, marry, I think so! You must needs win, when he knows what card to call. I might have played long enough before I had got a set."

"Truly," says the cony, " 'tis a pretty game, for 'tis not possible for him to lose that cuts the cards. I warrant the other that shuffles may lose Saint Peter's cope if he had it. Well, I'll carry this home with me into the country, and win many a pot of ale with it."

"A fresh pint!" saith the verser. "And then we'll away. But seeing, sir, you are going homeward, I'll learn you a trick worth the noting, that you shall win many a pot with in the winter nights."

With that he culls out the four knaves, and pricks one in the top, one in the midst, and one in the bottom. "Now, sir," saith he, "you see these three knaves apparently; thrust them down with your hand, and cut where you will, and though they be so far asunder I'll make them all come together."

"I pray you, let's see that trick," saith the cony. "Methinks it should be impossible."

So the verser draws, and all the three knaves comes in one heap. This he doth once or twice, then the cony wonders at it

and offers him a pint of wine to teach it him. "Nay," saith the verser. "I'll do it for thanks; and therefore mark me where you have taken out the four knaves, lay two together above and draw up one of them that it may be seen, then prick the other in the midst and the third in the bottom, so when any cuts, cut he never so warily, three knaves must of force come together, for the bottom knave is cut to lie upon both the upper knaves."

"Aye, marry," saith the setter, "but then the three knaves you showed come not together."

"Truth," saith the verser. "But one among a thousand mark not that; it requires a quick eye, a sharp wit, and a reaching head to spy at the first."

"Now gramercy, sir, for this trick," saith the cony. "I'll domineer with this amongst my neighbors."

Thus doth the verser and the setter feign friendship to the cony, offering him no show of cosenage, nor once to draw him in for a pint of wine, the more to shadow their villainy.

But now begins the sport. As thus they sit tippling, comes the barnacle and thrusts open the door, looking into the room where they are, and as one bashful steppeth back again and saith, "I cry you mercy, gentlemen, I thought a friend of mine had been here. Pardon my boldness." "No harm," saith the verser. "I pray you drink a cup of wine with us, and welcome." So in comes the barnacle, and taking the cup drinks to the cony, and then saith, "What, at cards, gentlemen? Were it not I should be offensive to the company, I would play for a pint till my friend come that I look for." "Why, sir," saith the verser, "if you will sit down you shall be taken up for a quart of wine." "With all my heart," saith the barnacle. "What will you play at, primero, primo visto, sant, one and thirty, new cut, or what shall be the game?" "Sir," saith the verser, "I am but an ignorant man at cards, and I see you have them at your fingers' end. I will play with you at a game wherein can be no deceit; it is called mum-chance at cards, and it is thus: you shall shuffle the cards, and I will cut, you shall call one, and this honest country yeoman shall call a card for me, and which of our cards comes first shall win. Here you see is no deceit, and this I'll play."

"No, truly," saith the cony, "methinks there can be no great craft in this."

"Well," saith the barnacle, "for a pint of wine have at you." So they play as before, five up, and the verser wins.

"This is hard luck," saith the barnacle, "and I believe the honest man spies some card in the bottom; and therefore I'll make this, always to prick the bottom card." "Content," saith the verser, and the cony to cloak the matter saith, "Sir, you offer me injury to think that I can call a card, when I neither touch them, shuffle, cut, nor draw them." "Ah, sir," saith the barnacle, "give losers leave to speak."

Well, to it they go again, and then the barnacle, knowing the game best, by chopping a card wins two of the five, but lets the verser win the set; then in a chafe he sweareth 'tis but his ill luck, and he can see no deceit in it, and therefore he will play twelve pence a cut.

The verser is content, and wins twos or threes of the barnacle, whereat he chafes, and saith, "I came hither in an ill hour; but I will win my money again, or lose all in my purse."

With that he draws out a purse with some three or four pounds and claps it on the board. The verser asketh the cony secretly by signs if he will be his half; he says, "Aye," and straight seeks for his purse. Well, the barnacle shuffles the cards thoroughly, and the verser cuts as before. The barnacle when he hath drawn one card saith, "I'll either win something or lose something, therefore I'll vie and revie every card at my pleasure, till either yours or mine come out, and therefore twelve pence upon this card, my card comes first for twelve pence." "No," saith the verser. "Aye," saith the cony, "and I durst hold twelve pence more." "Why, I hold you," saith the barnacle, and so they vie and revie till some ten shillings be on the stake; and then next comes forth the verser's card, that the cony called, and so the barnacle loseth.

Well, this flesheth the coney; the sweetness of gain maketh him frolic, and no man is more ready to vie and revie than he. Thus for three or four times the barnacle loseth; at last, to whet on the cony, he striketh his

chopped card, and winneth a goodly stake. "Away with the witch!" cries the barnacle. "I hope the cards will turn at last."

"Aye, much!" thinketh the cony. "'Twas but a chance that you asked so right, to ask one of the five that was cut off. I am sure there was forty to one on my side, and I'll have you on the lurch anon." So still they vie and revie, and for once that the barnacle wins, the cony gets five.

At last when they mean to shave the cony clean of all his coin, the barnacle chafeth, and upon a pawn borroweth some money of the tapster and swears he will vie it to the uttermost. Then thus he chops his card to cross-bite the cony. He first looks on the bottom card, and shuffles often, but still keeping that bottom card which he knows to be uppermost; then sets he down the cards, and the verser to encourage the cony cut off but three cards, whereof the barnacle's card must needs be the uppermost. Then shows he the bottom card of the other heap cut off, to the cony, and sets it upon the barnacle's card which he knows, so that of force the card that was laid uppermost must come first; and then the barnacle calls that card. They draw a card, and then the barnacle vies and the countryman vies upon him; for this is the law, as often as one vies or revies, the other must see it, else he loseth the stake. Well, at last the barnacle plies it so that perhaps he vies more money than the cony hath in his purse. The cony upon this, knowing his card is the third or fourth card, and that he hath forty to one against the barnacle, pawns his rings if he have any, his sword, his cloak, or else what he hath about him, to maintain the vie, and when he laughs in his sleeve, thinking he hath fleeced the barnacle of all, then the barnacle's card comes forth, and strikes such a cold humour unto his heart that he sits as a man in a trance, not knowing what to do, and sighing while his heart is ready to break, thinking on the money that he hath lost.

Perhaps the man is very simple and patient, and, whatsoever he thinks, for fear goes his way quiet with his loss, while the cony-catchers laugh and divide the spoil, and being out of the doors, poor man, goes to his lodging with a heavy heart, pensive and sorrowful, but too late, for perhaps his state did depend on that money, and so he, his wife, his children, and his family are brought to extreme misery.

Another, perhaps more hardy and subtil, smokes the cony-catchers, and smelleth cosenage, and saith they shall not have his money so; but they answer him with braves, and though he bring them before an officer, yet the knaves are so favored that the man never recovers his money, and yet he is let slip unpunished.

Thus are the poor conies robbed by these base-minded caterpillars; thus are serving men oft enticed to play and lose all; thus are prentices induced to be conies, and so are cosened of their masters' money; yea, young gentlemen, merchants, and others, are fetched in by these damnable rakehells, a plague as ill as hell, which is, present loss of money, and ensuing misery. A lamentable case in England, when such vipers are suffered to breed and are not cut off with the sword of justice . . .

## FROM *A GROATS WORTH OF WIT, BOUGHT WITH A MILLION OF REPENTANCE*

*To those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities.*

If woeful experience may move you, gentlemen, to beware, or unheard-of wretchedness entreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look back with sorrow on your time past, and endeavor with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first begin), thou famous gracer of tragedians, that Greene, who hath said with thee, like the fool in his heart, "There is no God," should now give glory unto his greatness; for penetrating is his power, his hand lies heavy upon me, he hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, and I have felt he is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver? Is it pestilent Machiavellian policy that thou hast studied? Oh, peevish folly! What are his rules but mere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time the

generation of mankind? For if *Sic volo, sic jubeo*,[1] hold in those that are able to command, and if it be lawful *Fas et nefas* [2] to do anything that is beneficial, only tyrants should possess the earth, and they striving to exceed in tyranny should each to other be a slaughter, man; till the mightiest outliving all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age man's life should end. The broacher of this diabolical atheism is dead, and in his life had never the felicity he aimed at; but as he began in craft, lived in fear and ended in despair. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei judicia?* [3] This murderer of many brethren had his conscience seared like Cain; this betrayer of him that gave his life for him inherited the portion of Judas; this apostata perished as ill as Julian; and wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? Look but to me, by him persuaded to that liberty, and thou shalt find it an infernal bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death, but willful striving against known truth exceedeth all the terrors of my soul. Defer not (with me) till this last point of extremity; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

With thee I join young Juvenal, that biting satirist, that lastly with me together writ a comedy. Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words; inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so well; thou hast a liberty to reprove all, and name more; for, one being spoken to, all are offended; none being blamed, no man is injured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage, or tread on a worm and it will turn; then blame not scholars vexed with sharp lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reproof.

And thou no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior; driven (as myself) to extreme shifts, a little have I to say to thee; and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so mean a stay. Base minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought those burrs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colors. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country. Oh that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses; and let those apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse; yet whilst you may, seek you better masters; for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasure of such rude grooms.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram gentlemen; but let their own works serve to witness against their own wickedness, if they persevere to maintain any more such peasants. For other new comers, I leave them to the mercy of these painted monsters, who (I doubt not) will drive the best minded to despise them; for the rest, it skills not though they make a jest at them.

But now return I again to you three, knowing my misery is to you no news; and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not, as I have done, in irreligious oaths; for from the blasphemer's house a curse shall not depart. Despise drunkenness, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal unto beasts. Fly lust, as the deathsman of the soul, and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost. Abhor those epicures, whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears; and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whom they have so often flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many lighted tapers,

[1] "Thus I wish, thus I command."

[2] I. e., "Per omne fas et neglas." "By every means of right and wrong."

[3] "How inscrutable are the judgments of God."

that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain; these with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, which drunkenness put out, which negligence let fall; for man's time is not of itself so short but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff, and the want of wherewith to sustain it; there is no substance left for life to feed on. Trust not then, I beseech ye, to such weak stays; for they are as changeable in mind as in many attires. Well, my hand is tired, and I am forced to leave where I would begin; for a whole book cannot contain these wrongs, which I am forced to knit up in some few lines of words.

*Desirous that you should live, though himself be dying,*
*Robert Greene.*

## FROM *THE REPENTANCE OF ROBERT GREENE MASTER OF ARTS*

### The Life and Death of Robert Greene Master of Arts

I NEED not make long discourse of my parents, who for their gravity and honest life were well known and esteemed amongst their neighbors; namely, in the city of Norwich, where I was bred and born. But as out of one self-same clod of clay there sprouts both stinking weeds and delightful flowers; so from honest parents often grow most dishonest children; for my father had care to have me in my nonage brought up at school, that I might through the study of good letters grow to be a friend to myself, a profitable member to the commonwealth, and a comfort to him in his age. But as early pricks the tree that will prove a thorn; so even in my first years I began to follow the filthiness of mine own desires, and neither to listen to the wholesome advertisements of my parents, nor be ruled by the careful correction of my master. For being at the University of Cambridge, I light amongst wags as lewd as myself, with whom I consumed the flower of my youth, who drew me to travel into Italy and Spain, in which places I saw and practised such villainy as is abominable to declare. Thus by their counsel I sought to furnish myself with coin, which I procured by cunning sleights from my father and my friends, and my mother pampered me so long, and secretly helped me to the oil of angels, that I grew thereby prone to all mischief; so that being then conversant with notable braggarts, boon companions, and ordinary spendthrifts, that practised sundry superficial studies, I became as a scion grafted into the same stock, whereby I did absolutely participate of their nature and qualities.

At my return into England I ruffled out in my silks, in the habit of malcontent, and seemed so discontent that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause me to stay myself in; but after I had by degrees proceeded Master of Arts, I left the University and away to London, where (after I had continued some short time, and driven myself out of credit with sundry of my friends) I became an author of plays, and a penner of love pamphlets, so that I soon grew famous in that quality, that who for that trade grown so ordinary about London as Robin Greene? Young yet in years, though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was profitable; whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischief that I had as great a delight in wickedness as sundry hath in godliness; and as much felicity I took in villainy as others had in honesty.

Thus was the liberty I got in my youth the cause of my licentious living in my age, and being the first step to hell, I find it now the first let from heaven.

But I would wish all my native countrymen that read this my repentance: first to fear God in their whole life, which I never did; secondly, to obey their parents and to listen unto the wholesome counsel of their elders; so shall their days be multiplied upon them here on earth, and inherit the crown of glory in the kingdom of heaven. I exhort them also to leave the company of lewd and ill livers; for conversing with such copes-mates draws them into sundry dangerous inconveniences; nor let them haunt the company of harlots, whose throats are as smooth as oil, but their feet lead the steps unto death and destruction; for they like sirens with

their sweet enchanting notes soothed me up in all kind of ungodliness.

Oh, take heed of harlots (I wish you, the unbridled youth of England), for they are the basilisks that kill with their eyes, they are the sirens that allure with their sweet looks; and they lead their favorers unto their destruction, as a sheep is led unto the slaughter.

From whoredom I grew to drunkenness, from drunkenness to swearing and blaspheming the name of God; hereof grew quarrels, frays, and continual controversies which are now as worms in my conscience gnawing me incessantly. And did I not through hearty repentance take hold of God's mercies, even these detestable sins would drench me down into the damnable pit of destruction; for "Stipendium peccati mors." [1]

Oh know, good countrymen, that the horrible sins and intolerable blasphemy I have used against the majesty of God is a block in my conscience, and that so heavy that there were no way with me but desperation, if the hope of Christ's death and passion did not help to ease me of so intolerable and heavy a burden.

I have long with the deaf adder stopped mine ears against the voice of God's ministers, yea, my heart was hardened with Pharaoh against all the motions that the spirit of God did at any time work in my mind, to turn me from my detestable kind of living.

Yet let me confess a truth, that even once, and yet but once, I felt a fear and horror in my conscience, and then the terror of God's judgments did manifestly teach me that my life was bad, that by sin I deserved damnation, and that such was the greatness of my sin that I deserved no redemption. And this inward motion I received in Saint Andrew's church in the city of Norwich, at a lecture or sermon then preached by a godly learned man, whose doctrine, and the manner of whose teaching, I liked wonderful well; yea (in my conscience) such was his singleness of heart and zeal in his doctrine that he might have converted the most monster of the world.

Well, at that time, whosoever was worst, I knew myself as bad as he; for being new come from Italy (where I learned all the villainies under the heavens), I was drowned in pride, whoredom was my daily exercise, and gluttony with drunkenness was my only delight.

At this sermon the terror of God's judgments did manifestly teach me that my exercises were damnable, and that I should be wiped out of the book of life if I did not speedily repent my looseness of life and reform my misdemeanors.

At this sermon the said learned man (who doubtless was the child of God) did beat down sin in such pithy and persuasive manner that I began to call unto mind the danger of my soul, and the prejudice that at length would befall me for those gross sins which with greediness I daily committed; insomuch as sighing I said in myself, "Lord, have mercy upon me, and send me grace to amend and become a new man."

But this good motion lasted not long in me; for no sooner had I met with my copesmates, but seeing me in such a solemn humour they demanded the cause of my sadness; to whom when I had discovered that I sorrowed for my wickedness of life, and that the preacher's words had taken a deep impression on my conscience, they fell upon me in jesting manner, calling me puritan and precisian, and wished I might have a pulpit, with such other scoffing terms, that by their foolish persuasion the good and wholesome lesson I had learned went quite out of my remembrance; so that I fell again with the dog to my old vomit, and put my wicked life in practise, and that so throughly as ever I did before.

Thus although God sent his holy spirit to call me, and though I heard him, yet I regarded it no longer than the present time, when suddenly forsaking it, I went forward obstinately in my miss. Nevertheless, soon after, I married a gentleman's daughter of good account, with whom I lived for a while; but forasmuch as she would persuade me from my willful wickedness, after I had a child by her, I cast her off, having spent up the marriage money which I obtained by her.

[1] "The wages of sin is death."

Then left I her at six or seven, who went into Lincolnshire, and I to London; where in short space I fell into favor with such as were of honorable and good calling. But here note that though I knew how to get a friend, yet I had not the gift or reason how to keep a friend; for he that was my dearest friend, I would be sure so to behave myself towards him that he should ever after profess to be my utter enemy, or else vow never after to come in my company.

Thus my misdemeanors (too many to be recited) caused the most part of those so much to despise me that in the end I became friendless, except it were in a few ale-houses, who commonly for my inordinate expenses would make much of me, until I were on the score far more than ever I meant to pay by twenty nobles thick.

After I had wholly betaken me to the penning of plays (which was my continual exercise) I was so far from calling upon God that I seldom thought on God, but took such delight in swearing and blaspheming the name of God that none could think otherwise of me than that I was the child of perdition.

These vanities and other trifling pamphlets I penned of love and vain fantasies was my chiefest stay of living, and for those my vain discourses I was beloved of the more vainer sort of people, who being my continual companions came still to my lodging, and there would continue quaffing, carousing, and surfeiting with me all the day long.

But I thank God that he put it in my head to lay open the most horrible cosenages of the common cony-catchers, coseners, and cross-biters, which I have indifferently handled in those my several discourses already imprinted. And my trust is that those discourses will do great good, and be very beneficial to the commonwealth of England.

But oh, my dear wife, whose company and sight I have refrained these six years: I ask God and thee forgiveness for so greatly wronging thee, of whom I seldom or never thought until now. Pardon me, I pray thee, wheresoever thou art, and God forgive me all my offences.

And now to you all that live and revel in such wickedness as I have done, to you I write, and in God's name wish you to look to yourselves, and to reform yourselves for the safeguard of your own souls; dissemble not with God, but seek grace at his hands; he hath promised it, and he will perform it.

God doth sundry times defer his punishment unto those that run a wicked race; but "Quod defertur non aufertur," that which is deferred is not quittanced, a day of reckoning will come, when the Lord will say: "Come, give account of thy stewardship." What God determineth, man cannot prevent; he that binds two sins together cannot go unpunished in the one; so long the pot goeth to the pit that at last it comes broken home.

Therefore, all my good friends, hope not in money, nor in friends, in favors, in kindred; they are all uncertain, and they are furthest off when men think them most nigh. Oh were I now to begin the flower of my youth, were I now in the prime of my years, how far would I be from my former follies! What a reformed course of life would I take! But it is too late; only now the comfortable mercies of the Lord is left me to hope in.

It is bootless for me to make any long discourse to such as are graceless as I have been. All wholesome warnings are odious unto them, for they with the spider suck poison out of the most precious flowers, and to such as God hath in his secret counsel elected, few words will suffice. But howsoever my life hath been, let my repentant end be a general example to all the youth in England to obey their parents, to fly whoredom, drunkenness, swearing, blaspheming, contempt of the word, and such grievous and gross sins, lest they bring their parents' heads with sorrow to their graves, and lest (with me) they be a blemish to their kindred, and to their posterity forever.

Thus may you see how God hath secret to himself the times of calling; and when he will have them into his vineyard, some he calls in the morning, some at noon, and some in the evening, and yet hath the last his wages as well as the first. For as his judgments are inscrutable, so are

his mercies incomprehensible. And therefore let all men learn these two lessons: not to despair, because God may work in them through his spirit at the last hour; nor to presume, lest God give them over for their presumption, and deny them repentance, and so they die impenitent; which *finalis impenitentia* is a manifest sin against the holy Ghost.

To this doth that golden sentence of St. Augustine allude, which he speaketh of the thief hanging on the cross. "There was," saith he, "one thief saved and no more, therefore presume not; and there was one saved, and therefore despair not. . . ."

### Greene's Letter To His Wife Written Near His Death (From The Manner of the Death and Last End of Robert Greene Master of Arts)

Sweet wife, as ever there was any good will or friendship between thee and me, see this bearer (my host) satisfied of his debt; I owe him ten pound, and but for him I had perished in the streets. Forget and forgive my wrongs done unto thee, and Almighty God have mercy on my soul. Farewell till we meet in heaven, for on earth thou shalt never see me more. This 2 of September, 1592.

Written by thy dying husband,
Robert Greene.

# THOMAS NASHE (1567–1601)

## FROM *PIERCE PENNILESS HIS SUPPLICATION TO THE DEVIL*

*An invective against enemies of poetry.*

WITH the enemies of poetry I care not if I have a bout, and those are they that term our best writers but babbling ballad-makers, holding them fantastical fools, that have wit but cannot tell how to use it. I myself have been so censured among some dull-headed divines; who deem it no more cunning to write an exquisite poem than to preach pure Calvin, or distill the justice of a commentary in a quarter sermon. Prove it when you will, you slow-spirited Saturnists, that have nothing but the pilferies of your pen to polish an exhortation withal; no eloquence but tautologies to tie the ears of your auditory unto you; no invention but "here it is to be noted, I stole this note out of Beza or Marlorat;" no wit to move, no passion to urge, but only an ordinary form of preaching, blown up by use of often hearing and speaking; and you shall find there goes more exquisite pains and purity of wit to the writing of one such rare poem as *Rosamond* than to a hundred of your dunstical sermons.

*Absit arrogantia,*[1] *that this speech should concern all divines; but such dunces as abridge men of their lawful liberty and care not how unprepared they speak to their auditory.*

Should we (as you) borrow all out of others, and gather nothing of ourselves, our names should be baffuld on every bookseller's stall, and not a chandler's mustard-pot but would wipe his mouth with our waste paper. "New herrings, new!" we must cry, every time we make ourselves public, or else we shall be christened with a hundred new titles of idiotism. Nor is poetry an art whereof there is no use in a man's whole life but to describe discontented thoughts and youthful desires; for there is no study but it doth illustrate and beautify. How admirably shine those divines above the common mediocrity, that have tasted the sweet springs of Parnassus!

*Such sermons I mean as our sectuaries preach in ditches and other conventicles when they leap from the cobbler's stall to their pulpits.*

*Encomium H. Smithi.*

Silver-tongued Smith, whose well tuned style hath made thy death the general tears of the Muses, quaintly couldst thou devise heavenly ditties to Apollo's lute, and teach stately verse to trip it as smoothly as if Ovid and thou had but one soul. Hence alone did it proceed that thou wert such a plausible pulpit man, that before thou enteredst into the rough ways of theology thou refinedst, preparedst, and purifiedest thy mind with sweet poetry. If a simple man's censure may be admitted to speak in such an open theater of opinions, I never saw abundant reading better mixed with delight, or sentences which no man can challenge of profane affectation sounding more melodious to the ear or piercing more deep to the heart.

*The fruits of poetry.*

To them that demand what fruits the poets of our time bring forth, or wherein they are able to prove themselves necessary to the state; thus I answer: first and foremost, they have cleansed our language from barbarism and made the vulgar sort here in London (which is the fountain whose rivers flow round about England) to aspire to a richer purity of speech than is communicated with the communalty of any nation under heaven. The virtuous by their praises

[1] Let no claim be made.

they encourage to be more virtuous, to vicious men they are as infernal hags to haunt their ghosts with eternal infamy after death. The soldier, in hope to have his high deeds celebrated by their pens, despiseth a whole army of perils, and acteth wonders exceeding all human conjecture. Those that care neither for God nor the devil, by their quills are kept in awe. "Multi famam," saith one, "pauci conscientiam verentur." [1]

*Plin. lib. 3.*

Let God see what he will, they would be loth to have the shame of the world. What age will not praise immortal Sir Philip Sidney, whom noble Salustius (that thrice singular French poet) hath famoused; together with Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, and merry Sir Thomas More, for the chief pillars of our English speech. Not so much but Chaucer's host, Bailly in Southwark, and his wife of Bath he keeps such a stir with, in his Canterbury Tales, shall be talked of whilst the Bath is used, or there be ever a bad house in Southwark. Gentles, it is not your lay chronigraphers, that write of nothing but of mayors and sheriffs and the dear year and the great frost, that can endow your names with never dated glory; for they want the wings of choice words to fly to heaven, which we have; they cannot sweeten a discourse, or wrest admiration from men reading, as we can; reporting the meanest accident, poetry is the honey of all flowers, the quintessence of all sciences, the marrow of wit, and the very phrase of angels. How much better is it then to have an elegant lawyer to plead one's cause, than a stutting townsman that loseth himself in his tale and doth nothing but make legs; so much it is better for a nobleman or gentleman to have his honor's story related, and his deeds emblazoned, by a poet, than a citizen.

*The dispraise of lay chronigraphers.*

Alas, poor Latinless authors, they are so simple they know not what they do; they no sooner spy a new ballad, and his name to it that compiled it, but they put him in for one of the learned men of our time. I marvel how the masterless men, that set up their bills in Paul's for services, and such as paste up their papers on every post, for arithmetic and writing schools, 'scape eternity amongst them. I believe both they and the Knight Marshal's men, that nail up mandates at the Court gate for annoying the palace with filth or making water, if they set their names to the writing, will shortly make up the number of the learned men of our time, and be as famous as the rest. For my part, I do challenge no praise of learning to myself, yet have I worn a gown in the University, and so hath "caret tempus non habet moribus"; [2] but this I dare presume, that if any Maecenas bind me to him by his bounty or extend some sound liberality to me worth the speaking of, I will do him as much honor as any poet of my beardless years shall in England. Not that I am so confident what I can do, but that I attribute so much to my thankful mind above others, which I am persuaded would enable me to work miracles.

On the contrary side, if I be evil intreated, or sent away with a flea in mine ear, let him look that I will rail on him soundly; not for an hour or a day, whiles the injury is fresh in my memory; but in some elaborate polished poem, which I will leave to the world when I am dead, to be a living image to all ages of his beggarly parsimony and ignoble illiberality; and let him not (whatsoever he be) measure

[1] "Many are afraid of public opinion, few of conscience."
[2] "The time lacks—does not have—morals." See explanatory notes.

the weight of my words by this book, where I write "Quic quid in buccam venerit," [1] as fast as my hand can trot; but I have terms (if I be vexed) laid in sleep in *aqua-fortis* and gunpowder, that shall rattle through the skies and make an earthquake in a peasant's ears. Put case (since I am not yet out of the theme of wrath) that some tired jade belonging to the press, whom I never wronged in my life, hath named me expressly in print (as I will not do him) and accuse me of want of learning, upbraiding me for reviving in an epistle of mine the reverent memory of Sir Thomas More, Sir John Cheke, Doctor Watson, Doctor Haddon, Doctor Carr, Master Ascham, as if they were no meat but for his Mastership's mouth, or none but some such as the son of a ropemaker were worthy to mention them. To show how I can rail, thus would I begin to rail on him: thou that hadst thy hood turned over thy ears when thou wert a Bachelor, for abusing of Aristotle and setting him upon the school gates painted with ass's ears on his head, is it any discredit for me, thou great babound, thou pigmy braggart, thou pamphleter of nothing but paeans, to be censured by thee, that hast scorned the prince of philosophers? Thou that in thy Dialogues sold'st honey for a halfpenny, and the choicest writers extant for cues a piece, that camest to the logic schools when thou wert a freshman and writ'st phrases, off with thy gown and untruss, for I mean to lash thee mightily. Thou hast a brother, hast thou not, student in almanacks, go to, I'll stand to it, fathered one of thy bastards (a book, I mean) which being of thy begetting was set forth under his name?

*I would tell you in what book it is, but I am afraid it would make his book sell in his latter days, which hitherto hath lien dead and been a great loss to the printer.*

*Look at the chandler's shop or at the flaxwive's stall, if you see no tow nor soap wrapped up in the title page of such a pamphlet as Incerti Authoris Io Paean.* [2]

. . . . . .

That state or kingdom that is in league with all the world, and hath no foreign sword to vex it, is not half so strong or confirmed to endure as that which lives every hour in fear of invasion. There is a certain waste of the people for whom there is no use but war; and these men must have some employment still to cut them off; "Nam si foras hostem non habent, domi invenient." [3] If they have no service abroad, they will make mutinies at home. Or if the affairs of the state be such as cannot exhale all these corrupt excrements, it is very expedient they have some light toys to busy their heads withal, cast before them as bones to gnaw upon, which may keep them from having leisure to intermeddle with higher matters.

*The defence of plays.*

To this effect, the policy of plays is very necessary, howsoever some shallow-brained censures (not the deepest searchers into the secrets of government) mightily oppugn them. For whereas the afternoon being idlest time of the day; wherein men that are their own masters (as gentlemen of the court, the Inns of the Court, and the number of captains and soldiers about London) do wholly bestow themselves upon pleasure, and that pleasure they divide (how virtuously, it skills not) either into gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or seeing a play; is it not then better (since of four extremes all the world cannot keep them but they will choose one) that they should betake them to the least, which is plays? Nay, what if I prove plays to be no extreme, but a rare exercise of virtue? First, for the subject of them, (for the most part) it is borrowed out of our English chronicles, wherein

[1] "Whatever comes to the tip of the tongue."

[2] I. e., "Hymn of Triumph, by an unknown author."

[3] "If they have no enemy abroad, they will find one at home."

our forefathers' valiant acts (that have lien long buried in rusty brass and worm-eaten books) are revived, and they themselves raised from the grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honors in open presence; than which, what can be a sharper reproof to these degenerate effeminate days of ours?

How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had lien two hundred years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times) who in the tragedian that represents his person imagine they behold him fresh bleeding.

I will defend it against any collian or clubfisted usurer of them all, there is no immortality can be given a man on earth like unto plays. What talk I to them of immortality, that are the only underminers of honor, and do envy any man that is not sprung up by base brokery like themselves. They care not if all the ancient houses were rooted out, so that like the burgomasters of the Low Countries they might share the government amongst them as states, and be quartermasters of our monarchy. All arts to them are vanity; and if you tell them what a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to swear fealty, "Aye, but," will they say, "what do we get by it?" Respecting neither the right of fame that is due to true nobility deceased, nor what hopes of eternity are to be proposed to adventurous minds, to encourage themforward, but only their execrable lucre and filthy unquenchable avarice.

They know when they are dead they shall not be brought upon the stage for any goodness, but in a merriment of the usurer and the devil, or buying arms of the herald, who gives them the lion without tongue, tail, or talons, because his master whom he must serve is a townsman and a man of peace, and must not keep any quarreling beasts to annoy his honest neighbors.

*The use of plays.*

In plays, all cosenages, all cunning drifts over-gilded with outward holiness, all stratagems of war, all the cankerworms that breed on the rust of peace, are most lively anatomized; they show the ill success of treason, the fall of hasty climbers, the wretched end of usurpers, the misery of civil dissension, and how just God is evermore in punishing of murther. And to prove every one of these allegations could I propound the circumstances of this play and that play, if I meant to handle this theme otherwise than *obiter*.[1] What should I say more? They are sour piles of reprehension wrapped up in sweet words. Whereas some petitioners of the counsel against them object, they corrupt the youth of the city and withdraw prentices from their work; they heartily wish they might be troubled with none of their youth nor their prentices; for some of them ( I mean the ruder handicrafts' servants) never come abroad but they are in danger of undoing; and as for corrupting them when they come, that's false; for no play they have encourageth any man to tumults or rebellion, but lays before such the halter and the gallows; or praiseth or approveth pride, lust, whoredom, prodigality, or drunkenness, but beats them down utterly. As for the hindrance of trades and traders of the city by them, that is an article foisted in by the vintners, ale-

*The confutation of citizens' objections against players.*

[1] Incidentally.

wives, and victualers, who surmise if there were no plays they should have all the company that resort to them lie bowzing and beer-bathing in their houses every afternoon. Nor so, nor so, good brother bottle-ale, for there are other places besides where money can bestow itself; the sign of the smock will wipe your mouth clean; and yet I have heard ye have made her a tenant to your taphouses. But what shall he do that hath spent himself? Where shall he haunt? Faith, when dice, lust, and drunkenness, and all have dealt upon him, if there be never a play for him to go to for his penny, he sits melancholy in his chamber, devising upon felony or treason, and how he may best exalt himself by mischief.

In Augustus' time (who was the patron of all witty sports) there happened a great fray in Rome about a player, insomuch as all the city was in an uproar; whereupon, the emperor (after the broil was somewhat overblown) called the player before him, and asked what was the reason that a man of his quality durst presume to make such a brawl about nothing. He smilingly replied, "It is good for thee, O Caesar, that the people's heads are troubled with brawls and quarrels about us and our light matters; for otherwise they would look into thee and thy matters." Read Lipsius or any profane or Christian politician, and you shall find him of this opinion. Our players are not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squirting baudy comedians, that have whores and common courtezans to play women's parts, and forbear no immodest speech or unchaste action that may procure laughter; but our scene is more stately furnished than ever it was in the time of Roscius, our representations honorable and full of gallant resolution, not consisting like theirs of pantaloon, a whore, and a zany, but of emperors, kings, and princes; whose true tragedies (*Sophocleo cothurno*) [1] they do vaunt.

*A player's witty answer to Augustus.*

*A comparison betwixt our players and the players beyond the sea.*

Not Roscius nor Aesope, those admired tragedians that have lived ever since before Christ was born, could ever perform more in action than famous Ned Allen. I must accuse our poets of sloth and partiality that they will not boast in large impressions what worthy men (above all nations) England affords. Other countries cannot have a fiddler break a string but they will put it in print, and the old Romans in the writings they published thought scorn to use any but domestical examples of their own home-bred actors, scholars, and champions, and them they would extol to the third and fourth generation; cobblers, tinkers, fencers, none escaped them, but they mingled them all in one gallimaufry of glory.

*The due commendation of Ned Allen.*

Here I have used a like method, not of tying myself to mine own country, but by insisting in the experience of our time; and if I ever write anything in Latin (as I hope one day I shall), not a man of any desert here amongst us, but I will have up. Tarlton, Ned Allen, Knell, Bentley, shall be made known to France, Spain, and Italy; and not a part that they surmounted in, more than other, but I will there note and set down, with the manner of their habits and attire.

[1] With the Sophoclean buskin. (The buskin was a high laced shoe worn by Greek tragic actors.)

## FROM *THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELER: OR THE LIFE OF JACK WILTON*

About that time that the terror of the world and fever quartan of the French, Henry the Eight (the only true subject of chronicles), advanced his standard against the two hundred and fifty towers of Tournay and Terouenne, and had the emperor, and all the nobility of Flanders, Holland, and Brabant as mercenary attendants on his full-sailed fortune, I, Jack Wilton (a gentleman at least), was a certain kind of an appendix or page, belonging or appertaining in or unto the confines of the English court, where what my credit was, a number of my creditors that I cosened can testify. *Caelum petimus stultitia,*[1] which of us all is not a sinner? Be it known to as many as will pay money enough to peruse my story, that I followed the court or the camp, or the camp and the court, when Terouenne lost her maidenhead and opened her gates to more than Jane Tross did. There did I (soft! let me drink before I go any further) reign sole king of the cans and black jacks, prince of the pygmies, county palatine of clean straw and provant, and, to conclude, lord high regent of rashers of the coals and red herring cobs. *Paulo majora canamus.*[2] Well, to the purpose. What stratagemical acts and monuments do you think an ingenious infant of my years might enact? You will say, it were sufficient if he slur a die, pawn his master to the utmost penny, and minister the oath of the pantofle artificially. These are signs of good education, I must confess, and arguments of "In grace and virtue to proceed." Oh, but *Aliquid latet quod non patet,*[3] there's a further path I must trace; examples confirm; list, lordings, to my proceedings. Whosoever is acquainted with the state of a camp understands that in it be many quarters, and yet not so many as on London bridge. In those quarters are many companies. Much company, much knavery, as true as that old adage, "Much courtesy, much subtilty." Those companies, like a great deal of corn, do yield some chaff; the corn are cormorants, the chaff are good fellows, which are quickly blown to nothing with bearing a light heart in a light purse. Amongst this chaff was I winnowing my wits to live merrily, and by my troth so I did; the prince could but command men spend their blood in his service, I could make them spend all the money they had for my pleasure. But poverty in the end parts friends; though I was prince of their purses, and exacted of my unthrift subjects as much liquid allegiance as any kaiser in the world could do, yet where it is not to be had the king must lose his right; want cannot be withstood, men can do no more than they can do. What remained then, but the fox's case must help, when the lion's skin is out at the elbows?

There was a lord in the camp, let him be a Lord of Misrule if you will, for he kept a plain alehouse without welt or guard of any ivy bush, and sold cider and cheese by pint and by pound to all that came (at the very name of cider I can but sigh, there is so much of it in Rhenish wine nowadays). Well, *Tendit ad sidera virtus,*[4] there's great virtue belongs (I can tell you) to a cup of cider, and very good men have sold it, and at sea it is *Aqua caelestis;* but that's neither here nor there, if it had no other patron but this peer of quart pots to authorize it, it were sufficient. This great lord, this worthy lord, this noble lord, thought no scorn (Lord, have mercy upon us!) to have his great velvet breeches larded with the droppings of this dainty liquor, and yet he was an old servitor, a cavalier of an ancient house, as might appear by the arms of his ancestors, drawn very amiably in chalk on the inside of his tent door.

He and no other was the man I chose out to damn with a lewd moneyless device; for coming to him on a day, as he was counting his barrels and setting the price in chalk on the head of them, I did my duty very devoutly, and told his ale-y honor I had matters of some secrecy to impart unto him, if it pleased him to grant me private

[1] "We in our foolishness try to scale the heavens."

[2] "Let us sing somewhat more nobly."

[3] "Something lies hid which is not plainly known"

[4] "Virtue directs itself to the stars."—(With a play on the word "sidera" = cider-a.)

audience. "With me, young Wilton?" quod he. "Marry, and shalt! Bring us a pint of cider of a fresh tap into the Three Cups here; wash the pot." So into a back room he led me, where after he had spit on his finger, and picked off two or three motes of his old moth-eaten velvet cap, and sponged and wrung all the rheumatic drivel from his ill-favored goat's beard, he bade me declare my mind, and thereupon he drank to me on the same.

I up with a long circumstance, alias, a cunning shift of the seventeens, and discoursed unto him what entire affection I had born him time out of mind, partly for the high descent and lineage from whence he sprung, and partly for the tender care and provident respect he had of poor soldiers, that, whereas the vastity of that place (which afforded them no indifferent supply of drink or of victuals) might humble them to some extremity, and so weaken their hands, he vouchsafed in his own person to be a victualer to the camp (a rare example of magnificence and honorable courtesy), and diligently provided that without far travel every man might for his money have cider and cheese his belly-full; nor did he sell his cheese by the way only, or his cider by the great, but abased himself with his own hands to take a shoemaker's knife (a homely instrument for such a high personage to touch) and cut it out equally, like a true justiciary, in little pennyworths that it would do a man good for to look upon. So likewise of his cider, the poor man might have his moderate draught of it (as there is a moderation in all things) as well for his doit or his dandiprat as the rich man for his half sous or his denier. "Not so much," quoth I, "but this tapster's linen apron which you wear to protect your apparel from the imperfections of the spigot most amply bewrays your lowly mind. I speak it with tears, too few such noble men have we, that will draw drink in linen aprons. Why, you are every child's fellow; any man that comes under the name of a soldier and a good fellow, you will sit and bear company to the last pot, yea, and you take in as good part the homely phrase of 'Mine host, here's to you,' as if one saluted you by all the titles of your barony. These considerations, I say, which the world suffers to slip by in the channel of forgetfulness, have moved me, in ardent zeal of your welfare, to forewarn you of some dangers that have beset you and your barrels."

At the name of dangers he start up, and bounced with his fist on the board so hard that his tapster, overhearing him, cried, "Anon, anon, sir! By and by!" and came and made a low leg and asked him what he lacked. He was ready to have stricken his tapster for interrupting him in attention of this his so much desired relation, but for fear of displeasing me he moderated his fury, and only sending for the other fresh pint, willed him look to the bar, and come when he is called, "with a devil's name!"

Well, at his earnest importunity, after I had moistened my lips to make my lie run glib to his journey's end, forward I went as followeth. "It chanced me the other night, amongst other pages, to attend where the king, with his lords and many chief leaders, sat in counsel; there, amongst sundry serious matters that were debated, and intelligences from the enemy given up, it was privily informed (no villains to these privy informers!) that you, even you that I now speak to, had—oh would I had no tongue to tell the rest; by this drink, it grieves me so I am not able to repeat it!"

Now was my drunken lord ready to hang himself for the end of the full point, and over my neck he throws himself very lubberly, and entreated me, as I was a proper young gentleman and ever looked for pleasure at his hands, soon to rid him out of this hell of suspense, and resolve him of the rest; then fell he on his knees, wrung his hands, and I think on my conscience wept out all the cider that he had drunk in a week before; to move me to have pity on him, he rose and put his rusty ring on my finger, gave me his greasy purse with that single money that was in it, promised to make me his heir, and a thousand more favors, if I would expire the misery of his unspeakable tormenting uncertainty. I, being by nature inclined to Mercy (for indeed I knew two or three good wenches of that name), bade him harden

his ears, and not make his eyes abortive before their time, and he should have the inside of my breast turned outward, hear such a tale as would tempt the utmost strength of life to attend it and not die in the midst of it. "Why," quoth I, "myself that am but a poor childish well-willer of yours, with the very thought that a man of your desert and state by a number of peasants and varlets should be so injuriously abused in hugger mugger, have wept all my urine upward. The wheel under our city bridge carries not so much water over the city as my brain hath welled forth gushing streams of sorrow; I have wept so immoderately and lavishly that I thought verily my palate had been turned to pissing conduit in London. My eyes have been drunk, outrageously drunk, with giving but ordinary intercourse through their sea-circled islands to my distilling drearment. What shall I say? That which malice hath said is the mere overthrow and murther of your days. Change not your color, none can slander a clear conscience to itself; receive all your fraught of misfortune in at once.

"It is buzzed in the king's head that you are a secret friend to the enemy, and under pretence of getting a license to furnish the camp with cider and such-like provant, you have furnished the enemy, and in empty barrels sent letters of discovery and corn innumerable."

I might well have left here, for by this time his white liver had mixed itself with the white of his eye, and both were turned upwards, as if they had offered themselves a fair white for death to shoot at. The truth was, I was very loth mine host and I should part with dry lips; wherefore the best means that I could imagine to wake him out of his trance was to cry loud in his ear, "Ho, host, what's to pay? Will no man look to the reckoning here?" And in plain verity it took expected effect, for with the noise he started and bustled, like a man that had been scared with fire out of his sleep, and ran hastily to his tapster, and all to-belabored him about the ears, for letting gentlemen call so long and not look in to them. Presently he remembered himself, and had like to fall into his memento again, but that I met him half ways and asked his lordship what he meant to slip his neck out of the collar so suddenly, and, being revived, strike his tapster so hastily.

"Oh," quoth he, "I am bought and sold for doing my country such good service as I have done. They are afraid of me, because my good deeds have brought me into such estimation with the commonalty. I see, I see, it is not for the lamb to live with the wolf."

"The world is well amended," thought I, "with your cidership; such another forty years' nap together as Epimenides had would make you a perfect wise man." "Answer me," quoth he, "my wise young Wilton, is it true that I am thus underhand dead and buried by these bad tongues?"

"Nay," quoth I, "you shall pardon me, for I have spoken too much already; no definitive sentence of death shall march out of my well-meaning lips; they have but lately sucked milk, and shall they so suddenly change their food and seek after blood?"

"Oh, but," quoth he, "a man's friend is his friend; fill the other pint, tapster. What said the king? Did he believe it when he heard it? I pray thee say; I swear by my nobility, none in the world shall ever be made privy that I received any light of this matter by thee."

"That firm affiance," quoth I, "had I in you before, or else I would never have gone so far over the shoes, to pluck you out of the mire. Not to make many words (since you will needs know), the king says flatly you are a miser and a snudge, and he never hoped better of you."

"Nay, then," quoth he, "questionless some planet that loves not cider hath conspired against me."

"Moreover, which is worse, the king hath vowed to give Terouenne one hot breakfast only with the bungs that he will pluck out of your barrels. I cannot stay at this time to report each circumstance that passed, but the only counsel that my long-cherished kind inclination can possibly contrive is now in your old days to be liberal; such victuals or provision as you have, presently distribute it frankly amongst poor soldiers; I would let them burst their bellies with cider and bathe in it, before I would run into my prince's ill opinion

for a whole sea of it. The hunter pursuing the beaver for his stones, he bites them off and leaves them behind for him to gather up, whereby he lives quiet. If greedy hunters and hungry tale-tellers pursue you, it is for a little pelf that you have; cast it behind you, neglect it, let them have it, lest it breed a farther inconvenience. Credit my advice, you shall find it prophetical. And thus have I discharged the part of a poor friend."

With some few like phrases of ceremony, "Your Honor's poor suppliant," and so forth, and "Farewell, my good youth, I thank thee and will remember thee," we parted.

But the next day I think we had a dole of cider, cider in bowls, in scuppets, in helmets; and to conclude, if a man would have filled his boots full there he might have had it; provant thrust itself into poor soldiers' pockets whether they would or no. We made five peals of shot into the town together of nothing but spiggots and faucets of discarded empty barrels; every under-foot soldier had a distenanted tun, as Diogenes had his tub to sleep in. I myself got as many confiscated tapsters' aprons as made me a tent as big as any ordinary commander's in the field. But in conclusion, my well-beloved baron of double beer got him humbly on his mary-bones to the king, and complained he was old and stricken in years, and had never an heir to cast at a dog, wherefore if it might please his Majesty to take his lands into his hands, and allow him some reasonable pension to live, he should be marvelously well pleased; as for wars, he was weary of them; yet as long as his highness ventured his own person, he would not flinch a foot, but make his withered body a buckler to bear off any blow advanced against him.

The king, marveling at this alteration of his cider-merchant (for so he often pleasantly termed him), with a little farther talk bolted out the whole complotment. Then was I pitifully whipped for my holiday lie, though they made themselves merry with it many a winter's evening after.

. . . . . .

What with wagons and bare tentoes having attained to Middleborough (good Lord, see the changing chances of us knights errant infants), I met with the right honorable Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, my late master. Jesu, I was persuaded I should not be more glad to see heaven than I was to see him. Oh, it was a right noble lord, liberality itself (if in this iron age there were any such creature as liberality left on the earth), a prince in content because a poet without peer.

Destiny never defames herself but when she lets an excellent poet die; if there be any spark of Adam's paradised perfection yet embered up in the breasts of mortal men, certainly God hath bestowed that his perfectest image on poets. None come so near to God in wit, none more contemn the world; "Vatis avarus non temere est animus," saith Horace, "versus amat, hoc studet unum." Seldom have you seen any poet possessed with avarice, only verses he loves, nothing else he delights in; and as they contemn the world, so contrarily of the mechanical world are none more contemned. Despised they are of the world, because they are not of the world; their thoughts are exalted above the world of ignorance and all earthly conceits.

As sweet angelical queristers they are continually conversant in the heaven of arts; heaven itself is but the highest height of knowledge; he that knows himself and all things else, knows the means to be happy; happy, thrice happy, are they whom God hath doubled his spirit upon, and given a double soul unto to be poets.

My heroical master exceeded in this supernatural kind of wit; he entertained no gross earthly spirit of avarice, nor weak womanly spirit of pusillanimity and fear that are feigned to be of the water, but admirable, airy, and fiery spirits, full of freedom, magnanimity, and bountihood. Let me not speak any more of his accomplishments, for fear I spend all my spirits in praising him, and leave myself no vigor of wit or effects of a soul to go forward with my history.

Having thus met him I so much adored, no interpleading was there of opposite occasions, but back I must return and bear half stakes with him in the lottery of travel. I was not altogether unwilling to walk along with such a good purse-bearer, yet musing what changeable humour had so suddenly

seduced him from his native soil to seek out needless perils in those parts beyond sea, one night very boldly I demanded of him the reason that moved him thereto.

"Ah," quoth he, "my little page, full little canst thou perceive how far metamorphosed I am from myself, since I last saw thee. There is a little god called Love, that will not be worshipped of any leaden brains; one that proclaims himself sole king and emperor of piercing eyes, and chief sovereign of soft hearts; he it is that, exercising his empire in my eyes, hath exorcised and clean conjured me from my content.

"Thou know'st stately Geraldine, too stately I fear for me to do homage to her statue or shrine; she it is that is come out of Italy to bewitch all the wise men of England; upon Queen Katherine Dowager she waits, that hath a dowry of beauty sufficient to make her wooed of the greatest kings in Christendom. Her high exalted sunbeams have set the phoenix nest of my breast on fire, and I myself have brought Arabian spiceries of sweet passions and praises to furnish out the funeral flame of my folly. Those who were condemned to be smothered to death by sinking down into the soft bottom of an high-built bed of roses never died so sweet a death as I should die, if her rose-colored disdain were my deathsman.

"Oh thrice imperial Hampton Court, Cupid's enchanted castle, the place where I first saw the perfect omnipotence of the Almighty expressed in mortality, 'tis thou alone that, tithing all other men solace in thy pleasant situation, affordest me nothing but an excellent begotten sorrow out of the chief treasury of all thy recreations.

"Dear Wilton, understand that there it was where I first set eye on my more than celestial Geraldine. Seeing her, I admired her; all the whole receptacle of my sight was unhabited with her rare worth. Long suit and uncessant protestations got me the grace to be entertained. Did never unloving servant so prentice-like obey his never pleased mistress as I did her. My life, my wealth, my friends had all their destiny depending on her command.

"Upon a time I was determined to travel; the fame of Italy, and an especial affection I had unto poetry, my second mistress, for which Italy was so famous, had wholly ravished me unto it. There was no dehorment from it, but needs thither I would; wherefore, coming to my mistress as she was then walking with other ladies of estate in paradise at Hampton Court, I most humbly besought her of favor, that she would give me so much gracious leave to absent myself from her service as to travel a year or two into Italy. She very discreetly answered me that if my love were so hot as I had often avouched, I did very well to apply the plaster of absence unto it, for absence, as they say, causeth forgetfulness; 'yet nevertheless since it is Italy, my native country, you are so desirous to see, I am the more willing to make my will yours. Aye, *pete Italiam*, go and seek Italy, with Aeneas; but be more true than Aeneas; I hope that kind wit-cherishing climate will work no change in so witty a breast. No country of mine shall it be more, if it conspire with thee in any new love against me. One charge I will give thee, and let it be rather a request than a charge; when thou comest to Florence (the fair city from whence I fetched the pride of my birth), by an open challenge defend my beauty against all comers.

" 'Thou hast that honorable carriage in arms that it shall be no discredit for me to bequeath all the glory of my beauty to thy well governed arm. Fain would I be known where I was born, fain would I have thee known where fame sits in her chiefest theater. Farewell, forget me not; continued deserts will eternize me unto thee, thy wishes shall be expired when thy travel shall be once ended.'

"Here did tears step out before words, and intercepted the course of my kind conceived speech, even as wind is allayed with rain; with heart-scalding sighs I confirmed her parting request, and vowed myself hers while living heat allowed me to be mine own; *hinc illae lachrimae*,[1] here hence proceeded the whole cause of my peregrination."

Not a little was I delighted with this unexpected love story, especially from a mouth out of which was naught wont

[1] "Hence these tears."

to march but stern precepts of gravity and modesty. I swear unto you I thought his company the better by a thousand crowns, because he had discarded those nice terms of chastity and continency. Now I beseech God love me so well as I love a plain dealing man; earth is earth, flesh is flesh, earth will to earth, and flesh unto flesh; frail earth, frail flesh, who can keep you from the work of your creation?

Dismissing this fruitless annotation *pro et contra;* towards Venice we progressed, and took Rotterdam in our way, that was clean out of our way; there we met with aged learning's chief ornament, that abundant and superingenious clerk, Erasmus, as also with merry Sir Thomas More, our countryman, who was come purposely over a little before us, to visit the said grave father Erasmus; what talk, what conference we had then, it were here superfluous to rehearse, but this I can assure you, Erasmus in all his speeches seemed so much to mislike the indiscretion of princes in preferring of parasites and fools, that he decreed with himself to swim with the stream, and write a book forthwith in commendation of folly. Quick-witted Sir Thomas More traveled in a clean contrary province, for he seeing most commonwealths corrupted by ill custom, and that principalities were nothing but great piracies, which, gotten by violence and murther, were maintained by private undermining and blood-shed, that in the chiefest flourishing kingdoms there was no equal or well divided weal one with another, but a manifest conspiracy of rich men against poor men, procuring their own unlawful commodities under the name and interest of the commonwealth; he concluded with himself to lay down a perfect plot of a commonwealth or government, which he would entitle his *Utopia.*

So left we them to prosecute their discontented studies, and made our next journey to Wittenberg.

At the very point of our entrance into Wittenberg, we were spectators of a very solemn scholastical entertainment of the Duke of Saxony thither. Whom, because he was the chief patron of their university, and had took Luther's part in banishing the mass and all like papal jurisdiction out of their town, they crouched unto extremely. The chief ceremonies of their entertainment were these: first, the heads of their university (they were great heads, of certainty) met him in their hooded hypocrisy and doctorly accoutrements, *secundum formam statuti;*[1] where by the orator of the university, whose pickerdevant was very plentifully besprinkled with rose water, a very learned or rather ruthful oration was delivered (for it rained all the while) signifying thus much, that it was all by patch and by piecemeal stolen out of Tully, and he must pardon them though in emptying their phrase books the world emptied his entrails, for they did it not in any ostentation of wit (which God knows they had not) but to show the extraordinary good will they bare the duke (to have him stand in the rain till he was through wet); a thousand *quemadmodums* and *quapropters*[2] he came over him with; every sentence he concluded with "Esse posse videatur;"[3] through all the nine worthies he ran with praising and comparing him; Nestor's years he assured him of under the broad seal of their supplications, and with that crow-trodden verse in Virgil, "Dum iuga montis aper,"[4] he packed up his pipes and cried "Dixi."[5]

That pageant overpast, there rushed upon him a miserable rabblement of junior graduates, that all cried upon him mightily in their gibrige, like a company of beggars, "God save your grace, God save your grace! Jesus preserve your highness, though it be but for an hour!"

Some three half-pennyworth of Latin here also had he thrown at his face, but it was choice stuff, I can tell you, as there is a choice even amongst rags gathered up from the dunghill. At the town's end met him the burghers and dunstical incorporationers of Wittenberg in their distinguished liveries, their distinguished livery faces, I mean, for they were most of them

---

[1] According to the established form.
[2] How's and wherefore's.
[3] "It seems that it may be."
[4] See explanatory notes.
[5] "I have said."

hot-livered drunkards, and had all the coat colors of sanguine, purple, crimson, copper, carnation, that were to be had, in their countenances. Filthy knaves, no cost had they bestowed on the town for his welcome, saving new painted their houghs and bowzing houses, which commonly are fairer than their churches, and over their gates set the town arms carousing a whole health to the duke's arms, which sounded gulping after this sort, "Vanhotten, slotten, irk bloshen glotten gelderslike!" Whatever the words were, the sense was this, good drink is a medicine for all diseases.

A bursten belly inkhorn orator called Vanderhulke they picked out to present him with an oration, one that had a sulphurous big swollen large face, like a Saracen, eyes like two Kentish oysters, a mouth that opened as wide every time he spake as one of those old knit trap-doors, a beard as though it had been made of a bird's nest plucked in pieces, which consisteth of straw, hair, and dirt mixed together. He was appareled in black leather new liquored, and a short gown without any gathering in the back, faced before and behind with a boisterous bear-skin, and a red night-cap on his head. To this purport and effect was this broccing duble beer oration:

"Right noble duke (*ideo nobilis quasi no bilis*, for you have no bile or choler in you), know that our present incorporation of Wittenberg, by me the tongue man of their thankfulness, a townsman by birth, a free German by nature, an orator by art, and a scrivener by education, in all obedience and chastity, most bountifully bid you welcome to Wittenberg. Welcome, said I? O orificial rhetoric, wipe thy everlasting mouth, and afford me a more Indian metaphor than that, for the brave princely blood of a Saxon! Oratory, uncask the barred hutch of thy complements, and with the triumphantest trope in thy treasury do truage unto him! What impotent speech with his eight parts may not specify, this unestimable gift, holding his peace, shall as it were (with tears I speak it) do whereby as it may seem or appear to manifest or declare, and yet it is, and yet it is not, and yet it may be a diminutive oblation meritorious to your high pusillanimity and indignity. Why should I go gadding and fisgigging after firking flantado amfibologies? Wit is wit, and good will is good will. With all the wit I have, I here, according to the premises, offer up unto you the city's general good will, which is a gilded can, in manner and form following, for you and the heirs of your body lawfully begotten to drink healths in. The scholastical squitter-books clout you up canopies and foot-clothes of verses. We that are good fellows, and live as merry as cup and can, will not verse upon you as they do, but must do as we can, and entertain you if it be but with a plain empty can. He hath learning enough that hath learned to drink to his first man.

"Gentle duke, without paradox be it spoken, thy horses at our own proper costs and charges shall knead up to the knees all the while thou art here in spruce beer and Lubeck liquor. Not a dog thou bringest with thee but shall be banqueted with Rhenish wine and sturgeon. On our shoulders we wear no lamb skin or miniver like these academics, yet we can drink to the confusion of thy enemies! Good lambswool have we for their lamb skins, and for their miniver, large minerals in our coffers. Mechanical men they call us, and not amiss, for most of us being *maechi*, that is, cuckolds and whoremasters, fetch our antiquity from the temple of Mecca, where Mahomet was hung up. Three parts of the world, America, Afric, and Asia, are of this our mechanic religion. Nero, when he cried, "Oh quantus artifex pereo," [1] professed himself of our freedom, insomuch as *artifex* is a citizen or craftsman, as well as *carnifex* a scholar or hangman. Pass on by leave into the precincts of our abomination. Bonnie duke, frolic in our bower, and persuade thyself that even as garlic hath three properties, to make a man wink, drink, and stink, so we will wink on thy imperfections, drink to thy favorites, and all thy foes shall stink before us. So be it. Farewell!"

The duke laughed not a little at this ridiculous oration, but that very night as great an ironical occasion was ministered,

[1] "What an artist is lost in me."

for he was bidden to one of the chief schools to a comedy handled by scholars. *Acolastus*, the prodigal child, was the name of it, which was so filthily acted, so leatherly set forth, as would have moved laughter in Heraclitus. One, as if he had been planing a clay floor, stampingly trod the stage so hard with his feet that I thought verily he had resolved to do the carpenter that set it up some utter shame. Another flung his arms like cudgels at a pear tree, insomuch as it was mightily dreaded that he would strike the candles that hung above their heads out of their sockets, and leave them all dark. Another did nothing but wink and make faces. There was a parasite, and he with clapping his hands and thripping his fingers seemed to dance an antic to and fro. The only thing they did well was the prodigal child's hunger, most of their scholars being hungerly kept; and surely you would have said they had been brought up in hog's academy to learn to eat acorns, if you had seen how sedulously they fell to them. Not a jest had they to keep their auditors from sleeping but of swill and draff; yes, now and then the servant put his hand into the dish before his master, and almost choked himself, eating slovenly and ravenously to cause sport.

The next day they had solempne disputations, where Luther and Carolstadius scolded level coil. A mass of words I wot well they heaped up against the mass and the pope, but farther particulars of their disputations I remember not. I thought verily they would have worried one another with words, they were so earnest and vehement. Luther had the louder voice, Carolstadius went beyond him in beating and bouncing with his fists. "Quae supra nos, nihil ad nos;" they uttered nothing to make a man laugh, therefore I will leave them. Marry, their outward gestures would now and then afford a man a morsel of mirth; of those two I mean not so much as of all the other train of opponents and respondents. One pecked with his fore-finger at every half syllable he brought forth, and nodded with his nose like an old singing man teaching a young querister to keep time. Another would be sure to wipe his mouth with his handkerchief at the end of every full point, and ever when he thought he had cast a figure so curiously as he dived over head and ears into his auditors' admiration, he would take occasion to stroke up his hair, and twine up his mustachios twice or thrice over, while they might have leisure to applaud him. A third wavered and waggled his head, like a proud horse playing with his bridle, or as I have seen some fantastical swimmer, at every stroke, train his chin side-long over his left shoulder. A fourth sweat and foamed at the mouth for very anger his adversary had denied that part of the syllogism which he was not prepared to answer. A fifth spread his arms like an usher that goes before to make room, and thripped with his finger and his thumb when he thought he had tickled it with a conclusion. A sixth hung down his countenance like a sheep, and stutted and slavered very pitifully when his invention was stepped aside out of the way. A seventh gasped for wind, and groaned in his pronunciation as if he were hard bound with some bad argument. Gross plodders they were all, that had some learning and reading, but no wit to make use of it. They imagined the duke took the greatest pleasure and contentment under heaven to hear them speak Latin, and as long as they talked nothing but Tully he was bound to attend them. A most vain thing it is in many universities at this day, that they count him excellent eloquent who stealeth not whole phrases but whole pages out of Tully. If of a number of shreds of his sentences he can shape an oration, from all the world he carries it away, although in truth it be no more than a fool's coat of many colors. No invention or matter have they of their own, but tack up a style of his stale gallimaufries. The leaden-headed Germans first began this, and we Englishmen have surfeited of their absurd imitation. I pity Nizolius, that had nothing to do but pick threads' ends out of an old overworn garment.

This is but by the way; we must look back to our disputants. One amongst the rest thinking to be more conceited than his fellows, seeing the duke had a dog he loved well, which sat by him on

the tarras, converted all his oration to him, and not a hair of his tail but he kembed out with comparisons; so to have courted him if he were a bitch had been very suspicious. Another commented and descanted on the duke's staff, new tipping it with many quaint epithets. Some cast his nativity, and promised him he should not die until the day of judgment. Omitting further superfluities of this stamp, in this general assembly we found intermixed that abundant scholar, Cornelius Agrippa. At that time he bare the fame to be the greatest conjurer in Christendom. Scoto, that did the juggling tricks before the queen, never came near him one quarter in magic reputation. The doctors of Wittenberg, doting on the rumor that went of him, desired him before the duke and them to do something extraordinary memorable.

One requested to see pleasant Plautus, and that he would show them in what habit he went, and with what countenance he looked when he ground corn in the mill. Another had half a month's mind to Ovid and his hook nose. Erasmus, who was not wanting in that honorable meeting, requested to see Tully in that same grace and majesty he pleaded his oration *Pro Roscio Amerino*, affirming that till in person he beheld his importunity of pleading, he would in no wise be persuaded that any man could carry away a manifest case with rhetoric so strangely. To Erasmus' petition he easily condescended, and willing the doctors at such an hour to hold their convocation, and every one to keep him in his place without moving, at the time prefixed in entered Tully, ascended his pleading place, and declaimed verbatim the fore-named oration, but with such astonishing amazement, with such fervent exaltation of spirit, with such soul-stirring gestures, that all his auditors were ready to install his guilty client for a god.

Great was the concourse of glory Agrippa drew to him with this one feat. And indeed he was so cloyed with men which came to behold him that he was fain, sooner than he would, to return to the emperor's court from whence he came, and leave Wittenberg before he would. With him we traveled along.

# THOMAS DELONEY (1543?–1607?)

## FROM *THE GENTLE CRAFT*

### St. Hugh

#### CHAP. I

*The Pleasant History of St. Hugh; and first of all, his most constant love to the fair virgin Winifred.*

Conquering and most imperious love having seized on the heart of young Sir Hugh, all his wits were set on work how for to compass the love of the fair virgin Winifred, whose disdain was the chief cause of his care, having received many infinite sorrows for her sake; but as a stream of water, being stopped, overfloweth the bank, so smothered desire doth burst out in a great flame of fire; which made this malcontented lover to seek some means to appease the strife of his contentious thoughts, whereupon he began to encourage himself:

"Tush, Hugh, let not a few froward words of a woman dismay thee; for they love to be entreated and delight to be wooed, though they would make the world believe otherwise; for their denials proceed more of niceness than niggardliness, refusing that they would fainest have. What if sometimes Winifred frown on thee? Yet her favors may exceed her frowardness. The sun is sometimes overcast with clouds so that his brightness is not seen. In wars, the sorer the fight is, the greater is the glory of the victory; and the harder a woman is to be won, the sweeter is her love when it is obtained. Wherefore I'll once again try my fortune and see what success my suit shall find."

On this resolution Sir Hugh returned to Winifred, greeting her thus: "Now, fair lady, having slept away the remembrance of your sharp answers, I come again in a new conceit, to revive an old suit, and to see if the change of the day will yield a change of dolors."

"Truly, Sir Hugh," quoth she, "if with the change of the day you have changed your opinion, your dolor will be driven away well enough; but as touching your suit, it shall be needless to repeat it because I am not willing to prefer it."

"Stay there," quoth Sir Hugh, "I will prefer it so that you will accept it."

"Now," quoth she, "I will accept it, if you will prefer it, in sending it back to the place from whence it proceeded, and I would to God I could send you away as soon as your suit."

"Why, then belike I am not welcome," said Sir Hugh.

"Yes," quoth she, "as welcome to me as a storm to a distressed mariner. I muse greatly that reason will not rule you, nor words win you from your wilfulness; if you were as weary to woo as I am weary to hear you, I am persuaded that long since you would have ceased your vain suit. You think by these persuasions to turn my opinion; but as well you may think that you may quench fire with oil. Therefore I pray you, good Sir Hugh, be not so tedious unto me nor troublesome to yourself."

"Come, come," quoth he, "all this will not serve your turn. Ponder with thyself, Winifred, that thou art fair—oh that thou wert as favorable!—thy beauty hath bound me to be thy servant, and never to cease till I see another obtain thee, or myself be possessed of my heart's content. Thou art a king's daughter, and I a prince's son. Stain not the glory of true nobility with the foul sin of obstinacy, but be thou as kind as thou art courtly, and gentle as thou art noble, and then shall our strife soon end."

Winifred, perceiving that the further off she was to grant love the more eager he was to desire it, shifted him off thus: "Sir, although your overhastiness drive me into the greater doubtfulness, yet let me entreat you, if you love me, to give

me one month's respite to consider on this matter, and it may be that upon my better deliberation it shall be pleasing unto you and not at all discontent me."

"Fair love," quoth he, "far be it from my heart to deny so kind a request; I am content to stay a month from thy sight, were it two or three, upon condition that thou wouldest then grant me thy good will. Three months, although it be very long, yet it will come at last, and I could be content for that time to be dead for thy sake, insomuch that my life might be renewed by thy love."

"Nay," quoth Winifred, "stay three months and stay forever! By this a maid may see how ready men are upon a light occasion to take long days, whose loves are like a fern-bush, soon set on fire and soon consumed; and seeing it is so, in faith, Sir Hugh, I do mean to try you better before I trust you."

"Pardon me, fair Winifred," said Sir Hugh, "if my tongue do outslip my wit. In truth, I speak but to please thee, though to displease myself; but I pray thee let it not be three hours, nor three-quarters of an hour, if thou wilt."

"Nay, nay," quoth she, "your first word shall stand. After three months come to me again and then you shall know my mind to the full. And so, good Sir Hugh, be gone. But if I do ever hear from thee or see thee betwixt this time and the time prefixed, I will forever hereafter blot thy name out of my book of remembrances and never yield thee that courtesy which thou at this time so earnestly entreatest for."

Sir Hugh upon these words departed betwixt hope and dread, much like a man committing a trespass, that stayed for the sentence of life or death.

"O unhappy man," quoth he, "how hath my overslippery tongue lengthened the time of my sorrow! She of herself most courteously requested of me but one month's stay, and I most willingly and undiscreetly added thereto eight weeks more of misery—much like the hind that, having a knife given him to pair his nails, did therewith murder himself. Now I could wish that the sun had eagle's wings, swiftly to fly through the fair firmament and finish six days in one day's time."

With that he began to count the days and hours that were in three months, falling in a manner to despair with himself when he found them so many in number, and therewithal melancholily and sadly he went to his father's house, where his brother Griffith found by his countenance the perfect map of a pensive lover; whereupon he said unto him:

"Why, how now, brother? Hath Winifred's fair beauty so greatly wounded you as you cannot speak a merry word to your friend, but sit in a corner as if you were tongueless like a stock? Tush, brother, women are like shadows, for the more a man follows them the faster they run away; but let a man turn his course, and then they will presently follow him. What, man? Pluck up a good heart, for there are more women now than lived in the time of our old father Adam."

"Oh," said Hugh, "were there ten thousand times more than there are now, what were that to me if Winifred be unkind? Yet is she the oil that still maintains the lamp of my light, and without her there is nothing comfortable to my sight."

"Then," replied Griffith, "you are as much troubled in love as a goat in an ague, and as blind as a fly in October, that will stand still while a man cuts off his head. Come, go a-hunting with me; that will drive away your over-fond conceits, and you shall see that these three months will come upon you as a quarter-day upon a poor man that hath never a penny ready towards the payment of his rent."

### CHAP. II

*How beautiful Winifred, being overmuch superstitious, forsook her father's wealth and lived poorly by a springing fountain, from whence no man could get her to go; which spring to this day is called Winifred's Well.*

Winifred, who had but of late years with her own father received the Christian faith, became so superstitious that she thought the wealth of the world forever would have been an heavy burthen for her soul, and have drawn her mind from the love of her Maker; wherefore, forsaking

all manner of earthly pomp, she lived a long time very poorly, hard by the side of a most pleasant, springing well; from which place neither her friends by entreaty nor her foes by violence could bring her; which Sir Hugh hearing, he went thither immediately after unto her, which was the time limited by them both, and finding her mind altogether altered, he wondered not a little what she meant. And when he approached near unto the place where she sat, all suited in simple attire, he saluted her with these words:

"All health to fair Winifred! I trust, my dear, that now the Destinies have yielded a convenient opportunity for me to finish my long-begun suit, with the end of my former sorrows. Long and tedious hath the winter of my woes been, which with nipping care hath blasted the beauty of my youthful delight; which is like never again to flourish, except the bright sunshine of thy favor do renew the same. Therefore, fair love, remember thy promise made unto me, and put me no more off with unpleasing delays."

She, which all this while sat solemnly reading in her book, lent little ear unto his words; which he perceiving, plucked her by the arm, saying, "Wherefore answereth not my fair love to her dearest, perplexed friend?"

"What would you have?" quoth she. "Can I never be quiet for you? Is there no corner of content in this world to be found?"

"Yes, Winifred," said he. "Content dwells here or nowhere; content me and I will content thee."

"If my content may be thy content, then read this book, and there rest content," said Winifred; "and if thou refuse this, then think not to find content on earth."

Sir Hugh replied, "What, is this all the reward I shall have for obeying your heart-cutting commandment? Have I thus long hoped, and find no better hap? You wot well that it is now three long months since these eyes took comfort of thy beauty, and since that time that my bleeding heart hath received joy in thy great gentleness."

"I have forgot you quite," said she. "What three months is that you speak of? For my part, I assure you that it is as far out of my mind as you are from the mount of Calvary."

"Fair Winifred," quoth he, "have you forgotten me and therewithal my love which was so effectually grounded upon your good liking? You told me that now I should receive an answer to my content."

"O sir," quoth she, "you have stayed over-long, and your words are in my hearing as unprofitable as snow in harvest. My love is fled to heaven, from whence no earthly man can fetch it, and therefore build not on vain hope, nor do thou deceive thyself by following an unprofitable suit. If ever I love earthly man, it shall be thee, insomuch as thou hast deserved an earthly lady's love; but my love is settled forever, both in this world and in the world to come. And this I most earnestly entreat thee to take for a final answer."

With that Sir Hugh, turning his head aside, wept most bitterly, and in going away he glanced his eye still back again after his love, saying to himself: "O unconstant women, wavering and uncertain, how many sorrows are fond men drawn into by your wily enticements! Who are also swallowed up in the gaping gulf of care, while they listen after the heart-liking sound of your enchanting voices. Oh, Winifred, full little did I think that so hard a heart could have been shrouded under so sweet and loving a countenance! But, seeing that my good will is thus unkindly requited, I will altogether abhor the sight of women, and I will seek the world throughout but I will find out some blessed plot where no kind of such corrupt cattle do breed."

Hereupon, all in a hot hasty humour, he made preparation for to go beyond the seas, suiting himself after the nature of a melancholy man; and arriving in France, he took his journey towards Paris . . . and from thence he went into Italy. . . .

. . . . . .

. . . He embarked himself in a ship bound for Britain, and at last obtained the sight of his native country; where he arrived in safety, though in very poor sort, coming on shore at a place called

Harwich, where for want of money he greatly lamented and made much moan. But meeting with a merry journeyman shoemaker dwelling in that town, and after some conference had together, they both agreed to travel in the country; where we will leave them, and speak of Winifred and of her great troubles and calamities.

CHAP. III

*How fair Winifred was imprisoned and condemned to die for her religion; and how Sir Hugh became a shoemaker and afterwards came to suffer death with his love; showing also how the shoemakers' tools came to be called Saint Hugh's bones and the trade of shoemaking The Gentle Craft.*

Anon, after that the doctrine of Christ was made known in Britain and that the worship of heathen idols was forbidden, yet many troubles did the Christians endure by the outrageous bloodthirstiness of divers wolvish tyrants that by the way of invasion set footing in this land (as it fell out in the days of Diocletian), that with bloody minds persecuted such as would not yield to the pagan law; amongst which the virgin Winifred was one, who, for that she continued constant in faith, was long imprisoned.

During which time Sir Hugh wrought in a shoemaker's shop, having learned that trade through the courteous directions of a kind journeyman, where he remained the space of one whole year; in which time he had gotten himself good apparel and everything comely and decent. Notwithstanding, though he were now contented to forget his birth, yet could he not forget the beauty of his love; who, although she had utterly forsaken him, yet could he not alter his affections from her, because indeed affections alter not like a pale-faced coward. "The wildest bull," quoth he, "is tamed being tied to a fig-tree; and the coyest dame, in time, may yield like the stone carchaedonis, which sparkles like fire and yet melts at the touch of soft wax. Though roses have prickles, yet they are gathered; and though women seem froward, yet they will show themselves kind and friendly. Neither is there any wax so hard but, by often tempering, is made apt to receive an impression. Admit she hath heretofore been cruel, yet now may she be courteous. A true-hearted lover forgets all trespasses, and a smile cureth the wounding of a frown." Thus, after the manner of fond lovers, he flattered himself in his own folly, and in the praise of his fair lady he sang this pleasant ditty here following:

The pride of Britain is my heart's delight,
My lady lives, my true love to requite;
And in her life I live, that else were dead
Like withered leaves in time of winter shed.

She is the joy and comfort of my mind,
She is the sun that clearest sight doth blind,
The fairest flower that in the world doth grow,
Whose whiteness doth surpass the driven snow.

Her gentle words more sweet than honey are,
Her eyes for clearness dims the brightest star;
Oh were her heart so kind as she is fair,
No lady might with my true love compare.

A thousand griefs for her I have sustained
While her proud thoughts my humble suit disdained;
And though she would my heart with torments kill,
Yet would I honor, serve, and love her still.

Blest be the place where she doth like to live,
Blest be the light that doth her comfort give,
And blessèd be all creatures, far and near,
That yield relief unto my lady dear.

Never may sorrow enter where she is,
Never may she contented comfort miss,
Never may she my proffered love forsake,
But my good will in thankful sort to take.

Thus feeding his fancy with the sweet remembrance of her beauty, being never satisfied with thinking and speaking in her praise, at length he resolved himself to go into Flintshire, where he might solicit his suit anew again. But coming near to the place of her residence and hearing report of her troubles, he so highly commended her faith and constancy that at length he was clapped up in prison by her, and in the end he was condemned to receive equal torment for a trial of his own truth.

But during the time that they lay both in prison, the journeymen shoemakers never left him, but yielded him great relief continually, so that he wanted nothing that was necessary for him; in requital of which kindness he called them Gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, and a few days before his death he made this song in their due commendations:

Of craft and craftsmen, more and less,
  The Gentle Craft I must commend,
Whose deeds declare their faithfulness
  And hearty love unto their friend;
The Gentle Craft, in midst of strife,
Yields comfort to a careful life.

A prince by birth I am indeed,
  The which for love forsook this land;
And when I was in extreme need,
  I took the Gentle Craft in hand;
And by the Gentle Craft alone
Long time I lived, being still unknown.

Spending my days in sweet content,
  With many a pleasant, sugared song;
Sitting in pleasure's complement,
  Whilst we recorded lovers' wrong.
And while the Gentle Craft we used,
True love by us was not abused.

Our shoes we sewed with merry notes,
  And by our mirth expelled all moan;
Like nightingales, from whose sweet throats
  Most pleasant tunes are nightly blown.
The Gentle Craft is fittest, then,
For poor distressèd gentlemen.

Their minds do mount in courtesy,
  And they disdain a niggard's feast;
Their bodies are for chivalry,
  All cowardness they do detest.
For sword and shield, for bow and shaft,
No man can stain the Gentle Craft.

Yea, sundry princes, sore distressed,
  Shall seek for succor by this trade,
Whereby their griefs shall be redressed;
  Of foes they shall not be afraid.
And many men of fame likewise
Shall from the Gentle Craft arise.

If we want money over night,
  Ere next day noon God will it send;
Thus may we keep ourselves upright,
  And be no churl unto our friend.
Thus do we live where pleasure springs,
In our conceit like petty kings.

Our hearts with care we may not kill,
  Man's life surpasseth worldly wealth;
Content surpasseth riches still,
  And fie on knaves that live by stealth!
This trade, therefore, both great and small
The Gentle Craft shall ever call.

When the journeymen shoemakers had heard this song and the fair title that Sir Hugh had given their trade, they engraved the same so deeply in their minds that to this day it could never be rased out; like a remembrance in a marble stone, which continueth time out of mind.

But not long after came that doleful day wherein these two lovers must lose their lives, who, like to meek lambs, were led to the slaughter. The bloody performance thereof was to be done hard by that fair fountain where the love-despising lady made her most abode; and because she was a king's daughter, the bloody tyrant gave her the privilege to choose her own death; to the which she passed with as good a countenance as if she had been a fair young bride prepared for marriage.

Viz., when they were come to the place of execution and mounted upon the scaffold, they seemed for beauty like two bright stars, Castor and Pollux. There they embraced each other with such chaste desires as all those that beheld them admired to see how steadfast and firm both these lovers were, ready in hearts and minds to heaven itself.

At what time the lady turned herself to Sir Hugh and spake to this effect: "Now do I find thee a perfect lover indeed, that, having settled thy affections above the skies, art ready to yield thy life for thy love, who, in requital thereof, will give thee thy life forever. The love of earthly creatures is mixed with many miseries and interlaced with sundry sorrows, and here grief shall abate the pleasures of love; but be well assured that joy shall follow the same. Thou didst woo me for love, and now I have won thee to love, where, settling both ourselves upon God his love, we will love one another; and in token of that heavenly love, receive of me, I pray thee, a chaste and loving kiss from my dying lips."

"Fair Winifred," quoth he, "it is true indeed, I never loved truly until thou

taughtest me to love; for then my love was full of discontent, but now altogether pleasing, and more sweet is the thought thereof than any tongue can express. The thing that I ever before called love was but a shadow of love, a sweetness tempered with gall, a dying life and a living death, where the heart was continually tossed upon the seas of tempestuous sorrows, and wherein the mind had no calm quietness. And therefore blessed be the time that I ever learned this love!"

With that he was interrupted by the tyrant who said: "You are not come hither to talk, but to die; I have sworn you both shall die at this instant."

"Thou tyrant," said Sir Hugh, "the very like sentence is pronounced against thyself, for Nature hath doomed thou shalt die likewise; and albeit the execution thereof be something deferred, yet at length it will come, and that shortly, for never did tyrant carry gray hairs to the grave."

The young lady desired first to die, saying to Sir Hugh: "Come, dear friend, and learn magnanimity of a maid. Now shalt thou see a silly woman scorn Death at his teeth and make as small account of his cruelty as the tyrant doth of our lives;" and therewithal stripped up her silken sleeves, and committed her alabaster arms into the executioner's foul hands, having made choice to die in bleeding. At what time, being pricked in every vein, the scarlet blood sprang out in plentiful sort, much like a precious fountain lately filled with claret wine. And while she thus bled, she said: "Here do I sacrifice my blood to him that bought me, who by his blood washed away all my sins. O my Savior, thus were thy sides pierced for my transgressions, and in this sort sprang thy precious blood from thee, and all for the love thou bearest to mankind. I feel my heart to faint, but my soul reviveth strength. I come, sweet Christ, I come!" And therewithal, her body fainting, and the blood failing like a conduit suddenly drawn dry, the young princess fell down dead; at what time a pale color overspread her fair face in such comely sort as if a heap of roses had been shadowed with a sheet of pure lawn.

But it is to be remembered that all the while the young princess bled, her blood was received into certain basons; which being in that sort saved together, the tyrant caused it to be tempered with poison, and prepared it to be the last drink that Sir Hugh should have, saying that by her love whom he so dearly loved he should receive his death. And thereupon, incontinently, without any further delaying of time, he caused a cup of that most deadly poisoned blood to be delivered into his hands; who with a lovely and cheerful countenance received the same and then uttered his mind in this manner:

"O thou cruel tyrant," quoth he, "what a poor spite is this to inflict upon a dying man, that is as careless how he dies as when he dies! Easy it is for thee to glut me with blood, although with blood thou art not satisfied. Sweet blood," quoth he, "precious and pure, how fair a color dost thou cast before mine eyes! Sweet, I say, wast thou before such time as this ill-savoring poison did infect thee; and yet as thou art I nothing despise thee. O my dear Winifred, full little did I think that ever I should come to drink of thy heart-blood! My greedy eye, that glutton-like did feed upon thy beauty and yet like the sea was never satisfied, is now with thy gore-blood fully gorged. Now may I quench my thirsty desire with love that, like hot burning coals, set my heart in such an extreme heat that it could not be quenched before this time; for if fair Winifred could spare any love from heaven, assuredly she left it in her blood, her sweet heart-blood I mean, that nourished her chaste life. See, here is a caudle to cool my vain affections. Far be it that any true lovers should ever taste the like!

"But this punishment have the just heavens poured upon me for the preferring the love of an earthly creature before the love of an heavenly Creator. Pardon, O Lord, the foul sins of superstitious lovers that, while they make idols of their ladies, they forget the honor of thy divine Majesty. Yet doth it do my heart much good to think that I must bury sweet Winifred's blood in my body, whose love was lodged long ago in my heart." And therewithal

drinking the first draught, he said: "O Lord, meseemeth this potion hath a comfortable taste; far doth it surpass that nectar wherewith the gods were nourished."

"Well," said the tyrant, "seeing it pleaseth thee so well, thou shalt have more." And therewith another cup of the same blood was given him to drink.

"Yes, come," quoth he, "my thirst is not quenched; for the first draught gave me but a taste of sweetness, and, like a longing woman, I desire the rest." And with that he drank the second draught.

The third being delivered him, he took the cup into his hand and, looking about, he said: "Lo, here I drink to all the kind yeomen of the Gentle Craft. I drink to you all," quoth he, "but I cannot spare you one drop to pledge me. Had I any good thing to give, you should soon receive it; but myself the tyrant doth take and my flesh is bequeathed to the fowls, so that nothing is left but only my bones to pleasure you withal; and those, if they will do you any good, take them. And so I humbly take my leave, bidding you all farewell."

There, with the last draught, he finished his life, whose dead carcass after hanged up where the fowls devoured his flesh; and the young princess was contemptuously buried by the well where she had so long lived. Then had he the title of Saint Hugh given him, and she of Saint Winifred, by which terms they are both so called to this day.

### CHAP. IV

*How the shoemakers stole away Saint Hugh's bones and made them working-tools thereof, and the virtue that they found in the same; whereby it came that when any man saw a shoemaker traveling with a pack at his back, they would presently say, "There goes Saint Hugh's bones."*

Upon a time it chanced that a company of journeymen shoemakers passed along by the place where Saint Hugh's dead body was hanging, and finding the flesh picked clean off from the bones, they entered thus into communication among themselves:

"Never was Saint Hugh so bare," quoth one, "to carry never a whit of skin upon his bones."

"Nor thou never so bare," said another, "to bear never a penny in thy purse. But now seeing you talk of Saint Hugh, it brings me to remembrance of his legacy that he gave us at his death."

"What was that?" said the rest.

"Marry," quoth he, "I will tell you. When the gentle prince saw that the cruelty of the time would not suffer him to be liberal to his friends, but that his life was taken away by one and his flesh given to others, he most kindly bequeathed his bones unto us."

"Tush," quoth another, "that was but to show his mind towards the shoemakers, because he had received of them so many favors; for alas, what can the dead man's bones pleasure the living?"

"No," quoth another, "I can tell you there may be as great virtue found in his bones as the brains of a weasel or the tongue of a frog."

"Much like," answered the rest. "But I pray thee show us what virtue is in those things you speak of."

Quoth he, "I will tell you: the brains of a weasel hath this power, *experientia docet*,[1] that if the powder thereof be mingled with the runnet wherewith women make their cheese, no mouse dares touch it. In like manner the tongue of a water-frog hath such great force in it that if it be laid upon the breast of any one sleeping, it will cause them to tell whatsoever you shall demand; for by that means Dick Piper knew he was a cuckold. Again, I know that those that are travelers are not ignorant that whosoever puts but six leaves of mugwort in his shoes shall ne'er be weary, though he travel thirty or forty miles on foot in a forenoon."

"That, indeed, may be true," quoth one, "for by the very same herb my last dame kept her ale from souring. And it is said that where houseleek is planted the place shall never be hurt with thunder. Pimpernel is good against witchcraft, and because my sister Joan carried always some about her, Mother Bumby could not abide her. Therefore, what virtue a dead

[1] "trial proves."

man's bones may have we know not till we have tried it."

"Why, then," said the third man, "let us soon at night steal Saint Hugh's bones away, and, albeit the tyrant will be displeased, yet it is no theft; for you say they were given us, and therefore we may the bolder take them. And because we will turn them to profit and avoid suspicion, we will make divers of our tools with them; and then if any virtue do follow them, the better we shall find it."

To this motion every one gave his consent; so that the same night Saint Hugh's bones were taken down, and the same being brought before a sort of shoemakers, there they gave their opinion that it was necessary to fulfil the will of the dead, and to take those bones in as good a part as if they were worth ten thousand pounds. Whereupon one stepped out and thus did say:

"My friends, I pray you list to me
And mark what Saint Hugh's bones shall be:
First a drawer and a dresser;
Two wedges, a more and a lesser;
A pretty block three inches high,
In fashion squaréd like a die,
Which shall be called by proper name
A heel-block, the very same;
A hand-leather, and a thumb-leather likewise,
To pull out shoe-thread, we must devise;
The needle and the thimble
Shall not be left alone,
The pincers and the pricking-awl,
And the rubbing-stone;
The awl-steel and tacks,
The sew-hairs beside,
The stirrup, holding fast
While we sew the cowhide;
The whetstone, the stopping-stick,
And the paring-knife—
All this doth belong
To a journeyman's life.
Our apron is the shrine
To wrap these bones in;
Thus shroud we Saint Hugh
In gentle lamb's skin.

"Now, all you good yeomen of the Gentle Craft, tell me now," quoth he, "how like you this?"

"As well," replied they, "as Saint George doth of his horse, for as long as we can see him fight with the dragon we will never part from this posy.

"And it shall be concluded that what journeyman soever he be, hereafter, that cannot handle his sword and buckler, his long sword or a quarter-staff, sound the trumpet or a play upon the flute, and bear his part in a three-man's song, and readily reckon up his tools in rhyme (except he have borne colors in the field, being a lieutenant, a sergeant, or corporal), shall forfeit and pay a pottle of wine, or be counted for a colt." To which they answered all, *viva voce*, "Content, content!" And then, after many merry songs, they departed. And never after did they travel without these tools on their backs; which ever since were called Saint Hugh's bones.

# RICHARD HOOKER (1554?–1600)

## FROM *OF THE LAWS OF ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY:* THE FIRST BOOK

I. (1) He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be shall never want attentive and favorable hearers; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment is subject, but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider. And because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of state are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all, and for men that carry singular freedom of mind; under this fair and plausible color whatsoever they utter passeth for good and current. That which wanteth in the weight of their speech is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it. Whereas on the other side, if we maintain things that are established, we have not only to strive with a number of heavy prejudices deeply rooted in the hearts of men, who think that herein we serve the time, and speak in favor of the present state because thereby we either hold or seek preferment; but also to bear such exceptions as minds so averted beforehand usually take against that which they are loth should be poured into them.

(2) Albeit therefore much of that we are to speak in this present cause may seem to a number perhaps tedious, perhaps obscure, dark, and intricate (for many talk of the truth, which never sounded the depth from whence it springeth; and therefore when they are led thereunto they are soon weary, as men drawn from those beaten paths wherewith they have been inured); yet this may not so far prevail as to cut off that which the matter itself requireth, howsoever the nice humour of some be therewith pleased or no. They unto whom we shall seem tedious are in no wise injuried by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labor which they are not willing to endure. And if any complain of obscurity, they must consider that in these matters it cometh no otherwise to pass than in sundry the works both of art and also of nature, where that which hath greatest force in the very things we see is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministreth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labor is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it and for the lookers-on. In like manner, the use and benefit of good laws all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious; for better examination of their quality, it behooveth the very foundation and root, the highest wellspring and fountain of them, to be discovered. Which because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable, and the matters which we handle seem by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them) dark, intricate, and unfamiliar. For as much help whereof as may be in this case, I have endeavored throughout the body of this whole discourse that every former part might give strength unto all that follow, and every later bring some light unto all before. So that if the judgments of men do but hold themselves in suspense as touching these first more

general meditations, till in order they have perused the rest that ensue; what may seem dark at the first will afterwards be found more plain, even as the later particular decisions will appear, I doubt not, more strong, when the other have been read before.

(3) The laws of the Church, whereby for so many ages together we have been guided in the exercise of Christian religion and the service of the true God, our rites, customs, and orders of ecclesiastical government, are called in question; we are accused as men that will not have Christ Jesus to rule over them, but have wilfully cast his statutes behind their backs, hating to be reformed and made subject unto the scepter of his discipline. Behold, therefore, we offer the laws whereby we live unto the general trial and judgment of the whole world; heartily beseeching almighty God, whom we desire to serve according to his own will, that both we and others (all kind of partial affection being clean laid aside) may have eyes to see and hearts to embrace the things that in his sight are most acceptable.

And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance hereinto cannot better be made than with consideration of the nature of law in general, and of that law which giveth life unto all the rest which are commendable, just, and good; namely, the law whereby the Eternal himself doth work. Proceeding from hence to the law, first of nature, then of Scripture, we shall have the easier access unto those things which come after to be debated, concerning the particular cause and question which we have in hand.

II. All things that are, have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth any thing ever begin to exercise the same, without some foreconceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a law. So that no certain end could ever be attained, unless the actions whereby it is attained were regular; that is to say, made suitable, fit, and correspondent unto their end, by some canon, rule, or law. Which thing doth first take place in the works even of God himself.

(2) All things therefore do work after a sort according to law; all other things according to a law, whereof some superior, unto whom they are subject, is author; only the works and operations of God have him both for their worker and for the law whereby they are wrought. The being of God is a kind of law to his working; for that perfection which God is giveth perfection to that he doth. Those natural, necessary, and internal operations of God, the generation of the Son, the proceeding of the Spirit, are without the compass of my present intent; which is to touch only such operations as have their beginning and being by a voluntary purpose, wherewith God hath eternally decreed when and how they should be. Which eternal decree is that we term an eternal law.

Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High; whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of his name; yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know him not as indeed he is, neither can know him; and our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, when we confess without confession that his glory is inexplicable, his greatness above our capacity and reach. He is above, and we upon earth; therefore it behooveth our words to be wary and few.

Our God is one, or rather very Oneness, and mere unity, having nothing but itself in itself, and not consisting (as all things do besides God) of many things. In which essential Unity of God a Trinity personal nevertheless subsisteth, after a manner far exceeding the possibility of man's conceit. The works which outwardly are of God, they are in such sort of him being one that each Person hath in them somewhat peculiar and proper. For being three, and they all subsisting in the essence of one Deity; from the Father, by the Son, through the Spirit, all things are. That which the Son doth here of the Father, and which the Spirit doth re-

ceive of the Father and the Son, the same we have at the hands of the Spirit as being the last, and therefore the nearest unto us in order, although in power the same with the second and the first.

(3) The wise and learned among the very heathens themselves have all acknowledged some first cause, whereupon originally the being of all things dependeth. Neither have they otherwise spoken of that cause than as an agent, which, knowing what and why it worketh, observeth in working a most exact order or law. Thus much is signified by that which Homer mentioneth, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή.[1] Thus much acknowledged by Mercurius Trismegistus, Τὸν πάντα κόσμον ἐποίησεν ὁ δημιουργὸς οὐ χερσὶν ἀλλὰ λόγῳ.[2] Thus much confessed by Anaxagoras and Plato, terming the Maker of the world an *intellectual* Worker. Finally the Stoics, although imagining the first cause of all things to be fire, held nevertheless that the same fire having art did ὁδῷ βαδίζειν ἐπὶ γενέσει κόσμου.[3] They all confess therefore in the working of that first cause, that counsel is used, reason followed, a way observed; that is to say, constant order and law is kept; whereof itself must needs be author unto itself. Otherwise it should have some worthier and higher to direct it, and so could not itself be the first. Being the first, it can have no other than itself to be the author of that law which it willingly worketh by.

God therefore is a law both to himself and to all other things besides. To himself he is a law in all those things whereof our Savior speaketh, saying, "My Father worketh as yet, so I." God worketh nothing without cause. All those things which are done by him have some end for which they are done; and the end for which they are done is a reason of his will to do them. His will had not inclined to create woman, but that he saw it could not be well if she were not created. "Non est bonum," "It is not good man should be alone; therefore let us make a helper for man." That and nothing else is done by God, which to leave undone were not so good.

If therefore it be demanded why, God having power and ability infinite, the effects notwithstanding of that power are all so limited as we see they are; the reason hereof is the end which he hath proposed, and the law whereby his wisdom hath stinted the effects of his power in such sort that it doth not work infinitely, but correspondently unto that end for which it worketh, even all things χρηστῶς, in most decent and comely sort, all things in measure, number, and weight.

(4) The general end of God's external working is the exercise of his most glorious and most abundant virtue. Which abundance doth show itself in variety, and for that cause this variety is oftentimes in Scripture expressed by the name of *riches*. "The Lord hath made all things for his own sake." Not that anything is made to be beneficial unto him, but all things for him to show beneficence and grace in them.

The particular drift of every act proceeding externally from God we are not able to discern, and therefore cannot always give the proper and certain reason of his works. Howbeit undoubtedly a proper and certain reason there is of every finite work of God, inasmuch as there is a law imposed upon it; which if there were not, it should be infinite, even as the worker himself is.

(5) They err therefore who think that of the will of God to do this or that there is no reason besides his will. Many times no reason known to us; but that there is no reason thereof I judge it most unreasonable to imagine, inasmuch as he worketh all things κατὰ τὴν βουλὴν τοῦ θελήματος αὐτοῦ, not only according to his own will, but "the counsel of his own will." And whatsoever is done with counsel or wise resolution hath of necessity some reason why it should be done, albeit that reason be to us in some things so secret that it forceth the wit of man to stand, as the blessed apostle himself doth, amazed thereat: "Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments,"

[1] "The will of Zeus was being fulfilled."

[2] "The creator made the whole universe, not by hands but by reason."

[3] "Proceed methodically in the creation of the universe."

etc. That law eternal which God himself hath made to himself, and thereby worketh all things whereof he is the cause and author; that law in the admirable frame whereof shineth with most perfect beauty the countenance of that wisdom which hath testified concerning herself, "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, even before his works of old I was set up"; that law which hath been the pattern to make, and is the card to guide the world by; that law which hath been of God and with God everlastingly; that law, the author and observer whereof is one only God to be blessed forever; how should either men or angels be able perfectly to behold? The book of this law we are neither able nor worthy to open and look into. That little thereof which we darkly apprehend we admire, the rest with religious ignorance we humbly and meekly adore.

(6) Seeing therefore that according to this law He worketh "of whom, through whom, and for whom, are all things"; although there seem unto us confusion and disorder in the affairs of this present world: "Tamen quoniam bonus mundum rector temperat, recte fieri cuncta ne dubites": "Let no man doubt but that everything is well done, because the world is ruled by so good a guide," as transgresseth not his own law; than which nothing can be more absolute, perfect, and just.

The law whereby he worketh is eternal, and therefore can have no show or color of mutability; for which cause, a part of that law being opened in the promises which God hath made (because his promises are nothing else but declarations what God will do for the good of men) touching those promises the apostle hath witnessed, that God may as possibly deny himself and not be God, as fail to perform them. And concerning the counsel of God, he termeth it likewise a thing unchangeable; the counsel of God, and that law of God whereof now we speak, being one.

Nor is the freedom of the will of God any whit abated, let, or hindered, by means of this; because the imposition of this law upon himself is his own free and voluntary act.

This law therefore we may name eternal, being that order which God before all ages hath set down with himself, for himself to do all things by."

III. I am not ignorant that by "law eternal" the learned for the most part do understand the order, not which God hath eternally purposed himself in all his works to observe, but rather that which with himself he hath set down as expedient to be kept by all his creatures, according to the several conditions wherewith he hath endued them. They who thus are accustomed to speak apply the name of law unto that only rule of working which superior authority imposeth; whereas we, somewhat more enlarging the sense thereof, term any kind of rule or canon whereby actions are framed a law. Now that law which, as it is laid up in the bosom of God, they call eternal, receiveth according unto the different kinds of things which are subject unto it different and sundry kinds of names. That part of it which ordereth natural agents we call usually Nature's law; that which angels do clearly behold and without any swerving observe is a law celestial and heavenly; the law of reason, that which bindeth creatures reasonable in this world, and with which by reason they may most plainly perceive themselves bound; that which bindeth them, and is not known but by special revelation from God, divine law; human law, that which out of the law either of reason or of God men probably gathering to be expedient, they make it a law. All things therefore which are as they ought to be are conformed unto this second law eternal; and even those things which to this eternal law are not conformable are notwithstanding in some sort ordered by the first eternal law. For what good or evil is there under the sun, what action correspondent or repugnant unto the law which God hath imposed upon his creatures, but in or upon it God doth work according to the law which himself hath eternally purposed to keep; that is to say, the first law eternal? So that a two-fold law eternal being thus made, it is not hard to conceive how they both take place in all things.

(2) Wherefore to come to the law of nature: albeit thereby we sometimes mean

that manner of working which God hath set for each created thing to keep; yet forasmuch as those things are termed most properly natural agents, which keep the law of their kind unwittingly, as the heavens and elements of the world, which can do no otherwise than they do; and forasmuch as we give unto intellectual natures the name of voluntary agents, that so we may distinguish them from the other; expedient it will be that we sever the law of nature observed by the one from that which the other is tied unto. Touching the former, their strict keeping of one tenure, statute, and law is spoken of by all, but hath in it more than men have as yet attained to know, or perhaps ever shall attain, seeing the travail of wading herein is given of God to the sons of men, that perceiving how much the least thing in the world hath in it more than the wisest are able to reach unto, they may by this means learn humility. Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God: "God said, Let there be light; let there be a firmament; let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place; let the earth bring forth; let there be lights in the firmament of heaven." Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of his accomplishing such effects without travail, pain, or labor? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with himself that which did outwardly proceed from him; secondly, to show that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore, according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered that after a law is once published it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world. Since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labor hath been to do his will. He "made a law for the rain." He gave his "decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment." Now if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should as it were through a languishing faintness begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

(3) Notwithstanding, with nature it cometh sometimes to pass as with art. Let Phidias have rude and obstinate stuff to carve, though his art do that it should, his work will lack that beauty which otherwise in fitter matter it might have had. He that striketh an instrument with skill may cause notwithstanding a very unpleasant sound, if the string whereon he striketh chance to be uncapable of harmony. In the matter whereof things natural consist, that of Theophrastus tak-

eth place, Πολὺ τὸ οὐχ ὑπακοῦον οὐδὲ δεχόμενον τὸ εὖ. "Much of it is oftentimes such as will by no means yield to receive that impression which were best and most perfect." Which defect in the matter of things natural they who gave themselves unto the contemplation of nature amongst the heathen observed often; but the true original cause thereof, divine malediction, laid for the sin of man upon these creatures which God had made for the use of man, this being an article of that saving truth which God hath revealed unto his Church, was above the reach of their merely natural capacity and understanding. But howsoever these swervings are now and then incident into the course of nature, nevertheless so constantly the laws of nature are by natural agents observed, that no man denieth but those things which nature worketh are wrought, either always or for the most part, after one and the same manner.

(4) If here it be demanded what that is which keepeth nature in obedience to her own law, we must have recourse to that higher law whereof we have already spoken, and because all other laws do thereon depend, from thence we must borrow so much as shall need for brief resolution in this point. Although we are not of opinion, therefore, as some are, that nature in working hath before her certain exemplary draughts or patterns, which subsisting in the bosom of the Highest, and being thence discovered, she fixeth her eye upon them, as travelers by sea upon the pole-star of the world, and that according thereunto she guideth her hand to work by imitation; although we rather embrace the oracle of Hippocrates, that "each thing both in small and in great fulfilleth the task which destiny hath set down"; and concerning the manner of executing and fulfilling the same, "what they do they know not, yet is it in show and appearance as though they did know what they do; and the truth is they do not discern the things which they look on"; nevertheless, forasmuch as the works of nature are no less exact than if she did both behold and study how to express some absolute shape or mirror always present before her; yea, such her dexterity and skill appeareth that no intellectual creature in the world were able by capacity to do that which nature doth without capacity and knowledge; it cannot be but nature hath some director of infinite knowledge to guide her in all her ways. Who is the guide of nature, but only the God of nature? "In him we live, move, and are." Those things which nature is said to do are by divine art performed, using nature as an instrument; nor is there any such art or knowledge divine in nature herself working, but in the Guide of nature's work.

Whereas therefore things natural which are not in the number of voluntary agents (for of such only we now speak, and of no other) do so necessarily observe their certain laws that as long as they keep those forms which give them their being they cannot possibly be apt or inclinable to do otherwise than they do; seeing the kinds of their operations are both constantly and exactly framed according to the several ends for which they serve, they themselves in the meanwhile, though doing that which is fit, yet knowing neither what they do, nor why; it followeth that all which they do in this sort proceedeth originally from some such agent as knoweth, appointeth, holdeth up, and even actually frameth the same.

The manner of this divine efficiency being far above us, we are no more able to conceive by our reason than creatures unreasonable by their sense are able to apprehend after what manner we dispose and order the course of our affairs. Only thus much is discerned, that the natural generation and process of all things receiveth order of proceeding from the settled stability of divine understanding. This appointeth unto them their kinds of working; the disposition whereof in the purity of God's own knowledge and will is rightly termed by the name of Providence. The same being referred unto the things themselves here disposed by it was wont by the ancient to be called natural destiny. That law the performance whereof we behold in things natural is as it were an authentical or an original draught written in the bosom of God himself; whose Spirit being to execute the same useth every particular

nature, every mere natural agent, only as an instrument created at the beginning, and ever since the beginning used to work his own will and pleasure withal. Nature therefore is nothing else but God's instrument; in the course whereof Dionysius, perceiving some sudden disturbance, is said to have cried out, "Aut Deus naturae patitur, aut mundi machina dissolvitur": "Either God doth suffer impediment, and is by a greater than himself hindered; or if that be impossible, then hath he determined to make a present dissolution of the world; the execution of that law beginning now to stand still, without which the world cannot stand."

This workman, whose servitor nature is, being in truth but only one, the heathens imagining to be more, gave him in the sky the name of Jupiter, in the air the name of Juno, in the water the name of Neptune, in the earth the name of Vesta and sometimes of Ceres, the name of Apollo in the sun, in the moon the name of Diana, the name of Aeolus and divers others in the winds; and to conclude, even so many guides of nature they dreamed of as they saw there were kinds of things natural in the world. These they honored, as having power to work or cease according as men deserved of them. But unto us there is one only Guide of all agents natural, and he both the Creator and the Worker of all in all, alone to be blessed, adored, and honored by all forever.

(5) That which hitherto hath been spoken concerneth natural agents considered in themselves. But we must further remember also (which thing to touch in a word shall suffice) that as in this respect they have their law, which law directeth them in the means whereby they tend to their own perfection; so likewise another law there is, which toucheth them as they are sociable parts united into one body; a law which bindeth them each to serve unto other's good, and all to prefer the good of the whole before whatsoever their own particular; as we plainly see they do, when things natural in that regard forget their ordinary natural wont; that which is heavy mounting sometime upwards of its own accord, and forsaking the center of the earth which to itself is most natural, even as if it did hear itself commanded to let go the good it privately wisheth, and to relieve the present distress of nature in common.

# THE VOYAGERS

## FROM RICHARD HAKLUYT'S *THE PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS, VOYAGES, TRAFFICS, AND DISCOVERIES OF THE ENGLISH NATION*

### Sir John Hawkins's Second Voyage to the West Indies; 18th Oct., 1564–20th Sept., 1565 (written by "a Gentleman in the Voyage")

The voyage made by Master John Hawkins, Esquire, and afterward Knight; Captain of the *Jesus* of Lubeck, one of Her Majesty's ships, and General of the *Salomon*, and other two barks, going in his company, to the coast of Guinea, and the Indies of Nova Hispania. Begun in *Anno Domini*, 1564.

Master John Hawkins, with the *Jesus* of Lubeck, a ship of 700, and the *Salomon*, a ship of 140, the *Tiger*, a bark of 50, and the *Swallow*, of 30 tons, being all well furnished with men to the number of one hundred threescore and ten, as also with ordnance and victual requisite for such a voyage, departed out of Plymouth, the eighteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord 1564, with a prosperous wind.

At which departing, in cutting the foresail, a marvelous misfortune happened to one of the officers in the ship, who by the pulley of the sheet was slain out of hand, being a sorrowful beginning to them all.

And after their setting out ten leagues to the sea, he met the same day with the *Minion*, a ship of the Queen's Majesty, whereof was Captain David Carlet, and also her consort, the *John Baptist* of London, bound to Guinea also; who hailed one the other, after the custom of the sea, with certain pieces of ordnance, for joy of their meeting. Which done, the *Minion* departed from him to seek her other consort, the *Merlin* of London, which was astern out of sight; leaving in Master Hawkins's company the *John Baptist*, her other consort.

Thus sailing forwards on their way with a prosperous wind until the twenty-first of the same month, at that time a great storm arose, the wind being at north-east, about nine o'clock in the night, and continued so twenty-three hours together; in which storm Master Hawkins lost the company of the *John Baptist* aforesaid, and of his pinnace called the *Swallow*, his other three ships being sore beaten with the storm.

The twenty-third day, the *Swallow*, to his no small rejoicing, came to him again in the night, ten leagues to the northward of Cape Finisterre; he having put roomer, not being able to double the Cape, in that there rose a contrary wind at south-west.

The twenty-fifth, the wind continuing contrary, he put into a place in Galicia, called Ferrol; where he remained five days, and appointed all the masters of his ships an order for the keeping of good company, in this manner:

The small ships to be always ahead and aweather of the *Jesus*, and to speak twice a day with the *Jesus* at least.

If in the day the ensign be over the poop of the *Jesus;* or in the night, two lights; then shall all the ships speak with her.

If there be three lights aboard the *Jesus*, then doth she cast about.

If the weather be extreme, that the small ships cannot keep company with the *Jesus*, then all to keep company with the *Salomon;* and forthwith to repair to the island of Teneriffe, to the northward of the road of Sirroes.

If any happen to any misfortune; then to show two lights, and to shoot off a piece of ordnance.

If any lose company, and come in sight again, to make three yaws and strike the mizzen three times.

Serve God daily, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keep good company.

The twenty-sixth day, the *Minion* came in also where he was; for the rejoicing whereof he gave them certain pieces of

ordnance, after the courtesy of the sea, for their welcome. But the *Minion's* men had no mirth, because of their consort, the *Merlin;* whom at their departure from Master Hawkins upon the coast of England they went to seek; and having met with her kept company two days together; and at last, by misfortune of fire, through the negligence of one of their gunners, the powder in the gunner's room was set on fire; which with the first blast struck out her poop, and therewithal lost three men; besides many sore burned, which escaped by the brigantine being at her stern; and immediately, to the great loss of the owners, and most horrible sight to the beholders, she sunk before their eyes.

The thirtieth day of the month Master Hawkins, with his consorts and company of the *Minion,* having now both the brigantines at her stern, weighed anchor, and set sail on their voyage; having a prosperous wind thereunto.

The fourth of November they had sight of the island of Madeira; and the sixth day, of Teneriffe, which they thought to have been the Canary, in that they supposed themselves to have been to the eastward of Teneriffe, and were not. But the *Minion,* being three or four leagues ahead of us, kept on her course to Teneriffe, having better sight thereof than the others had; and by that means they parted company. For Master Hawkins and his company went more to the west. Upon which course having sailed a while, he espied another island, which he thought to be Teneriffe; and being not able, by means of the fog upon the hills, to discern the same nor yet to fetch it by night, went roomer until the morning, being the seventh of November. Which, as yet, he could not discern, but sailed along the coast the space of two hours, to perceive some certain mark of Teneriffe; and found no likelihood thereof at all, accounting that to be (as it was indeed) the isle of Palms. And so sailing forwards, he espied another island called Gomera; and also Teneriffe, with the which he made; and sailing all night came in the morning the next day to the port of Adecia; where he found his pinnace, which had departed from him the sixth of the month, being in the weather of him, and espying the Pike of Teneriffe all a-high, bare thither.

At his arrival, somewhat before he came to anchor, he hoisted out his ship's pinnace, rowing ashore; intending to have sent one with a letter to Peter de Ponte, one of the governors of the island, who dwelt a league from the shore; but as he pretended to have landed, suddenly there appeared upon the two points of the road men leveling of bases and harquebusses to them, with divers others to the number of fourscore, with halberds, pikes, swords, and targets; which happened so contrary to his expectation that it did greatly amaze him; and the more because he was now in their danger, not knowing well how to avoid it without some mischief.

Wherefore he determined to call to them, for the better appeasing of the matter; declaring his name, and professing himself to be an especial friend to Peter de Ponte, and that he had sundry things for him which he greatly desired; and in the meantime, while he was thus talking with them (whereby he made them to hold their hands) he willed the mariners to row away; so that at last he gat out of their danger. And then asking for Peter de Ponte, one of his sons, being Señor Nicholas de Ponte, came forth; whom he perceiving, desired to put his men aside, and he himself would leap ashore and commune with him, which they did. So that after communication had between them of sundry things, and of the fear they both had, Master Hawkins desired to have certain necessaries provided for him.

In the mean space, while these things were providing, he trimmed the mainmast of the *Jesus,* which in the storm aforesaid was sprung. Here he sojourned seven days, refreshing himself and his men. In the which time Peter de Ponte, dwelling at Santa Cruz, a city twenty leagues off, came to him, and gave him as gentle entertainment as if he had been his own brother.

To speak somewhat of these islands, being called in old time *Insulae fortunae,* by the means of the flourishing thereof: the fruitfulness of them doth surely exceed far all other that I have heard of. For they make wine better than any in

Spain; they have grapes of such bigness that they may be compared to damsons, and in taste inferior to none. For sugar, suckets, raisons of the sun, and many other fruits, abundance; for rosin, and raw silk, there is great store. They want neither corn, pullets, cattle, nor yet wild fowl.

They have many camels also; which being young are eaten of the people for victuals; and being old they are used for carriage of necessaries. Whose property is, as he is taught, to kneel at the taking of his load and the unlading again; his nature is to engender backward, contrary to other beasts; of understanding very good, but of shape very deformed, with a little belly, long misshapen legs, and feet very broad of flesh, without a hoof, all whole saving the great toe, a back bearing up like a molehill, a large and thin neck, with a little head, with a bunch of hard flesh which Nature hath given him in his breast to lean upon. This beast liveth hardly, and is contented with straw and stubble, but of strong force, being well able to carry five hundredweight.

In one of these islands called Fierro there is, by the reports of the inhabitants, a certain tree which raineth continually; by the dropping whereof the inhabitants and cattle are satisfied with water; for other water have they none in all the island. And it raineth in such abundance that it were incredible unto a man to believe such a virtue to be in a tree; but it is known to be a divine matter, and a thing ordained by God; at whose power therein we ought not to marvel, seeing he did, by his providence, (as we read in the Scriptures) when the children of Israel were going into the land of promise, feed them with manna from heaven, for the space of forty years. Of these trees aforesaid we saw in Guinea many, being of great height, dropping continually; but not so abundantly as the other, because the leaves are narrower, and are like the leaves of a pear tree.

About these islands are certain flitting islands, which have been oftentimes seen, and when men approach near them, they vanished; as the like hath been of these islands now known by the report of the inhabitants, which were not found of long time one after the other; and therefore it should seem he is not yet born to whom God hath appointed the finding of them.

In this island of Teneriffe there is a hill called the Pike, because it is piked; which is in height, by their reports, twenty leagues, having, both winter and summer, abundance of snow on the top of it. This Pike may be seen in a clear day fifty leagues off, but it showeth as though it were a black cloud a great height in the element. I have heard of none to be compared with this in height; but in the Indies I have seen many, and, in my judgment, not inferior to the Pike; and so the Spaniards write.

The fifteenth of November, at night, we departed from Teneriffe; and the twentieth of the same we had sight of ten caravels that were fishing at sea; with whom we would have spoken, but they, fearing us, fled into a place of Barbary, called Cape de las Barbas.

The twentieth, the ship's pinnace, with two men in her, sailing by the ship, was overthrown by the oversight of them that were in her; the wind being so great that before they were espied and the ship had cast about for them she was driven half a league to leeward of the pinnace, and had lost sight of her, so that there was small hope of recovery, had not God's help and the Captain's diligence been; who, having well marked which way the pinnace was by the sun, appointed twenty-four of the lustiest rowers in the great boat to row to the windwards; and so recovered, contrary to all men's expectations, both the pinnace and the men sitting upon the keel of her.

The twenty-fifth he came to Cape Blanco, which is upon the coast of Africa, and a place where the Portugals do ride, that fish there, in the month of November especially; and is a very good place of fishing for pargoes, mullet, and dog fish. In this place the Portugals have no hold for their defence, but have rescue of the barbarians, whom they entertain as their soldiers for the time of their being there, and for their fishing upon that coast of Africa do pay a certain tribute to the king of the Moors. The people of that part of Africa are tawny, having long hair, without any apparel saving before their privy

members. Their weapons in wars are bows and arrows.

The twenty-sixth we departed from St. Avis Bay, within Cape Blanco, where we refreshed ourselves with fish and other necessaries; and the twenty-ninth we came to Cape Verde, which lieth in 14½ N. Lat.

These people are all black, and are called negroes; without any apparel, saving before their privities; of stature, goodly men, and well liking by reason of their food, which passeth all other Guineans for kine, goats, pullen, rice, fruits, and fish. Here we took fishes with heads like conies, and teeth nothing varying, of a jolly thickness, but not past a foot long, and is not to be eaten without flaying or cutting off his head.

To speak somewhat of the sundry sorts of these Guineans: the people of Cape Verde are called Leophares, and counted the goodliest men of all other, saving the Congoes, which do inhabit on this side the Cape de Buena Esperança. These Leophares have wars against the Jeloffes, which are borderers by them. Their weapons are bows and arrows, targets, and short daggers; darts also, but varying from other negroes; for whereas the other use a long dart to fight with in their hands, they carry five or six small ones apiece, which they cast with.

These men also are more civil than any other because of their daily traffic with the Frenchmen; and are of a nature very gentle and loving. For while we were there we took in a Frenchman, who was one of the nineteen that going to Brazil in a bark of Dieppe, of 60 tons, and being a-seaboard of Cape Verde, 200 leagues, the planks of their bark, with a sea, brake out upon them so suddenly that much ado they had to save themselves in their boats. But by God's providence, the wind being westerly (which is rarely seen there), they got to the shore, to the isle Brava, and in great penury got to Cape Verde, where they remained six weeks, and had meat and drink of the same people.

The said Frenchman having forsaken his fellows, which were three leagues off from the shore, and wandering with the negroes to and fro, fortuned to come to the water's side; and communing with certain of his countrymen which were in our ship, by their persuasions came away with us. But his entertainment amongst them was such, that he desired it not; but through the importunate request of his countrymen consented at the last.

Here we stayed but one night and part of the day. For the seventh of December we came away; in that pretending to have taken negroes there, perforce, the *Minion's* men gave them there to understand of our coming, and our pretence, wherefore they did avoid the snares we had laid for them.

The eighth of December we anchored by a small island called Alcatrarsa; wherein at our going ashore we found nothing but sea-birds; as we call them, gannets; but by the Portuguese called Alcatrarses, who for that cause gave the said island the same name. Herein half of our boats were laden with young and old fowl, who, not being used to the sight of men, flew so about us that we struck them down with poles.

In this place the two ships riding, the two barks, with their boats, went into an island of the Sapies, called La Formio, to see if they could take any of them; and there landed, to the number of eighty, in armor. And espying certain, made to them; but they fled in such order into the woods that it booted them not to follow. So, going on their way forward till they came to a river, which they could not pass over; they espied on the other side two men, who with their bows and arrows shot terribly at them. Whereupon we discharged certain harquebusses to them again; but the ignorant people weighed it not, because they knew not the danger thereof; but used a marvelous crying in their fight, with leaping and turning their tails, that it was most strange to see and gave us great pleasure to behold them. At the last, one being hurt with an harquebus upon the thigh looked upon his wound and wist not how it came because he could not see the pellet.

Here Master Hawkins perceiving no good to be done amongst them, because we could not find their towns; and also not knowing how to go into Rio Grande, for want of a pilot, which was the very occasion of our coming thither, and finding so many shoals, feared with our great ships to go in; and therefore departed on our pretended way to the Idols.

The tenth of December we had a north-east wind with rain and storm; which weather continuing two days together was the occasion that the *Salomon* and *Tiger* lost our company; for whereas the *Jesus* and pinnace anchored at one of the islands called Sambula, the twelfth day, the *Salomon* and *Tiger* came not thither till the fourteenth.

In this island we stayed certain days, going every day on shore to take the inhabitants, with burning and spoiling their towns; who before were Sapies, and were conquered by the Samboses, inhabitants beyond Sierra Leone. These Samboses had inhabited there three years before our coming thither; and in so short space have so planted the ground that they had great plenty of mill, rice, roots, pompions, pullin, goats, of small fry dried; every house being full of the country fruit planted by God's providence, as palmito trees, fruit like dates, and sundry other, in no place in all that country so abundantly; whereby they lived more deliciously than other.

These inhabitants had divers of the Sapies which they took in the wars, as their slaves; whom only they kept to till the ground, in that they neither have the knowledge thereof nor yet will work themselves; of whom we took many at that place; but of the Samboses, none at all, for they fled into the main.

All the Samboses have white teeth as we have, far unlike to the Sapies which do inhabit about Rio Grande; for their teeth are all filed, which they do for a bravery, to set out themselves; and do jag their flesh, both legs, arms, and bodies, as workmanlike as a jerkin maker with us pinketh a jerkin. These Sapies be more civil than the Samboses. For whereas the Samboses live most by the spoil of their enemies, both in taking their victuals, and eating them also; the Sapies do not eat man's flesh, unless in the war they be driven by necessity thereunto; which they have not used but by the example of the Samboses, but live only with fruits and cattle, whereof they have great store.

This plenty is the occasion that the Sapies desire not war, except they be thereunto provoked by the invasions of the Samboses; whereas the Samboses, for want of food, are enforced thereunto; and therefore are not wont only to take them that they kill, but also keep those that they take until such time as they want meat, and then they kill them.

There is also another occasion that provoketh the Samboses to war against the Sapies; which is for covetousness of their riches. For whereas the Sapies have an order to bury their dead in certain places appointed for that purpose, with their gold about them, the Samboses dig up the ground to have the same treasure; for the Samboses have not the like store of gold that the Sapies have.

In this island of Sambula we found about fifty boats called almadyes, or canoas, which are made of one piece of wood, digged out like a trough, but yet of good proportion, being about eight yards long and one in breadth, having a beak-head and a stern very proportionably made, and on the outside artificially carved, and painted red and blue. They are able to carry twenty or thirty men, but they are about the coast able to carry three-score and upward. In these canoas they row standing upright, with an oar somewhat longer than a man, the end whereof is made about the breadth and length of a man's hand of the largest sort. They row very swift, and in some of them four rowers and one to steer make as much way as a pair of oars in the Thames of London.

Their towns are prettily divided, with a main street at the entering in, that goeth through the town, and another overthwart street, which maketh their towns crossways. Their houses are built in a rank, very orderly, in the face of the street; and they are made round, like a dovecot, with stakes set full of palmito leaves instead of a wall. They are not much more than a fathom large, and two of height; and thatched with palmito leaves very close, other some with reed, and over the roof thereof, for the better garnishing of the same, there is a round bundle of reed prettily contrived like a lover. In the inner part they make a loft of sticks whereupon they lay all their provision of victuals. A place they reserve at their entrance for the kitchen; and the place they lie in is divided with certain mats, artificially made with the rind of palmito trees. Their bedsteads are of small staves laid along, and raised a foot from the ground, upon which

is laid a mat, and another upon them, when they list. For other covering they have none.

In the middle of the town there is a house larger and higher than the others, but in form alike; adjoining unto the which there is a place made of four good stanchions of wood, and a round roof over it; the ground also raised round with clay, a foot high; upon the which floor were strewed many fine mats. This is the consultation-house; the like whereof is in all towns, as the Portugals affirm. In which place when they sit in council, the king or captain sitteth in the midst, and the elders upon the floor by him (for they give reverence to their elders), and the common sort sit round about them. There they sit to examine matters of theft, which if a man be taken with, to steal but a Portugal cloth from another, he is sold to the Portugals for a slave. They consult also and take order what time they shall go to wars; and as it is certainly reported by the Portugals, they take order in gathering of the fruits in the season of the year; and also of palmito wine, which is gathered by a hole cut in the top of a tree and a gourd set there for the receiving thereof, which falleth in by drops, and yieldeth fresh wine again within a month; and this divided, part and portion-like, to every man, by the judgment of the captain and elders, every man holdeth himself contented. And this surely I judge to be a very good order; for otherwise, whereas scarcity of palmito is, every man would have the same; which might breed great strife. But of such things as every man doth plant for himself, the sower thereof reapeth it to his own use; so that nothing is common but that which is unset by man's hands.

In their houses there is more common passage of lizards like evets, and other greater—of black and blue color, of near a foot long, besides their tails—than there is with us of mice in great houses.

The Sapies and Samboses also use in their wars bows, and arrows made of reeds, with heads of iron poisoned with the juice of a cucumber; whereof I had many in my hands. In their battles they have target men with broad wicker targets, and darts with heads at both ends, of iron, the one in form of a two-edged sword, a foot and a half long, and at the other end the iron long of the same length, made to counterpoise it, that in casting it might fly level, rather than for any other purpose as I can judge. And when they espy the enemy, the captain, to cheer his men, crieth, "Hungry!" And they answer, "Heygre!" And with that every man placeth himself in order. For about every target man three bowmen will cover themselves, and shoot as they see advantage; and when they give the onset, they make such terrible cries that they may be heard two miles off.

For their belief, I can hear of none that they have but in such as they themselves imagine to see in their dreams; and so worship the pictures, whereof we saw some like unto devils.

In this island aforesaid we sojourned unto the one-and-twentieth of December, where, having taken certain negroes, and as much of their fruits, rice, and mill as we could well carry away (whereof there was such store that we might have laden one of our barks therewith), we departed.

And at our departure divers of our men being desirous to go on shore to fetch pompions (which having proved they had found to be very good), certain of the *Tiger's* men went also; amongst the which there was a carpenter, a young man, who with his fellows having fet many and carried them down to their boats, as they were ready to depart desired his fellows to tarry while he might go up to fetch a few which he had laid by for himself; who, being more licorous than circumspect, went up without weapon. And as he went up alone, possibly being marked of the negroes that were upon the trees, espying him what he did, perceiving him to be alone and without weapon, dogged him; and finding him occupied in binding his pompions together, came behind him, overthrowing him, and straight cut his throat; as he afterwards was found by his fellows, who came to the place for him, and there found him naked.

. . . . . .

The eighteenth of January, at night, we departed from Taggarin; being bound

for the West Indies. Before which departure, certain of the *Salomon's* men went on shore to fill water, in the night; and as they came on shore with their boat, being ready to leap on land, one of them espied a negro in a white coat standing on a rock, being ready to have received them when they came on shore; having in sight of his fellows also eight or nine, some in one place leaping out and some in another; but they hid themselves straight again. Whereupon our men doubting they had been a great company and sought to have taken them at more advantage, as God would, departed to their ships; not thinking there had been such a mischief pretended toward them as then was indeed; which the next day we understood of a Portugual that came down to us, who had traffic with the negroes; by whom he understood that the king of Sierra Leone had made all the power he could, to take some of us, partly for the desire he had to see what kind of people we were that had spoiled his people at the Idols, whereof he had news before our coming, and, as I judge also, upon other occasions provoked by the Tangomangoes. But sure we were that the army was come down, by means that in the evening we saw such a monstrous fire, made by the watering place, that before was not seen; which fire is the only mark for the Tangomangoes to know where their army is always.

If these men had come down in the evening they had done us great displeasure; for that we were on shore filling water. But God, who worketh all things for the best, would not have it so; and by him we escaped without danger. His name be praised for it.

The nine-and-twentieth of this same month we departed with all our ships from Sierra Leone towards the West Indies; and for the space of eighteen days we were becalmed, having now and then contrary winds and some tornadoes amongst the same calm, which happened to us very ill, being but reasonably watered for so great a company of negroes and ourselves, which pinched us all; and that which was worst, put us in such fear that many never thought to have reached to the Indies without great death of negroes and of themselves. But the almighty God, who never suffereth his elect to perish, sent us the sixteenth of February the ordinary breeze, which is the north-west wind, which never left us till we came to an island of the cannibals, called Dominica; where we arrived the ninth of March, upon a Saturday. And because it was the most desolate place in all the island, we could see no cannibals, but some of their houses where they dwelled; and as it should seem, they had forsaken the place for want of fresh water, for we could find none there but rain water, and such as fell from the hills and remained as a puddle in the dale, whereof we filled for our negroes.

The cannibals of that island, and also others adjacent, are the most desperate warriors that are in the Indies, by the Spaniards' report; who are never able to conquer them, and they are molested by them not a little, when they are driven to water there in any of those islands.

Of very late, not two months past, in the said island, a caravel being driven to water was in the night set upon by the inhabitants; who cut their cable in the hawser, whereby they were driven ashore, and so taken by them and eaten.

The *Green Dragon* of Newhaven, whereof was captain one Bontemps, in March also, came to one of those islands, called Granada, and being driven to water, could not do the same for the cannibals, who fought with him very desperately two days.

For our part also, if we had not lighted upon the desertest place in all that island, we could not have missed, but should have been greatly troubled by them, by all the Spaniards' reports, who make them devils in respect of men.

The tenth day, at night, we departed from thence, and the fifteenth, had sight of nine islands called the Testigos; and the sixteenth, of an island called Margarita, where we were entertained by the alcade, and had both beeves and sheep given us for the refreshing of our men. But the governor of the island would neither come to speak with our captain neither yet give him any license to traffic; and to displease us the more, whereas we had hired a pilot to have gone with us, they

would not only not suffer him to go with us, but also sent word by a caravel, out of hand, to Santo Domingo, to the viceroy, who doth represent the king's person, of our arrival in those parts, which had like to have turned us to great displeasure, by the means that the same viceroy did send word to Cape de la Vela, and to other places along the coast, commanding them that by the virtue of his authority, and by the obedience that they owe to their prince, no man should traffic with us, but should resist us with all the force they could.

In this island, notwithstanding that we were not within four leagues of the town, yet were they so afraid that not only the governor himself but also all the inhabitants forsook their town, assembling all the Indians to them, and fled into the mountains; as we were partly certified, and saw the experience ourselves, by some of the Indians coming to see us; who by three Spaniards a-horseback passing hard by us, went unto the Indians (having every one of them their bows and arrows), procuring them away, who before were conversant with us.

Here perceiving no traffic to be had with them, nor yet water for the refreshing of our men, we were driven to depart the twentieth day.

And the two-and-twentieth, we came to a place in the Main called Cumana; whither the captain going in his pinnace spake with certain Spaniards, of whom he demanded traffic. But they made him answer, they were but soldiers newly come thither, and were not able to buy one negro. Whereupon he asked for a watering place, and they pointed him a place two leagues off, called Santa Fè; where we found marvelous goodly watering, and commodious for the taking in thereof; for that the fresh water came into the sea, and so our ships had aboard the shore twenty fathom water. Near about this place inhabited certain Indians, who the next day after we came thither came down to us, presenting mill and cakes of bread, which they had made of a kind of corn called maize, in bigness of a pease, the ear whereof is much like to a teasel, but a span in length, having thereon a number of grains. Also they brought down to us hens, potatoes, and pines, which we bought for beads, pewter whistles, glasses, knives, and other trifles.

These potatoes be the most delicate roots that may be eaten, and do far exceed our parsnips or carrots. Their pines be of the bigness of two fists, the outside whereof is of the making of a pineapple, but it is soft like the rind of a cucumber, and the inside eateth like an apple, but it is more delicious than any sweet apple sugared.

These Indians being of color tawny, like an olive; having every one of them, both men and women, hair all black, and no other color; the women wearing the same hanging down to their shoulders, and the men rounded, and without beards; neither men or women suffering any hair to grow in any part of their body, but daily pull it off as it groweth.

They go all naked, the men covering no part of their body but their yard, upon the which they wear a gourd or piece of cane, made fast with a thread about their loins, leaving the other parts of their members uncovered, whereof they take no shame. The women also are uncovered, saving with a cloth which they wear a handbreadth, wherewith they cover their privities both before and behind. These people be very small feeders; for traveling, they carry but two small bottles of gourds, wherein they put in one the juice of sorrel whereof they have great store, and in the other flour of their maize, which being moist they eat, taking sometime of the other. These men carry every man his bow and arrows; whereof some arrows are poisoned for wars, which they keep in a cane together, which cane is of the bigness of a man's arm; other some with broad heads of iron, wherewith they strike fish in the water; the experience whereof we saw not once or twice, but daily, for the time we tarried there. For they are so good archers that the Spaniards, for fear thereof, arm themselves and their horses with quilted canvas of two inches thick, and leave no place of their body open to their enemies, saving their eyes which they may not hide; and yet oftentimes are they hit in that so small a scantling.

Their poison is of such a force that a man being stricken therewith dieth within four-and-twenty hours, as the Spaniards do affirm; and, in my judgment, it is like there can be no stronger poison, as they make it, using thereunto apples which are very fair and red of color but are a strong poison, with the which, together with venomous bats, vipers, adders and other serpents, they make a medley, and therewith anoint the same.

The Indian women delight not when they are young in bearing of children, because it maketh them have hanging breasts which they account to be great deforming in them, and upon that occasion while they be young they destroy their seed, saying that it is fittest for old women. Moreover, when they are delivered of child, they go straight to wash themselves, without making any further ceremony for it, not lying in bed as our women do. The beds which they have are made of gossopine cotton, and wrought artificially of divers colors; which they carry about with them when they travel, and making the same fast to two trees, lie therein they and their women. The people be surely gentle and tractable, and such as desire to live peaceably; or else had it been unpossible for the Spaniards to have conquered them as they did, and the more to live now peaceably; they being so many in number, and the Spaniards so few.

From hence we departed the eight-and-twenty; and the next day we passed between the mainland and the island called Tortuga, a very low island, in the year of our Lord God 1565 aforesaid; and sailed along the coast until the first of April; at which time the captain sailed along in the *Jesus*' pinnace to discern the coast, and saw many Caribs on shore, and some also in their canoas, which made tokens unto him of friendship, and showed gold, meaning thereby that they would traffic for wares. Whereupon he stayed, to see the manners of them; and so for two or three trifles they gave such things as they had about them, and departed.

But the Caribs were very importunate to have them come on shore; which, if it had not been for want of wares to traffic with them, he would not have denied them; because the Indians which we saw before were very gentle people, and such as do no man hurt. But as God would have it, he wanted that thing which, if he had had, would have been his confusion. For these were no such kind of people as we took them to be, but more devilish a thousand parts, and are eaters and devourers of any man they can catch. As it was afterwards declared unto us at Burboroata, by a caravel coming out of Spain with certain soldiers, and a captain general sent by the king for those eastward parts of the Indians; who sailing along in a pinnace, as our captain did, to descry the coast, was by the Caribs called ashore, with sundry tokens made to him of friendship, and gold showed as though they desired to traffic; with the which the Spaniard being moved, suspecting no deceit at all, went ashore amongst them, who was no sooner ashore but with four or five more was taken. The rest of his company being invaded by them saved themselves by flight; but they that were taken paid their ransom with their lives, and were presently eaten. And this is their practise, to toll with their gold the ignorant to their snares. They are blood-suckers both of Spaniards, Indians, and all that light in their laps, not sparing their own countrymen if they can conveniently come by them.

Their policy in fight with the Spaniards is marvelous. For they choose for their refuge the mountains and woods; where the Spaniards, with their horses, cannot follow them; and if they fortune to be met in the plain, where one horseman may overrun a hundred of them, they have a device, of late practised by them, to pitch stakes of wood in the ground, and also small iron pikes, to mischief their horses; wherein they show themselves politic warriors.

They have more abundance of gold than all the Spaniards have, and live upon the mountains where the mines are, in such number that the Spaniards have much ado to get any of them from them. And yet, sometimes, by assembling a great number of them, which happeneth once in two years, they get a piece from them; which afterwards they keep sure enough.

Thus having escaped the danger of

them, we kept our course along the coast, and came the third of April to a town called Burboroata; where his ships came to an anchor, and he himself went ashore to speak with the Spaniards. To whom he declared himself to be an Englishman, and came thither to trade with them, by the way of merchandise; and therefore required license for the same.

Unto whom they made answer, that they were forbidden by the king to traffic with any foreign nation, upon penalty to forfeit their goods. Therefore they desired him not to molest them any further, but to depart as he came. For other comfort he might not look for at their hands, because they were subjects and might not go beyond the law.

But he replied that his necessity was such as he might not so do. For being in one of the queen's armadas of England, and having many soldiers in them, he had need of some refreshing for them, and of victuals and of money also; without the which he could not depart. And with much other talk persuaded them not to fear any dishonest part of his behalf towards them; for neither would he commit any such thing to the dishonor of his prince, nor yet for his honest reputation and estimation, unless he were too rigorously dealt withal, which he hoped not to find at their hands; in that it should as well redound to their profit as his own; and also he thought they might do it without danger, because their princes were in amity one with another, and for our parts, we had free traffic in Spain and Flanders which are in his dominions, and therefore he knew no reason why he should not have the like in all his dominions.

To the which the Spaniards made answer, that it lay not in them to give any license; for that they had a governor to whom the government of those parts was committed; but if they would stay ten days, they would send to their governor, who was threescore leagues off; and would return answer within the space appointed, of his mind.

In the meantime they were contented he should bring his ships into harbor, and there they would deliver him any victuals he would require.

Whereupon, the fourth day, we went in, where, being one day, and receiving all things according to promise, the captain advised himself that to remain there ten days idle, spending victuals and men's wages, and perhaps in the end receive no good answer from the governor, it were mere folly; and therefore determined to make request to have license for the sale of certain lean and sick negroes which he had in his ship like to die upon his hands if he kept them ten days, having little or no refreshing for them, whereas other men having them they would be recovered well enough. And this request he was forced to make, because he had no otherwise wherewith to pay for victuals and for necessaries which he should take.

Which request being put in writing and presented, the officers and town-dwellers assembled together; and finding his request so reasonable, granted him license for thirty negroes; which afterwards they caused the officers to view, to the intent they should grant to nothing but that were very reasonable, for fear of answering thereunto afterwards.

This being past, our captain, according to their license, thought to have made sale; but the day passed, and none came to buy, who before made show that they had great need of them; and therefore wist not what to surmise of them; whether they went about to prolong the time of the governor his answer because they would keep themselves blameless, or for any other policy, he knew not. And for that purpose sent them word, marveling what the matter was that none came to buy them.

They answered, because they had granted license only to the poor to buy those negroes of small price; and their money was not so ready as other men's of more wealth. More than that, as soon as ever they saw the ships, they conveyed away their money by their wives that went into the mountains for fear, and were not yet returned; and yet asked two days, to seek their wives and fetch their money.

Notwithstanding, the next day divers of them came to cheapen; but could not agree of price, because they thought the price too high.

Whereupon the captain (perceiving they went about to bring down the price, and meant to buy; and would not confess if he

had license, that he might sell at any reasonable rate, as they were worth in other places), did send for the principals of the town, and made a show he would depart, declaring himself to be very sorry that he had so much troubled them, and also that he had sent for the governor to come down; seeing now his pretence was to depart. Whereat they marveled much, and asked him what cause moved him thereunto, seeing, by their working, he was in possibility to have his license.

To the which he replied that it was not only a license that he sought, but profit; which he perceived was not there to be had, and therefore would seek further; and withal showed them his writings, what he paid for his negroes, declaring also the great charge he was at, in his shipping and men's wages, and therefore, to countervail his charges, he must sell his negroes for a greater price than they offered.

So they, doubting his departure, put him in comfort to sell better there than in any other place; and if it fell out that he had no license, that he should not lose his labor in tarrying, for they would buy without license.

Whereupon the captain, being put in comfort, promised them to stay, so that he might make sale of his lean negroes; which they granted unto.

And the next day did sell some of them; who having bought and paid for them, thinking to have had a discharge of the customer for the custom of the negroes, being the king's duty, they gave it away to the poor, for God's sake, and did refuse to give the discharge in writing; and the poor, not trusting their words, for fear lest hereafter it might be demanded of them, did refrain from buying any more. So that nothing else was done until the governor's coming down; which was the fourteenth day.

And then the captain made petition, declaring that he was come thither in a ship of the Queen's Majesty's of England, being bound to Guinea, and thither driven by wind and weather; so that being come thither, he had need of sundry necessaries for the reparation of the said navy, and also great need of money for the payment of his soldiers, unto whom he had promised payment; and therefore, although he would, yet would not they depart without it. And for that purpose he requested license for the sale of certain of his negroes; declaring that though they were forbidden to traffic with strangers, yet for that there was a great amity between their princes, and that the thing pertained to our Queen's Highness, he thought he might do their prince great service, and that it would be well taken at his hands, to do it in this cause.

The which allegations, with divers others put in request, were presented unto the governor; who sitting in council for that matter granted unto his request for license.

But yet there fell out another thing, which was the abating of the king's custom, being upon every slave thirty ducats; which would not be granted unto. Whereunto the captain perceiving that they would neither come near his price he looked for by a great deal; nor yet would abate the king's custom of that they offered; so that either he must be a great loser by his wares, or else compel the officers to abate the same king's custom, which was too unreasonable, for to a higher price he could not bring the buyers; therefore the sixteenth of April he prepared one hundred men, well armed with bows, arrows, harquebusses, and pikes; with the which he marched to the townwards. And being perceived by the governor, he straight with all expedition sent messengers to know his request, desiring him to march no further forward until he had answer again, which incontinent he should have. So our captain declaring how unreasonable a thing the king's custom was, requested to have the same abated and to pay seven and one half *per centum*, which is the ordinary custom for wares through his dominions there; and unto this if they would not grant, he would displease them. And this word being carried to the governor, answer was returned that all things should be to his content; and thereupon he determined to depart. But the soldiers and mariners, finding so little credit in their promises, demanded gages for the performance of the promises, or else they would not depart. And thus, they being constrained to send their gages, we departed, beginning our traffic and ending the same without disturbance.

Thus having made traffic in the harbor

until the twenty-eighth, our captain with his ships intended to go out of the road and purposed to make show of his departure; because now the common sort having employed their money, the rich men were come to town, who made no show that they were come to buy, so that they went about to bring down the price; and by this policy the captain knew they would be made the more eager, for fear lest we departed and they should go without any at all.

The nine-and-twenty, we being at anchor without the road, a French ship called the *Green Dragon* of Newhaven, whereof was captain one Bontemps, came in; who saluted us after the manner of the sea, with certain pieces of ordnance, and we resaluted him with the like again.

With whom having communication, he declared that he had been at the Mine in Guinea, and was beaten off by the Portugals' galleys, and enforced to come thither to make sale of such wares as he had; and further that the like was happened unto the *Minion*. Besides the captain, David Carlet, and a merchant, with a dozen mariners, betrayed by the negroes at their first arrival thither, and remained prisoners with the Portugals; and besides other misadventures of the loss of their men happened through the great lack of fresh water, with great doubts of bringing home the ships. Which was most sorrowful for us to understand.

Thus having ended our traffic here, the fourth of May, we departed, leaving the Frenchman behind us.

The night before the which the Caribs, whereof I made mention before, being to the number of two hundred, came in their canoas to Burboroata, intending by night to have burned the town and taken the Spaniards, who being more vigilant, because of our being there, than their custom was, perceiving them coming, raised the town; who in a moment being a-horseback, by means their custom is for all doubts to keep their horses ready saddled, in the night set upon them and took one; but the rest making shift for themselves escaped away. This one, because he was their guide, and was the occasion that divers times they had made invasion upon them, had for his travail a stake thrust through his fundament, and so out at his neck.

. . . . . .

[Concerning Florida] . . . The ground yieldeth naturally grapes in great store, for in the time that the Frenchmen were there they made twenty hogsheads of wine. Also it yieldeth roots passing good, deer marvelous store, with divers other beasts and fowl serviceable to the use of man. These be things wherewith a man may live, having corn or maize wherewith to make bread; for maize maketh good savory bread, and cakes as fine as flour; also it maketh good meal beaten and sodden with water, and eateth like pap wherewith we feed children. It maketh also good beverage sodden in water, and nourishable; which the Frenchmen did use to drink of in the morning; and it assuaged their thirst, so that they had no need to drink all the day after. And this maize was the greatest lack they had, because they had no laborers to sow the same; and therefore to them that should inhabit the land it were requisite to have laborers to till and sow the ground. For they having victuals of their own, whereby they neither rob nor spoil the inhabitants, may live not only quietly with them, who naturally are more desirous of peace than of wars, but also shall have abundance of victuals proffered them for nothing; for it is with them as it is with one of us, when we see another man ever taking away from us, although we have enough besides, yet then we think all too little for ourselves. For surely we have heard the Frenchmen report, and I know it by the Indians, that a very little contenteth them; for the Indians, with the head of maize roasted, will travel a whole day; and when they are at the Spaniards' finding, they give them nothing but sodden herbs and maize; and in this order I saw threescore of them feed, who were laden with wares, and came fifty leagues off.

The Floridians when they travel have a kind of herb dried, who with a cane and an earthen cup in the end, with fire and the dried herbs put together, do suck through the cane the smoke thereof, which smoke satisfieth their hunger, and therewith they

live four or five days without meat or drink. And this all the Frenchmen used for this purpose; yet do they hold opinion withal that it causeth water and phlegm to void from their stomachs.

The commodities of this land are more than are yet known to any man. For besides the land itself, whereof there is more than any king Christian is able to inhabit, it flourisheth with meadow, pasture ground, with woods of cedar and cypress, and other sorts, as better cannot be in the world. They have for apothecary herbs, trees, roots, and gums great store; as *storax liquida*, turpentine, gum, myrrh, and frankincense, with many others whereof I know not the names; colors both red, black, yellow, and russet, very perfect; wherewith they so paint their bodies and deer-skins which they wear about them, that with water it neither fadeth away nor altereth color.

Gold and silver they want not. For at the Frenchmen's first coming thither they had the same offered them for little or nothing; for they received for a hatchet two pound weight of gold, because they knew not the estimation thereof; but the soldiers being greedy of the same did take it from them, giving them nothing for it. The which they perceiving, that both the Frenchmen did greatly esteem it, and also did rigorously deal with them by taking the same away from them, at last would not be known they had any more, neither durst they wear the same for fear of being taken away; so that saving at the first coming they could get none of them. And how they came by this gold and silver the Frenchmen knew not as yet, but by guess, who having traveled to the south-west of the Cape (having found the same dangerous, by means of sundry banks, as we also have found the same), and there finding masts which were wrecks of Spaniards coming from Mexico, judged that they had gotten treasure by them. For it is most true that divers wrecks have been made of Spaniards having much treasure. For the Frenchmen having traveled to the Cape-ward an hundred and fifty miles, did find two Spaniards with the Floridians, which they brought after to their fort; whereof one was in a caravel coming from the Indies, which was cast away fourteen years ago, and the other twelve years; of whose fellows some escaped, other some were slain by the inhabitants.

It seemeth they had estimation of their gold and silver, for it is wrought flat and graven, which they wear about their necks; other some made round like a pancake, with a hole in the midst, to bolster up their breasts withal, because they think it a deformity to have great breasts. As for mines, either of gold or silver, the Frenchmen can hear of none they have upon the island, but of copper; whereof as yet also they have not made the proof, because they were but few men. But it is not unlike but that in the main where are high hills may be gold and silver as well as in Mexico, because it is all one main.

The Frenchmen obtained pearls of them of great bigness, but they were black, by means of roasting them; for they do not fish for them as the Spaniards do, but for their meat. For the Spaniards use to keep daily a-fishing some two or three hundred Indians, some of them that be of choice a thousand; and their order is to go in canoas, or rather great pinnaces, with thirty men in apiece; whereof the one half or most part be divers, the rest do open the same for the pearls; for it is not suffered that they should use dragging, for that would bring them out of estimation and mar the beds of them.

The oysters which have the smallest sort of pearls are found in seven or eight fathom water, but the greatest in eleven or twelve fathom.

The Floridians have pieces of unicorns' horns which they wear about their necks, whereof the Frenchmen obtained many pieces. Of these unicorns they have many; for that they do affirm it to be a beast with one horn, which coming to the river to drink putteth the same into the water before he drinketh. Of this unicorns' horn there are of our company that, having gotten the same of the Frenchmen, brought home thereof to show.

It is therefore to be presupposed that there are more commodities as well as that, which for want of time and people sufficient to inhabit the same cannot yet come to light; but I trust God will reveal the same before it be long, to the great profit of them that shall take it in hand.

Of beasts in this country, besides deer, foxes, hares, polecats, conies, ounces, and leopards, I am not able certainly to say; but it is thought that there are lions and tigers as well as unicorns; lions especially; if it be true that is said of the enmity between them and the unicorns. For there is no beast but hath his enemy, as the cony the polecat; a sheep the wolf; the elephant the rhinoceros; and so of other beasts the like; insomuch that whereas the one is, the other cannot be missing.

And seeing I have made mention of the beasts of this country, it shall not be from my purpose to speak also of the venomous beasts; as crocodiles, whereof there is great abundance, adders of great bigness, whereof our men killed some of a yard and a half long. Also I heard a miracle of one of these adders, upon the which a falcon seizing, the said adder did clasp her tail about her; which the French captain seeing came to the rescue of the falcon, and took her slaying the adder; and this falcon being wild, he did reclaim her, and kept her for the space of two months; at which time, for very want of meat, he was fain to cast her off. On these adders the Frenchmen did feed, to no little admiration of us; and affirmed the same to be a delicate meat. And the captain of the Frenchmen saw also a serpent with three heads and four feet, of the bigness of a great spaniel, which for want of a harquebus he durst not attempt to slay.

Of fish also they have in the river pike, roach, salmon, trout, and divers other small fishes; and of great fish, some of the length of a man and longer, being of bigness accordingly, having a snout much like a sword, of a yard long.

There be also of sea fishes, which we saw coming along the coast, flying; which are of the bigness of a smelt; the biggest sort whereof have four wings, but the other have but two. Of these we saw coming out of Guinea a hundred in a company, which being chased by the gilt-heads, otherwise called the bonitos, do to avoid them the better take their flight out of the water; but yet are they not able to fly far because of the drying of their wings, which serve them not to fly but when they are moist; and therefore when they can fly no further, they fall into the water, and having wet their wings, take a new flight again. These bonitos be of bigness like a carp, and in color like a mackerel; but it is the swiftest fish in swimming that is, and followeth her prey very fiercely, not only in the water, but also out of the water; for as the flying fish taketh her flight, so doth this bonito leap after them, and taketh them sometimes above the water. There were some of those bonitos which, being galled by a fisgig, did follow our ship coming out of Guinea five hundred leagues. There is a sea fowl also that chaseth this flying fish as well as the bonito; for as the flying fish taketh her flight, so doth this fowl pursue to take her; which to behold is a greater pleasure than hawking, for both the flights are as pleasant, and also more often than a hundred times; for the fowl can fly no way but one or other lighteth in her paws, the number of them are so abundant. There is an innumerable young fry of these flying fishes which commonly keep about the ship, and are not so big as butterflies, and yet by flying do avoid the unsatiableness of the bonito. Of the bigger sort of these fishes we took many, which both day and night flew into the sails of our ship; and there was not one of them which was not worth a bonito; for being put upon a hook drabbling in the water, the bonito would leap thereat, and so was taken. Also we took many with a white cloth made fast to a hook, which being tied so short in the water that it might leap out and in, the greedy bonito thinking it to be a flying fish leapeth thereat, and so is deceived.

We took also dolphins, which are of very goodly color and proportion to behold; and no less delicate in taste.

Fowls also there be many, both upon land and upon sea; but concerning them on the land, I am not able to name them, because my abode was there so short. But for the fowl of the fresh rivers, these two I noted to be the chief: whereof the flamingo is one, having all red feathers, and long red legs like a hearne, a neck according to the bill, red, whereof the upper neb hangeth an inch over the nether; and an egript, which is all white as the swan, with legs like to an hearnshaw and of bigness accordingly, but it hath in her tail feathers of so fine a plume that it passeth the estridge his feather.

Of the sea fowl, above all others not

common in England, I noted the pelican, which is feigned to be the lovingest bird that is; which rather than her young should want will spare her heart's blood out of her belly; but for all this lovingness she is very deformed to behold. For she is of color russet; notwithstanding, in Guinae, I have seen of them as white as a swan, having legs like the same, and a body like a hearne, with a long neck and a thick long beak, from the nether jaw whereof down to the breast passeth a skin of such a bigness as is able to receive a fish as big as one's thigh; and this her big throat and long bill doth make her seem so ugly.

Here I have declared the estate of Florida, and the commodities therein, to this day known. Which although it may seem unto some, by the means that the plenty of gold and silver is not so abundant as in other places, that the cost bestowed upon the same will not be able to quit the charges; yet am I of the opinion by that which I have seen in other islands of the Indians (where such increase of cattle hath been, that of twelve head of beasts, in five and twenty years, did, in the hides of them, raise a thousand pound profit yearly) that the increase of cattle only would raise profit sufficient for the same. For we may consider, if so small a portion did raise so much gains in such short time, what would a greater do in many years? And surely I may this affirm, that the ground of the Indians, for the breed of cattle, is not in any point to be compared to this of Florida; which all the year long is so green as any time in the summer with us; which surely is not to be marveled at, seeing the country standeth in so watery a climate. For once a day, without fail, they have a shower of rain; which, by means of the country itself, which is dry, and more fervent hot than ours, doth make all things to flourish therein. And because there is not there the thing we all seek for, being rather desirous of present gains, I do therefore affirm the attempt thereof to be more requisite for a prince, who is of power able to go through with the same, rather than for any subject.

For thence we departed, the twenty-eighth of July, upon our voyage homewards, having there all things as might be most convenient for our purpose; and took leave of the Frenchmen that there still remained; who with diligence determined to make as great speed after as they could.

Thus, by means of contrary winds oftentimes, we prolonged our voyage in such manner that victuals scanted with us; so that we were divers times, or rather the most part, in despair of ever coming home; had not God of his goodness better provided for us than our deserving. In which state of great misery we were provoked to call upon him by fervent prayer, which moved him to hear us, so that we had a prosperous wind which did set us so far shot as to be on the Bank of Newfoundland on St. Bartholomew's Eve; and we sounded thereupon, finding ground at an hundred and thirty fathoms, being that day somewhat becalmed; and took a great number of fresh codfish, which greatly relieved us; and, being very glad thereof, the next day we departed, and had lingering little gales for the space of four or five days. At the end of which we saw a couple of French ships, and had of them so much fish as would serve us plentifully for all the rest of the way; the captain paying for the same both gold and silver, to the just value thereof, unto the chief owners of the said ships; but they not looking for anything at all, were glad in themselves to meet with such good entertainment at sea as they had at our hands.

After which departure from them, with a good large wind, the twentieth of September we came to Padstow in Cornwall—God be thanked, in safety; with the loss of twenty persons in all the voyage; and with great profit to the venturers of the said voyage, as also to the whole realm, in bringing home both gold, silver, pearls, and other jewels great store. His name therefore be praised, for evermore! Amen.

## FROM *PURCHAS HIS PILGRIMS*

### Book III

#### CHAP. 5

*The Third Voyage* [of William Barents] *Northward to the Kingdoms of Cathaia and China, in Anno 1596. Written by Gerat de Veer.*

After that the seven ships (as I said before) were returned back again from their north voyage, with less benefit than

was expected, the General States of the United Provinces consulted together, to send certain ships thither again, a third time, to see if they might bring the said voyage to a good end, if it were possible to be done; but after much consultation had, they could not agree thereon; yet they were content to cause a proclamation to be made, that if any, either towns or merchants, were disposed to venture to make further search that way, at their own charges, if the voyage were accomplished, and that thereby it might be made apparent that the said passage was to be sailed, they were content to give them a good reward, in the country's behalf, naming a certain sum of money. Whereupon in the beginning of this year there was two ships rigged and set forth by the town of Amsterdam, to sail that voyage, the men therein being taken up upon two conditions; *viz.*: what they should have if the voyage were not accomplished, and what they should have if they got through, and brought the voyage to an end, promising them a good reward if they could effect it, thereby to encourage the men, taking up as many unmarried men as they could, that they might not be dissuaded by means of their wives and children to leave off the voyage. Upon these conditions, those two ships were ready to sail in the beginning of May. In the one, Jacob Heemskerke Hendrickson was master and factor for the wares and merchandise; and William Barents chief pilot. In the other, John Cornelison Ryp was both master and factor for the goods that the merchants had laden in her.

The fifth of May, all the men in both the ships were mustered, and upon the tenth of May they sailed from Amsterdam, and the thirteenth of May got to the Vlie. The thirtieth of May we had a good wind, and sailed north-east, and we took the height of the sun with our cross-staff, and found that it was elevated above the horizon 47 degrees and 42 minutes, his declination was 21 degrees and 42 minutes, so that the height of the pole was 69 degrees and 24 minutes.

The first of June we had no night, and the second of June we had the wind contrary, but upon the fourth of June we had a good wind, out of the west north-west, and sailed north-east. And when the sun was about south south-east, we saw a strange sight in the element; for on each side of the sun there was another sun, and two rainbows, that passed clean thorough the three suns, and then two rainbows more, the one compassing round about the suns and the other cross thorough the great rundle; the great rundle standing with the uttermost point elevated above the horizon 28 degrees; at noon the sun being at the highest, the height thereof was measured, and we found by the astrolabium that it was elevated above the horizon 48 degrees and 43 minutes, his declination was 22 degrees and 17 minutes, the which being added to 48 degrees, 43 minutes, it was found that we were under 71 degrees of the height of the pole.

John Cornelis' ship held aloof from us, and would not keep with us, and would hold no course but north north-east, for they alleged that if we went any more easterly that then we should enter into the Wey-gates; but we being not able to persuade them, altered our course one point of the compass, to meet them, and sailed north-east and by north, and should otherwise have sailed north-east and somewhat more east.

The fifth, we saw the first ice, which we wondered at at the first, thinking that it had been white swans, for one of our men walking in the fore-deck on a sudden began to cry out with a loud voice, and said that he saw white swans; which we that were under hatches hearing, presently came up, and perceived that it was ice that came driving from the great heap, showing like swans, it being then about evening; at midnight we sailed through it, and the sun was about a degree elevated above the horizon in the north.

The sixth, about four of the clock in the afternoon, we entered again into the ice, which was so strong that we could not pass through it, and sailed south-west and by west, till eight glasses were run out; after that we kept on our course north north-east, and sailed along by the ice.

The seventh, we took the height of the sun, and found that it was elevated above

the horizon 38 degrees and 38 minutes, his declination being 22 degrees 38 minutes; which being taken from 38 degrees 38 minutes, we found the pole to be 74 degrees; there we found so great store of ice that it was admirable; and we sailed along through it, as if we had passed between two lands. The water being green as glass, and we supposed that we were not far from Greenland; and the longer we sailed, the more and thicker ice we found. The eight of June we came to so great a heap of ice that we could not sail through it.

The ninth of June, we found the island that lay under 74 degrees and 30 minutes, and as we guessed, it was about five miles long. The tenth, we put out our boat, and therewith eight of our men went on land, and as we passed by John Cornelison's ship, eight of his men also came into our boat, whereof one was the pilot. Then William Barents asked him whether we were not too much westward, but he would not acknowledge it; whereupon there passed many words between them, for William Barents said he would prove it to be so, as in truth it was. The eleventh, going on land, we found great store of sea-mews' eggs upon the shore, and in that island we were in great danger of our lives; for that going up a great hill of snow, when we should come down again we thought we should all have broken our necks, it was so slippery, but we sat upon the snow and slid down, which was very dangerous for us, to break both our arms and legs, for that at the foot of the hill there was many rocks, which we were likely to have fallen upon; yet by God's help we got safely down again. Meantime William Barents sat in the boat and saw us slide down, and was in greater fear than we, to behold us in that danger. In the said island we found the varying of our compass, which was 13 degrees, so that it differed a whole point at the least. After that we rowed aboard John Cornelison's ship, and there we ate our eggs.

The twelfth in the morning we saw a white bear, which we rowed after with our boat, thinking to cast a rope about her neck; but when we were near her, she was so great that we durst not do it, but rowed back again to our ship to fetch more men and our arms, and so made to her again with muskets, harquebusses, halberts, and hatchets; John Cornelison's men coming also with their boat to help us. And so being well furnished of men and weapons, we rowed with both our boats unto the bear, and fought with her, while four glasses were run out, for our weapons could do her little hurt; and amongst the rest of the blows that we gave her, one of our men struck her into the back with an axe, which stuck fast in her back, and yet she swam away with it; but we rowed after her, and at last we cut her head in sunder with an axe, wherewith she died. And then we brought her into John Cornelison's ship, where we flayed her, and found her skin to be twelve foot long; which done, we ate some of her flesh, but we brooked it not well. This island we called the Bear-Island.

The thirteenth we left the island, and sailed north and somewhat easterly, the wind being west and south-west, and made good way; so that when the sun was north we guessed that we had sailed sixteen miles northward from that island.

The fourteenth, when the sun was north, we cast out our lead one hundred and thirteen fathom deep, but found no ground, and so sailed forward till the fifteenth of June, when the sun was south-east, with misty and drizzling weather, and sailed north, and north and by east. About evening it cleared up, and then we saw a great thing driving in the sea, which we thought had been a ship; but passing along by it we perceived it to be a dead whale, that stunk monstrously; and on it there sat a great number of sea-mews. At that time we had sailed twenty miles.

. . . . . .

The twenty-one [of June], we cast our anchor, at eighteen fathom before the land; and then we and John Cornelison's men rowed on the west-side of the land, and there fetched ballast; and when we got on board again with our ballast, we saw a white bear that swam towards our ship; whereupon we left off our work, and entering into the boat with John Cornelison's men rowed after her, and crossing her in the way drove her from the land,

wherewith she swam further into the sea, and we followed her; and for that our boat could not make good way after her, we manned our scute also, the better to follow her; but she swam a mile into the sea; yet we followed her with the most part of all our men of both ships in three boats, and struck oftentimes at her, cutting and hewing her, so that all our arms were most broken in pieces. During our fight with her, she struck her claws so hard in our boat that the signs thereof were seen in it; but as hap was, it was in the fore-head of our boat; for if it had been in the middle thereof, she had peradventure overthrown it, they have such force in their claws. At last, after we had fought long with her, and made her weary with our three boats that kept about her, we overcame her and killed her; which done, we brought her into our ship, and flayed her; her skin being thirteen foot long. After that we rowed with our scute about a mile inward to the land, where there was a good haven and good anchor ground, on the east-side being sandy; there we cast out our lead, and found sixteen fathom deep, and after that, ten and twelve fathom, and rowing further we found that on the east-side there was two islands, that reached eastward into the sea; on the west-side also there was a great creek or river, which showed also like an island. Then we rowed to the island that lay in the middle, and there we found many red geese-eggs, which we saw sitting upon their nests, and drove them from them, and they flying away cried, "Red, red, red!" And as they sat we killed one goose dead with a stone, which we dressed and ate, and at least sixty eggs, that we took with us aboard the ship, and upon the two-and-twentieth of June we went aboard our ship again.

Those geese were of a perfit red color, such as come into Holland about Weiringen, and every year are there taken in abundance; but till this time it was never known where they hatched their eggs, so that some men have taken upon them to write that they sit upon trees in Scotland, that hang over the water, and such eggs as fall from them down into the water become young geese, and swim there out of the water; but those that fall upon the land burst in sunder, and are lost; but this is now found to be contrary, and it is not to be wondered at that no man could tell where they breed their eggs, for that no man that ever we know had ever been under 80 degrees; nor that land under 80 degrees was never set down in any card, much less the red geese that breed therein.

. . . . . .

The first of July we saw the Bear-Island again, and then John Cornelison and his officers came aboard our ship, to speak with us about altering our course; but we being of a contrary opinion, it was agreed that we should follow on our course and he his; which was, that he (according to his desire) should sail unto 80 degrees again; for he was of opinion that there he should find a passage through, on the east side of the land that lay under 80 degrees. And upon that agreement we left each other, they sailing northward, and we southward, because of the ice, the wind being east south-east.

. . . . . .

The seventeenth [of July], we took the height of the sun, and it was elevated above the horizon 37 degrees and 55 minutes; his declination was 21 degrees and 15 minutes, which taken from the height aforesaid, the height of the pole was 74 degrees and 40 minutes; and when the sun was in the south, we saw the land of Nova Zembla, which was about Lomsbay; I was the first that espied it. Then we altered our course, and sailed northeast and by north, and hoised up all our sails, except the fore-sail and the lesien. The eighteenth, we saw the land again, being under 75 degrees, and sailed north-east and by north, with a north-west wind, and we gat above the point of the Admiral's land, and sailed east north-east, with a west wind, the land reaching north-east and by north. The nineteenth, we came to the Cross island, and could get no further, by reason of the ice, for there the ice lay still close upon the land, at which time the wind was west, and blew right upon the land, and it lay under 76 degrees and 20 minutes. There stood two crosses upon the land, whereof it had the name.

. . . . . .

The one-and-twentieth [of August], we sailed a great way into the Ice Haven, and that night anchored therein; next day the stream going extreme hard eastward, we haled out again from thence, and sailed again to the island point, but for that it was misty weather, coming to a piece of ice, we made the ship fast thereunto, because the wind began to blow hard south-west and south south-west. There we went up upon the ice, and wondered much thereat, it was such manner of ice. For on the top it was full of earth, and there we found above forty eggs, and it was not like other ice, for it was of a perfect azure color like to the skies; whereby there grew great contention in words amongst our men, some saying that it was ice, others that it was frozen land; for it lay unreasonable high above the water, it was at least eighteen fathom under the water close to the ground, and ten fathom above the water. There we stayed all that storm, the wind being south-west and by west. The three-and-twentieth, we sailed again from the ice, south-eastward into the sea, but entered presently into it again, and wound about to the Ice Haven. The next day it blew hard north north-west, and the ice came mightily driving in, whereby we were in a manner compassed about therewith, and withal the wind began more and more to rise, and the ice still drave harder and harder, so that the pin of the rudder and the rudder were shorn in pieces, and our boat was shorn in pieces between the ship and the ice, we expecting nothing else but that the ship also would be pressed and crushed in pieces with the ice.

The five-and-twentieth, the weather began to be better, and we took great pains, and bestowed much labor to get the ice, wherewith we were so enclosed, to go from us, but what means soever we used it was all in vain; but when the sun was south-west, the ice began to drive out again with the stream, and we thought to sail southward about Nova Zembla, to the straits of Mergates, seeing we could there find no passage. We having passed Nova Zembla were of opinion that our labor was all in vain, and that we could not get through, and so agreed to go that way home again; but coming to the Stream Bay, we were forced to go back again because of the ice which lay so fast thereabouts, and the same night also it froze, that we could hardly get through there, with the little wind that we had, the wind then being north.

The sixth-and-twentieth, there blew a reasonable gale of wind, at which time we determined to sail back to the Point of Desire, and so home again, seeing that we could not get through the Wergats, although we used all the means and industry we could to get forward; but when we had passed by the Ice Haven, the ice began to drive with such force that we were enclosed round about therewith; and yet we sought all the means we could to get out, but it was all in vain; and at that time we had like to have lost three men that were upon the ice to make way for the ship, if the ice had held the course it went; but as we drave back again, and that the ice also whereon our men stood in like sort drave, they being nimble, as the ship drave by them, one of them caught hold of the beak head, another upon the shrouds, and the third upon the great brace that hung out behind, and so by great adventure, by the hold that they took, they got safe into the ship again, for which they thanked God with all their hearts; for it was much likelier that they should rather have been carried away with the ice; but God, by the nimbleness of their hands, delivered them out of that danger, which was a pitiful thing to behold, although it fell out for the best; for if they had not been nimble, they had surely died for it. The same day in the evening we got to the west-side of the Ice Haven, where we were forced in great cold, poverty, misery, and grief to stay all that winter, the wind then being east north-east.

The seven-and-twentieth, the ice drave round about the ship, and yet it was good weather; at which time we went on land, and being there it began to blow south-east, with a reasonable gale, and then the ice came with great force before the bow, and drave the ship up four foot high before, and behind it seemed as if the keel lay on the ground, so that it seemed that the ship would be overthrown in the place; whereupon they that were in the ship put out the boat, therewith to save their lives, and withal put out a flag to make a sign to us to

come aboard; which we perceiving, and beholding the ship to be lifted up in that sort, made all the haste we could to get aboard, thinking that the ship was burst in pieces; but coming unto it, we found it to be in better case than we thought it had been.

The eight-and-twentieth, we got some of the ice from it, and the ship began to sit upright again; but before it was fully upright, as William Barents and the other pilot went forward to the bow to see how the ship lay, and how much it was risen, and while they were busy upon their knees and elbows to measure how much it was, the ship burst out of the ice with such a noise and so great a crack that they thought verily that they were all cast away, knowing not how to save themselves.

The nine-and-twentieth, the ship lying upright again, we used all the means we could, with iron hooks and other instruments, to break the flakes of ice that lay one heaped upon the other, but all in vain; so that we determined to commit ourselves to the mercy of God, and to attend aid from him, for that the ice drave not away in any such sort that it could help us. The thirtieth, the ice began to drive together one upon the other with greater force than before, and bare against the ship with a boisterous south-west wind, and a great snow, so that all the whole ship was borne up and enclosed, whereby all that was both about it and in it began to crack, so that it seemed to burst in a hundred pieces, which was most fearful both to see and hear, and made all the hair of our heads to rise upright with fear; and after that, the ship (by the ice on both sides that joined and got under the same) was driven so upright, in such sort, as if it had been lifted up with a wrench or vice.

The one-and-thirtieth of August, by force of the ice, the ship was driven up four or five foot high at the beak-head, and the hinder part thereof lay in a clift of ice, whereby we thought that the rudder would be freed from the force of the flakes of ice; but notwithstanding, it brake in pieces, staff and all; and if that the hinder part of the ship had been in the ice that drave, as well as the fore part was, then all the ship would have been driven wholly upon the ice, or possibly have run on ground, and for that cause we were in great fear, and set our scutes and our boat out upon the ice, if need were to save ourselves; but within four hours after, the ice drave away of itself, wherewith we were exceeding glad, as if we had saved our lives, for that the ship was then on float again; and upon that we made a new rudder and a staff, and hung the rudder out upon the hooks, that if we chanced to be borne upon the ice again, as we had been, it might so be freed from it.

. . . . . .

The sixth [of September], it was indifferent fair sea-weather, and sunshine, the wind being west, whereby we were somewhat comforted, hoping that the ice would drive away, and that we might get from thence again. The seventh, it was indifferent weather again, but we perceived no opening of the water, but to the contrary, it lay hard enclosed with ice, and no water at all about the ship, no, not so much as a bucketfull. The same day, five of our men went on land, but two of them came back again; the other three went forward about two miles into the land, and there found a river of sweet water, where also they found great store of wood that had been driven thither, and there they found the footsteps of harts and hinds, as they thought, for they were cloven footed, some greater footed than others, which made them judge them to be so.

. . . . . .

The eleventh [of September], it was calm weather, and eight of us went on land, every man armed, to see if that were true as our other companions had said, that there lay wood about the river, for that seeing we had so long wound and turned about, sometime in the ice, and then again got out, and thereby were compelled to alter our course, and at last saw that we could not get out of the ice, but rather became faster, and could not loose our ship as at other times we had done, as also that it began to be winter, we took counsel together what we were best to do, according to the time, that we might winter there, and attend such

adventure as God would send us; and after we had debated upon the matter (to keep and defend ourselves both from the cold and wild beasts) we determined to build a house upon the land, to keep us therein as well as we could, and so to commit ourselves unto the tuition of God, and to that end we went further into the land, to find out the convenientest place in our opinions to raise our house upon; and yet we had not much stuff to make it withal, in regard that there grew no trees, nor any other thing in that country convenient to build it withal; but we leaving no occasion unsought, as our men went abroad to view the country and to see what good fortune might happen unto us, at last we found an unexpected comfort in our need, which was that we found certain trees, roots and all (as our three companions had said before), which had been driven upon the shore, either from Tartaria, Muscovia, or elsewhere; for there was none growing upon that land; wherewith (as if God had purposely sent them unto us) we were much comforted, being in good hope that God would show us some further favor; for that wood served us not only to build our house, but also to burn, and serve us all the winter long; otherwise without all doubt we had died there miserably with extreme cold.

The twelfth, it was calm weather, and then our men went unto the other side of the land, to see if they could find any wood nearer unto us, but there was none. The thirteenth, it was calm but very misty weather, so that we could do nothing, because it was dangerous for us to go into the land, in regard that we could not see the wild bears and yet they could smell us, for they smell better than they see. The fourteenth, it was clear sunshine weather, but very cold, and then we went into the land, and laid the wood in heaps one upon the other, that it might not be covered over with snow, and from thence meant to carry it to the place where we intended to build our house.

. . . . . .

The five-and-twentieth [of September], it was dark weather, the wind blowing west, and west south-west, and south-west, and the ice began somewhat to open and drive away; but it continued not long, for that having driven about the length of the shot of a great piece, it lay three fathoms deep upon the ground; and where we lay the ice drave not, for we lay in the middle of the ice; but if we had lain in the main sea, we would have hoised sail, although it was then late in the year. The same day we raised up the principles of our house, and began to work hard thereon; but if the ship had been loose we would have left our building, and have made our after steven of our ship, that we might have been ready to sail away if it had been possible.

. . . . . .

The first of October, the wind blew stiff north-east, and afternoon it blew north, with a great storm and drift of snow, whereby we could hardly go in the wind, and a man could hardly draw his breath, the snow drave so hard in our faces, at which time we could not see two ships' length from us. The second, before noon the sun shone, and after noon it was cloudy again, and it snew, but the weather was still, the wind being north and then south; and we set up our house, and upon it we placed a may-pole made of frozen snow.

. . . . . .

The thirteenth [of October], the wind was north and north-west, and it began again to blow hard, and then three of us went aboard the ship, and laded a sled with beer; but when we had laden it, thinking to go to our house with it, suddenly there rose such a wind and so great a storm and cold that we were forced to go into the ship again, because we were not able to stay without, and we could not get the beer into the ship again, but were forced to let it stand without upon the sled; being in the ship, we endured extreme cold, because we had but a few clothes in it.

The fourteenth, as we came out of the ship, we found the barrel of beer standing upon the sled, but it was fast frozen at the heads; yet by reason of the great cold, the beer that purged out froze as hard upon the side of the barrel as if it had been glued thereon, and in that sort we drew it to our

house, and set the barrel on end, and drank it first up, but we were forced to melt the beer, for there was scant any unfrozen beer in the barrel, but in that thick yeast that was unfrozen lay the strength of the beer, so that it was too strong to drink alone, and that which was frozen tasted like water; and being melted we mixed one with the other, and so drank it, but it had neither strength nor taste.

. . . . . .

The four-and-twentieth [of October], the rest of our men, being eight persons, came to the house, and drew the sick man upon a sled; and then with great labor and pain we drew our boat home to our house, and turned the bottom thereof upwards, that when time served us (if God saved our lives in the winter time) we might use it; and after that, perceiving that the ship lay fast, and that there was nothing less to be expected than the opening of the water, we put our anchor into the ship again, because it should not be covered over and lost in the snow, that in the springtime we might use it; for we always trusted in God that he would deliver us from thence towards summer time, either one way or other. The sun, when we might see it best and highest, began to be very low, and we used all the speed we could to fetch all things with sleds out of our ship into our house, not only meat and drink, but all other necessaries; at which time the wind was north.

The five-and-twentieth, we fetched all things that were necessary for the furnishing of our scute and our boat; and when we had laden the last sled, and stood ready to draw it to the house, our master looked about him and saw three bears behind the ship that were coming towards us, whereupon he cried out aloud to fear them away, and we presently leaped forth to defend ourselves as well as we could; and, as good fortune was, there lay two halberds upon the sled, whereof the master took one, and I the other, and made resistance against them as well as we could; but the rest of our men ran to save themselves in the ship, and as they ran one of them fell into a clift of ice, which grieved us much; for we thought verily that the bears would have ran unto him, to devour him; but God defended him; for the bears still made towards the ship after the men that ran thither to save themselves. Meantime we and the man that fell into the clift of ice took our advantage, and got into the ship on the other side; which the bears perceiving, they came fiercely towards us, that had no other arms to defend us withal but only the two halberds; which we doubting would not be sufficient, we still gave them work to do by throwing billets and other things at them, and every time we threw they ran after them as a dog useth to do at a stone that is cast at him. Meantime, we sent a man down under hatches to strike fire, and another to fetch pikes, but we could get no fire, and so we had no means to shoot; at the last, as the bears came fiercely upon us, we struck one of them with a halberd upon the snout, wherewith she gave back, when she felt herself hurt, and went away; which the other two that were not so great as she perceiving, ran away; and we thanked God that we were so well delivered from them, and so drew our sled quietly to our house, and there showed our men what had happened unto us.

. . . . . .

The fourth [of November], it was calm weather, but then we saw the sun no more, for it was no longer above the horizon. Then our chirurgeon made a bath, to bathe us in, of a wine-pipe, wherein we entered one after the other, and it did us much good; and was a great means of our health. The same day we took a white fox, that oftentimes came aboard, not as they used at other times; for that when the bears left us at the setting of the sun, and came not again before it rose, the fox to the contrary came abroad when they were gone.

The fifth, the wind was north, and somewhat west, and then we saw open water upon the sea, but our ship lay still fast in the ice; and when the sun had left us, we saw the moon continual both day and night, and never went down when it was in the highest degree. The sixth, the wind was north-west, still weather, and then our men fetched a sled full of firewood, but by reason that the sun was not seen, it was very dark weather.

The seventh, it was dark weather, and very still, the wind west, at which time we could hardly discern the day from the night, specially because at that time our clock stood still, and by that means we knew not when it was day, although it was day, and our men rose not out of their cabins all that day, but only to make water, and therefore they knew not whether the light they saw was the light of the day or of the moon; whereupon they were of several opinions, some saying it was the light of the day, the others of the night. But as we took good regard thereunto, we found it to be the light of the day about twelve of the clock at noon.

The eight, it was still weather, the wind blowing south, and south-west. The same day our men fetched another sled of firewood, and then also we took a white fox, and saw open water in the sea. The same day we shared our bread amongst us, each man having four pound and ten ounces for his allowance in eight days, so that then we were eight days eating a barrel of bread, whereas before we ate it up in five or six days. We had no need to share our flesh and fish, for we had more store thereof; but our drink failed us, and therefore we were forced to share that also; but our best beer was for the most part wholly without any strength, so that it had no savor at all; and besides all this, there was a great deal of it spilt. The ninth, the wind blew north-east, and somewhat more northerly, and then we had not much daylight, but it was altogether dark. The tenth, it was calm weather, the wind north-west, and then our men went into the ship to see how it lay, and we saw that there was a good deal of water in it, so that the ballast was covered over with water, but that it was frozen, and so might not be pumped out. The eleventh, it was indifferent weather, the wind north-west. The same day we made a round thing of cable yarn, and like to a net, to catch foxes withal, that we might get them into the house, and it was made like a trap, which fell upon the foxes as they came under it; and that day we caught one.

The twelfth, the wind blew east, with a little light; that day we began to share our wine; every man had two glasses a day; but commonly our drink was water, which we melted out of snow which we gathered without the house. The thirteenth, it was foul weather, with great snow, the wind east. The fourteenth, it was fair clear weather, with a clear sky full of stars, and an east wind. The fifteenth, it was dark weather, the wind north-east, with a fading light. The sixteenth, it was weather with a temperate air and an east wind. The seventeenth, it was dark weather, and a close air, the wind east. The eighteenth, it was foul weather, the wind south-east; then the Master cut up a pack of coarse clothes, and divided it amongst our men that needed it, therewith to defend us better from the cold. The nineteenth, it was foul weather, with an east wind, and then the chest with linen was opened and divided amongst our men for shift, for they had need of them; for then our only care was to find all the means we could to defend our body from the cold. The twentieth, it was fair still weather, the wind easterly; then we washed our sheets, but it was so cold that when we had washed and wrung them they presently froze so stiff that although we laid them by a great fire, the side that lay next the fire thawed, but the other side was hard frozen, so that we should sooner have torn them in sunder than have opened them; whereby we were forced to put them into the seething water again to thaw them, it was so exceeding cold. The one-and-twentieth, it was indifferent weather with a north-east wind; then we agreed that every man should take his turn to cleave wood, thereby to ease our cook, that had more than work enough to do twice a day to dress meat and to melt snow for our drink; but our master and the pilot were exempted from that work.

The two-and-twentieth, the wind was south-east, it was fair weather; then we had but seventeen cheeses, whereof one we ate amongst us, and the rest were divided to every man one for his portion, which they might eat when he list. The three-and-twentieth, it was indifferent good weather, the wind south-east, and as we perceived that the fox used to come oftener, and more than they were wont, to take them the better we made certain traps of thick planks, whereon we laid stones, and round about them placed pieces of shards fast in the ground, that they might not dig under

them; and so got some of the foxes. The four-and-twentieth, it was foul weather, and the wind north-east, and then we prepared ourselves to get into the bath, for some of us were not very well at ease, and so four of us went into it, and when we came out our surgeon gave us a purgation, which did us much good; and that day we took four foxes. The five-and-twentieth, it was fair clear weather, the wind west; and that day we took two foxes with springes that we had purposely set up.

. . . . . .

The nine-and-twentieth [of November], it was fair clear weather, and a good air; the wind northerly; and we found means to open our door by shoveling away the snow, whereby we got one of our doors open, and going out we found all our traps and springes clean covered over with snow; which we made clean, and set them up again to take foxes; and that day we took one, which as then served us not only for meat, but of the skins we made caps to wear upon our heads, wherewith to keep them warm from the extreme cold. The thirtieth, it was fair clear weather, the wind west, and six of us went to the ship, all well provided of arms, to see how it lay; and when we went under the fore deck, we took a fox alive in the ship.

. . . . . .

The seventh [of December], it was still foul weather, and we had a great storm with a north-east wind, which brought an extreme cold with it, at which time we knew not what to do, and while we sat consulting together what were best for us to do, one of our companions gave us counsel to burn some of the sea-coals that we had brought out of the ship, which would cast a great heat and continue long; and so at evening we made a great fire thereof, which cast a great heat; at which time we were very careful to keep it in; for that the heat being so great a comfort unto us, we took care how to make it continue long; whereupon we agreed to stop up all the doors and the chimney, thereby to keep in the heat, and so went into our cabins to sleep, well comforted with the heat, and so lay a great while talking together; but at last we were taken with a great swounding and dazzling in our heads, yet some more than other some, which we first perceived by a sick man, and therefore the less able to bear it, and found ourselves to be very ill at ease, so that some of us that were strongest start out of their cabins, and first opened the chimney, and then the doors; but he that opened the door fell down in a swound upon the snow; which I hearing, as lying in my cabin, next to the door, start up, and casting vinegar in his face recovered him again, and so he rose up; and when the doors were open, we all recovered our healths again, by reason of the cold air, and so the cold which before had been so great an enemy unto us was then the only relief that we had; otherwise, without doubt, we had died in a sudden swound. After that the master, when we were come to ourselves again, gave every one of us a little wine to comfort our hearts.

The eight, it was foul weather, the wind northerly, very sharp and cold, but we durst lay no more coals on, as we did the day before, for that our misfortune had taught us that to shun one danger we should not run into another. The ninth, it was fair clear weather, the sky full of stars; then we set our door wide open, which before was fast closed up with snow, and made our springes ready to take foxes. The tenth, it was still fair starlight weather, the wind north-east; then we took two foxes, which were good meat for us, for as then our victuals began to be scant, and the cold still increased, whereunto their skins served us for a good defence. The eleventh, it was fair weather, and a clear air but very cold, which he that felt not would not believe, for our shoes froze as hard as horns upon our feet, and within they were white frozen, so that we could not wear our shoes, but were forced to make great pattens, the upper part being sheep-skins, which we put on over three or four pair of socks, and so went in them to keep our feet warm.

The twelfth, it was fair clear weather with a north-west wind, but extreme cold, so that our house walls and cabins were frozen a finger thick; yea, and the clothes upon our backs were white over with frost, and although some of us were of opinion that we should lay more coals upon the fire to warm us, and that we should let the chimney

stand open, yet we durst not do it, fearing the like danger we had escaped. The thirteenth, it was fair clear weather, with an east wind; then we took another fox, and took great pains about preparing and dressing of our springes, with no small trouble, for that if we stayed too long without the doors there arose blisters upon our faces and our ears. The fourteenth, it was fair weather, the wind north-east, and the sky full of stars; then we took the height of the right shoulder of the Rens, when it was south south-west, and somewhat more westerly (and then it was at the highest in our compass), and it was elevated above the horizon 20 degrees and 28 minutes, his declination being 6 degrees and 18 minutes, on the north-side of the line, which declination being taken out of the height aforesaid, there rested 14 degrees, which being taken out of 90 degrees, then the height of the pole was 76 degrees.

. . . . . .

The nineteenth [of December], it was fair weather, the wind being south; then we put each other in good comfort, that the sun was then almost half over, and ready to come to us again, which we sore longed for, it being a weary time for us to be without the sun, and to want the greatest comfort that God sendeth unto man here upon the earth, and that which rejoiceth every living thing. The twentieth, before noon it was fair clear weather, and then we had taken a fox, but towards evening there rose such a storm in the south-west, with so great a snow, that all the house was enclosed therewith. The one-and-twentieth, it was fair clear weather, with a north-east wind; then we made our door clean again, and made a way to go out, and cleansed our traps for the foxes, which did us great pleasure when we took them, for they seemed as dainty as venison unto us. The two-and-twentieth, it was foul weather, with great store of snow, the wind south-west, which stopped up our door again, and we were forced to dig it open again, which was almost every day to do. The three-and-twentieth, it was foul weather, the wind south-west, with great store of snow, but we were in good comfort that the sun would come again to us, for as we guessed, that day he was in *Tropicus Capricorni*, which is the furthest sign that the sun passeth on the south-side of the line, and from thence it turneth northward again. The four-and-twentieth, being Christmas even, it was fair weather; then we opened our door again, and saw much open water in the sea; for we had heard the ice crack and drive; although it was not day, yet we could see so far. Towards evening it blew hard out of the north-east, with great store of snow, so that all the passage that we had made open before was stopped up again. The five-and-twentieth, being Christmas day, it was foul weather, with a north-west wind, and yet though it was foul weather we heard the foxes run over our house; wherewith some of our men said it was an ill sign; and while we sat disputing why it should be an ill sign, some of our men made answer that it was an ill sign because we could not take them, to put them into the pot or roast them, for that had been a very good sign for us.

The six-and-twentieth, it was foul weather, the wind north-west, and it was so cold that we could not warm us, although we used all the means we could with great fires, good store of clothes, and with hot stones and billets laid upon our feet and upon our bodies as we lay in our cabins; but notwithstanding all this, in the morning our cabins were frozen, which made us behold one the other with sad countenance; but yet we comforted ourselves again as well as we could, that the sun was then as low as it could go, and that it now began to come to us again, and we found it to be true; for that "the days beginning to lengthen, the cold began to strengthen"; but hope put us in good comfort, and eased our pain. The seven-and-twentieth, it was still foul weather, with a north-west wind, so that as then we had not been out in three days together, nor durst not thrust our heads out of doors, and within the house it was so extreme cold that as we sat before a great fire and seemed to burn on the fore-side, we froze behind at our backs, and were all white as the countrymen use to be when they come in at the gates of the town in Holland with their sleds, and have gone all night.

The eight-and-twentieth, it was still foul weather with a west wind, but about evening it began to clear up, at which time one of

our men made a hole open at one of our doors, and went out to see what news abroad, but found it so hard weather that he stayed not long, and told us that it had snowed so much that the snow lay higher than our house, and that if he had stayed out longer his ears would undoubtedly have been frozen off. The nine-and-twentieth it was calm weather, and a pleasant air, the wind being southward; that day he whose turn it was opened the door, and digged a hole through the snow, where we went out of the house upon steps, as if it had been out of a cellar, at least seven or eight steps high, each step a foot from the other; and then we made clean our springes for the foxes, whereof for certain days we had not taken any; and as we made them clean, one of our men found a dead fox in one of them, that was frozen as hard as a stone, which he brought into the house, and thawed it before the fire, and after flaying it some of our men ate it. The thirtieth, it was foul weather again, with a storm out of the west and great store of snow, so that all the labor and pain that we had taken the day before to make steps to go out of our house, and to cleanse our springes, was all in vain, for it was all covered over with snow again, higher than it was before. The one-and-thirtieth, it was still foul weather, with a storm out of the north-west, whereby we were so fast shut up into the house as if we had been prisoners, and it was so extreme cold that the fire almost cast no heat; for as we put our feet to the fire, we burned our hose before we could feel the heat, so that we had work enough to do to patch our hose; and which is more, if we had not sooner smelt than felt them, we should have burned them ere we had known it.

. . . . . .

The fifth [of January, 1597], it was somewhat still and calm weather; then we digged our door open again, that we might go out and carry out all the filth that had been made during the time of our being shut in the house; and made everything handsome, and fetched in wood which we cleft, and it was all our day's work to further ourselves as much as we could, fearing lest we should be shut up again; and as there were three doors in our portal, and for that our house lay covered over in snow, we took the middle door thereof away, and digged a great hole in the snow that lay without the house, like to the side of a vault, wherein we might go to ease ourselves, and cast other filth into it; and when we had taken pains all day, we remembered ourselves that it was Twelfth Even, and then we prayed our master that we might be merry that night, and said that we were content to spend some of the wine that night which we had spared, and which was our share every second day, and whereof for certain days we had not drunk; and so that night we made merry, and drunk to the "three kings," and therewith we had two pound of meal, whereof we made pancakes with oil, and every man a white biscuit, which we sopped in wine; and so supposing that we were in our own country and amongst our friends, it comforted us as well as if we had made a great banquet in our own house; and we also made tickets, and our gunner was King of Nova Zembla, which is at least two hundred miles long, and lieth between two seas.

The sixth, it was fair weather, the wind north-east; then we went out and cleansed our traps to take foxes, which were our venison, and we digged a hole in the snow, where our firewood lay, and left it close above like a vault; and from thence fetched out our wood as we needed it. The seventh, it was foul weather again, with a north-west wind and some snow, and very cold, which put us in great fear to be shut up in the house again. The eight, it was fair weather again, the wind north; then we made our springes ready to get more venison, which we longed for, and then we might see and mark daylight, which then began to increase, that the sun as then began to come towards us again, which put us in no little comfort.

. . . . . .

The sixteenth [of January], it was fair weather, the wind northerly, and then we went now and then out of the house to stretch our joints and our limbs with going and running, that we might not become lame, and about noon-time we saw a certain redness in the sky, as a show

or messenger of the sun that began to come towards us. The seventeenth, it was clear weather with a north wind, and then still more and more we perceived that the sun began to come nearer unto us, for the day was somewhat warmer, so that when we had a good fire there fell great pieces of ice down from the walls of our house, and the ice melted in our cabins, and the water dropped down, which was not so before, how great soever our fire was; but that night it was cold again.

The eighteenth, it was fair clear weather, with a south-east wind; then our wood began to consume, and so we agreed to burn some of our sea-coals, and not to stop up the chimney, and then we should not need to fear any hurt; which we did, and found no disease thereby, but we thought it better for us to keep the coals, and to burn our wood more sparingly, for that the coals would serve us better when we should sail home in our open scute.

The one-and-twentieth, it was fair weather, with a west wind; at that time taking of foxes began to fail us, which was a sign that the bears would come again, as not long after we found to be true, for as long as the bears stay away the foxes came abroad, and not much before the bears come abroad, the foxes were but little seen.

The two-and-twentieth, it was fair weather with a west wind; then we went out again to cast the bullet, and perceived that daylight began to appear, whereby some of us said that the sun would soon appear unto us, but William Barents to the contrary said that it was yet two weeks too soon. The three-and-twentieth, it was fair calm weather, with a south-west wind; then four of us went to the ship, and comforted each other, giving God thanks that the hardest time of the winter was past, being in good hope that we should live to talk of those things at home in our own country; and when we were in the ship, we found that the water rose higher and higher in it, and so each of us taking a biscuit or two with us, we went home again.

The four-and-twentieth, it was fair clear weather, with a west wind; then I, and Jacob Heemskerke, and another with us, went to the sea-side, on the south side of Nova Zembla, where contrary to our expectation I first saw the edge of the sun, wherewith we went speedily home again, to tell William Barents, and the rest of our companions, that joyful news; but William Barents, being a wise and well experienced pilot, would not believe it, esteeming it to be about fourteen days too soon for the sun to shine in that part of the world; but we earnestly affirmed the contrary, and said that we had seen the sun.

The five-and-twentieth, and six-and-twentieth, it was misty and close weather, so that we could not see anything; then they that laid the contrary wager with us thought that they had won; but upon the seven-and-twentieth day it was clear weather, and then we saw the sun in his full roundness above the horizon, whereby it manifestly appeared that we had seen it upon the four-and-twentieth day of January. And as we were of divers opinions touching the same, and that we said it was clean contrary to the opinions of all old and new writers; yea, and contrary to the nature and roundness both of heaven and earth; some of us said, that seeing in long time there had been no day, that it might be that we had overslept ourselves, whereof we were better assured; but concerning the thing in itself, seeing God is wonderful in all his works, we will refer that to his almighty power, and leave it unto others to dispute of. . . .

. . . . . .

The five-and-twentieth of January, it was dark cloudy weather, the wind westerly, so that the seeing of the sun the day before was again doubted of, and then many wagers were laid, and we still looked out to see if the sun appeared; the same day we saw a bear (which as long as the sun appeared not unto us we saw not) coming out of the south-west towards our house, but when we shouted at her she came no nearer, but went away again. The six-and-twentieth, it was fair weather, but in the horizon there hung a white or dark cloud, whereby we could not see the sun, whereupon the rest of our companions thought that we had mistaken ourselves upon the four-and-twentieth day,

and that the sun appeared not unto us, and mocked us; but we were resolute in our former affirmation, that we had seen the sun, but not in the full roundness. That evening the sick man that was amongst us was very weak, and felt himself to be extremely sick, for he had lain long time, and we comforted him as well as we might, and gave him the best admonition that we could, but he died not long after midnight.

. . . . . .

The twenty-seven, it was fair clear weather, with a south-west wind; then in the morning we digged a hole in the snow hard by the house, but it was still so extreme cold that we could not stay long at work, and so we digged by turns, every man a little while, and then went to the fire, and another went and supplied his place, till at last we digged seven foot depth where we went to bury the dead man; after that when we had read certain chapters, and sung some psalms, we all went out and buried the man; which done we went in and brake our fasts; and while we were at meat, and discoursed amongst ourselves touching the great quantity of snow that continually fell in that place, we said that if it fell out that our house should be closed up again with snow we would find the means to climb out at the chimney; whereupon our master went to try if he could climb up through the chimney and so get out; and while he was climbing, one of our men went forth of the door, to see if the master were out or not, who, standing upon the snow, saw the sun, and called us all out, wherewith we all went forth, and saw the sun in his full roundness, a little above the horizon; and then it was without all doubt that we had seen the sun upon the four-and-twentieth of January, which made us all glad, and we gave God hearty thanks for his grace shewed unto us, that that glorious light appeared unto us again.

. . . . . .

The fifth [of February], it was still foul weather, the wind being east, with great store of snow, whereby we were shut up again into the house, and had no other way to get out but by the chimney, and those that could not climb out were fain to help themselves within as well as they could. The sixth, it was still foul stormy weather, with store of snow, and we still went out at the chimney (and troubled not ourselves with the door), for some of us made it an easy matter to climb out at the chimney. The seventh, it was still foul weather, with much snow, and a south-west wind, and we thereby forced to keep the house, which grieved us more than when the sun shined not, for that having seen it and felt the heat thereof, yet we were forced not to enjoy it.

. . . . . .

The first of May, it was fair weather with a west wind; then we sod our last flesh, which for a long time we had spared, and it was still very good, and the last morsel tasted as well as the first, and we found no fault therein, but only that it would last no longer. The second, it was foul weather, with a storm out of the south-west, whereby the sea was almost clear of ice, and then we began to speak about getting from thence, for we had kept house long enough there. The third, it was still foul weather, with a south-west wind, whereby the ice began wholly to drive away; but it lay fast about the ship, and when our best meat, as flesh, and other things began to fail us, which was our greatest sustenance, and that it behooved us to be somewhat strong, to sustain the labor that we were to undergo when we went from thence, the master shared the rest of the bacon amongst us, which was a small barrel with salt bacon in pickle, whereof every one of us had two ounces a day, which continued for the space of three weeks and then it was eaten up.

. . . . . .

The nine-and-twentieth [of May] in the morning, it was reasonable fair weather, with a west wind; then ten of us went unto the scute to bring it to the house to dress it and make it ready to sail, but we found it deep hidden under the snow, and were fain with great pain and labor to dig it out; but when we had gotten it out of the snow, and thought to draw it to the house, we could not do it, because we were too weak, wherewith we became wholly out

of heart, doubting that we should not be able to go forward with our labor; but the master encouraging us bade us strive to do more than we were able; saying that both our lives and our welfare consisted therein; and that if we could not get the scute from thence and make it ready, then he said we must dwell there as burghers of Nova Zembla, and make our graves in that place; but there wanted no good-will in us, but only strength, which made us for that time to leave off work and let the scute lie still, which was no small grief unto us, and trouble to think what were best for us to do; but after noon, being thus comfortless come home, we took hearts again, and determined to turn the boat that lay by the house with her keel upwards, and to amend it, that it might be the fitter to carry us over the sea, for we made full account that we had a long, troublesome voyage in hand, wherein we might have many crosses, and wherein we should not be sufficiently provided for all things necessary, although we took never so much care; and while we were busy about our work, there came a great bear unto us, wherewith we went into our house, and stood to watch her in our three doors, with harquebusses, and one stood in the chimney with a musket; this bear came boldlier unto us than ever any had done before, for she came to the nether step that went to one of our doors, and the man that stood in the door saw her not, because he looked towards the other door; but they that stood within saw her, and in great fear called to him, wherewith he turned about, and although he was in a maze he shot at her, and the bullet passed clean through her body, whereupon she ran away. Yet it was a fearful thing to see, for the bear was almost upon him before he saw her, so that if the piece had failed to give fire (as oftentimes they do) it had cost him his life, and it may be that the bear would have gotten into the house. The bear being gone somewhat from the house lay down, wherewith we went all armed and killed her outright, and when we had ripped open her belly we found a piece of a buck therein, with hair, skin, and all, which not long before she had torn and devoured.

The one-and-thirtieth of May, it was fair weather, but somewhat colder than before, the wind being south-west, whereby the ice drave away; and we wrought hard about our boat, but when we were in the chiefest part of work there came another bear, as if they had smelt that we would be gone and that therefore they desired to taste a piece of some of us, for that was the third day, one after the other, that they set so fiercely upon us, so that we were forced to leave our work, and go into the house, and she followed us; but we stood with our pieces to watch her, and shot three pieces at her, two from our doors, and one out of the chimney, which all three hit her; but her death did us more hurt than her life, for after we ripped her belly, we dressed her liver and ate it, which in the taste liked us well, but it made us all sick, specially three that were exceeding sick, and we verily thought that we should have lost them, for all their skins came off, from the foot to the head; but yet they recovered again.

. . . . . .

The fourth [of June], it was fair weather, and indifferent warm, and about the south-east sun eleven of us went to our scute where it then lay, and drew it to the ship, at which time the labor seemed lighter unto us than it did before, when we took it in hand and were forced to leave it off again.

. . . . . .

The thirteenth [of June], it was fair weather; then the master and the carpenters went to the ship, and there made the scute and the boat ready, so that there rested nothing as then, but only to bring it down to the water side; the master and those that were with him, seeing that it was open water and a good west wind, came back to the house again, and there he spake unto William Barents (that had been long sick) and showed him that he thought it good (seeing it was a fit time) to go from thence, and so willed the company to drive the boat and the scute down to the water side, and in the name of God to begin our voyage,

to sail from Nova Zembla; then William Barents wrote a letter, which he put in a musket's charge, and hanged it up in the chimney, showing how he came out of Holland, to sail to the kingdom of China, and what had happened unto us being there on land, with all our crosses, that if any man chanced to come thither they might know what had happened unto us, and how we had been forced in our extremity to make that house, and had dwelt ten months therein; and for that we were put to sea in two small open boats, and to undertake a dangerous and adventurous voyage in hand, the master wrote two letters, which most of us subscribed unto, signifying how we had stayed there upon the land in great trouble and misery, in hope that our ship would be freed from the ice, and that we should sail away with it again, and how it fell out to the contrary, and that the ship lay fast in the ice, so that in the end the time passing away and our victuals beginning to fail us, we were forced for the saving of our own lives to leave the ship, and to sail away in our open boats, and so to commit ourselves into the hands of God. Which done, he put into each of our scutes a letter, that if we chanced to lose one another, or that by storms or any other misadventure we happened to be cast away, that then by the scute that escaped men might know how we left each other; and so having finished all things as we determined, we drew the boat to the water side, and left a man in it, and went and fetched the scute, and after that eleven sleds with goods, as victuals, with some wine that yet remained, and the merchants' goods, which we preserved as well as we could, *viz.*, six packs with fine woolen cloth, a chest of linen, two packets with velvet, two small chests with money, two dry-fats with men's clothes and other things, thirteen barrels of bread, a barrel of cheese, a flitch of bacon, two runlets of oil, six small runlets of wine, two runlets of vinegar, with other packs belonging to the sailors, so that when they lay all together upon a heap, a man would have judged that they would not have gone into the scutes; which being all put into them, we went to the house, and first drew William Barents upon a sled to the place where our scutes lay, and after that we fetched Claes Adrianson, both of them having been long sick, and so we entered into the scutes, and divided ourselves into each of them alike, and put into either of them a sick man; then the master caused both the scutes to lie close one by the other, and there we subscribed to the letters which he had written, and so committing ourselves to the will and mercy of God, with a west northwest wind, and an indifferent open water, we set sail and put to sea.

. . . . . .

The twentieth [of June], Claes Adrianson and William Barents died; the death of William Barents put us in no small discomfort, as being the chief guide and only pilot on whom we reposed ourselves, next under God.

. . . . . .

The eight-and-twentieth [of July], it was fair weather with a north-east wind, then we sailed along by the land, and with the south-west sun got before St. Laurence Bay, or Sconce Point, and sailed south south-east six miles, and being there, we found two Russian lodgies, or ships, beyond the point, wherewith we were not a little comforted, to think that we were come to the place where we found men; but were in some doubt of them, because they were so many, for at that time we saw at least thirty men; and knew not what they were; there with much pain and labor we got to land, which they perceiving left off their work and came towards us, but without any arms, and we also went on shore, as many as were well, for divers of us were very ill at ease and weak by reason of a great scouring in their bodies, and when we met together, we saluted each other in friendly wise, they after theirs, and we after our manner. . . . And while we stayed there, we were very familiar with them, and went to the place where they lay, and sod some of our mischuyt with water by their fire, that we might eat some warm thing down into our bodies, and we were much comforted to see the Russians, for that in thirteen months' time, that we departed from John Cornelison, we had not seen any man, but only monstrous and cruel wild bears.

. . . . . .

The first of September, in the morning with the east sun, we got to the west-side of the river of Coola, and entered into it, where we rowed till the flood was past, and then we cast the stones that served us for anchors upon the ground, at a point of land, till the flood came in again; and when the sun was south, we set sail again with the flood, and so sailed and rowed till midnight, and then we cast anchor again till morning. The second, in the morning, we rowed up the river, and as we passed along we saw some trees on the riverside, which comforted us, and made us glad as if we had then come into a new world, for in all the time that we had been out we had not seen any trees; and when we were by the Salt Kettles, which is about three miles from Coola, we stayed there a while and made merry, and then went forward again, and with the west north-west sun got to John Cornelison's ship, wherein we entered and drunk; there we began to make merry again, with the sailors that were therein, and that had been in the voyage with John Cornelison the year before, and bade each other welcome; then we rowed forward, and late in the evening got to Coola, where some of us went on land, and some stayed in the scutes to look to the goods; to whom we sent milk and other things to comfort and refresh them, and we were all exceeding glad that God of his mercy had delivered us out of so many dangers and troubles, and had brought us thither in safety.

The third, we unladed all our goods, and there refreshed ourselves after our toilsome and weary journey, and the great hunger we had endured, thereby to recover our healths and strengths again.

The eleventh, by leave and consent of the Bayart, Governor of the great prince of Moscovia, we brought our scute and our boat into the merchants' house, and there let them stand for a remembrance of our long, far, and never before sailed, way, and that we had sailed in those open scutes almost four hundred Dutch miles, through, and along by the sea coasts, to the town of Coola.

The seventeenth of September, John Cornelison and our master being come aboard, the next day about the east sun we set sail out of the river Coola, and with God's grace put to sea, to sail homewards, and being out of the river, we sailed along by the land north-west and by north, the wind being south.

Upon the nine-and-twentieth of October, we arrived in the Mase, with an east north-east wind, and the next morning got to Maseland Sluice, and there going on land, from thence rowed to Delfe, and then to the Hague, and from thence to Harlem. And upon the first of November about noon, got to Amsterdam, in the same clothes that we wore in Nova Zembla, with our caps furred with white foxes' skins. The news thereof being spread abroad in the town, it was also carried to the prince's court in the Hague, at which time the Lord Chancellor of Denmark, ambassador for the said king, was then at dinner with Prince Maurice; for the which cause we were presently fetched thither by the scout, and two of the burghers of the town, and there in the presence of those ambassadors, and the burgher-masters, we made rehearsal of our journey both forwards and backwards.

## FROM *SIR FRANCIS DRAKE REVIVED; CALLING UPON THIS DULL OR EFFEMINATE AGE, TO FOLLOW HIS NOBLE STEPS FOR GOLD AND SILVER:*

Faithfully taken out of the report of Master Christopher Ceely, Ellis Hixom, and others, who were in the same voyage with him; by Philip Nichols, Preacher. Reviewed also by Sir Francis Drake himself, before his death; and much holpen and enlarged by divers notes with his own hand, here and there inserted. Set forth by Sir Francis Drake, Baronet, (his nephew) now living.

. . . . . .

[Concerning expeditions against the Spaniards, for treasure, on the isthmus of Panama.] We were in all forty-eight, of which eighteen only were English; the rest were Cimaroons, which, beside their arms, bare every one of them a great quantity of victuals and provision, supplying our want of carriage in so long a march, so that we were not troubled with anything but our furniture. And because they could not carry enough to suffice us altogether, therefore, as they promised before, so by the way

with their arrows they provided for us competent store from time to time.

They have every one of them two sorts of arrows: the one to defend himself and offend the enemy, the other to kill his victuals. These for fight are somewhat like the Scottish arrow; only somewhat longer, and headed with iron, wood, or fish bones. But the arrows for provision are of three sorts. The first serveth to kill any great beast near hand, as ox, stag, or wild boar; this hath a head of iron of a pound and a half weight, shaped in form like the head of a javelin or boar-spear, as sharp as any knife, making so large and deep a wound as can hardly be believed of him that hath not seen it. The second serveth for lesser beasts, and hath a head of three quarters of a pound; this he most usually shooteth. The third serveth for all manner of birds; it hath a head of an ounce weight. And these heads though they be of iron only, yet are they so cunningly tempered that they will continue a very good edge a long time; and though they be turned sometimes, yet they will never or seldom break. The necessity in which they stand hereof continually causeth them to have iron in far greater account than gold; and no man among them is of greater estimation than he that can most perfectly give this temper unto it.

Every day we were marching by sunrising. We continued till ten in the forenoon; then resting (ever near some river) till past twelve, we marched till four, and then by some river's side we reposed ourselves in such houses as either we found prepared heretofore by them, when they traveled through these woods, or they daily built very readily for us in this manner.

As soon as we came to the place where we intended to lodge, the Cimaroons, presently laying down their burdens, fell to cutting of forks or posts, and poles or rafters, and palmito boughs or plaintain leaves; and with great speed set up to the number of six houses. For every of which they first fastened deep into the ground three or four great posts with forks; upon them they laid one transom, which was commonly about twenty feet, and made the sides in the manner of the roofs of our country houses, thatching it close with those aforesaid leaves, which keep out water a long time; observing always that in the lower ground, where greater heat was, they left some three or four feet open unthatched below, and made the houses, or rather roofs, so many feet the higher; but in the hills, where the air was more piercing and the nights cold, they made our rooms always lower, and thatched them close to the ground, leaving only one door to enter in, and a lower hole for a vent, in the midst of the roof. In every of these they made four several lodgings, and three fires, one in the midst and one at each end of every house; so that the room was most temperately warm, and nothing annoyed with smoke, partly by reason of the nature of the wood which they use to burn, yielding very little smoke, partly by reason of their artificial making of it; as firing the wood cut in length like our billets at the ends, and joining them together so close that though no flame or fire did appear, yet the heat continued without intermission.

Near many of the rivers where we stayed or lodged we found sundry sorts of fruits which we might use with great pleasure and safety temperately, mammeas, guayvas, palmitos, pinos, oranges, lemons; and divers other, from eating of which they dissuaded us in any case, unless we ate very few of them, and those first dry-roasted, as plantains, potatoes, and such like.

In journeying, as oft as by chance they found any wild swine, of which those hills and valleys have store, they would ordinarily, six at a time, deliver their burdens to the rest of their fellows, pursue, kill, and bring away after us as much as they could carry and time permitted. One day, as we traveled, the Cimaroons found an otter, and prepared it to be dressed; our captain marveling at it, Pedro, our chief Cimaroon, asked him, "Are you a man of war, and in want; and yet doubt whether this be meat, that hath blood?"

Herewithal our captain rebuked himself secretly, that he had so slightly considered of it before.

The third day of our journey (sixth February) they brought us to a town of their own, seated near a fair river, on the side of a hill, environed with a dyke of eight feet broad and a thick mud wall of ten feet high, sufficient to stop a sudden surpriser. It had one long and broad street,

lying east and west, and two other cross streets of less breadth and length; there were in it some five or six and fifty households; which were kept so clean and sweet that not only the houses but the very streets were very pleasant to behold. In this town we saw they lived very civilly and cleanly. For as soon as we came thither, they washed themselves in the river; and changed their apparel, as also their women do wear, which was very fine and fitly made somewhat after the Spanish fashion, though nothing so costly. This town is distant thirty-five leagues from Nombre de Dios, and forty-five from Panama. It is plentifully stored with many sorts of beasts and fowl, with plenty of maize and sundry fruits.

Touching their affection in religion, they have no kind of priests, only they held the cross in great reputation. But at our captain's persuasion they were contented to leave their crosses, and to learn the Lord's Prayer, and to be instructed in some measure concerning God's true worship. They keep a continual watch in four parts, three miles off their town, to prevent the mischiefs which the Spaniards intend against them, by the conducting of some of their own coats, which having been taken by the Spaniards have been enforced thereunto; wherein, as we learned, sometimes the Spaniards have prevailed over them, especially when they lived less careful; but since, they watch against the Spaniards, whom they killed like beasts as often as they take them in the woods, having aforehand understood of their coming.

We stayed with them that night, and the next day (seventh February) till noon; during which time they related unto us divers very strange accidents that had fallen out between them and the Spaniards; namely one. A gallant gentleman entertained by the governors of the country undertook, the year last past, with 150 soldiers, to put this town to the sword, men, women, and children. Being conducted to it by one of them that had been taken prisoner and won by great gifts, he surprised it half an hour before day, by which occasion most of the men escaped, but many of their women and children were slaughtered or taken; but the same morning by sun-rising (after that their guide was slain, in following another man's wife, and that the Cimaroons had assembled themselves in their strength) they behaved themselves in such sort, and drove the Spaniards to such extremity, that what with the disadvantage of the woods (having lost their guide and thereby their way), what with famine and want, there escaped not past thirty of them to return answer to those which sent them.

Their king dwelt in a city within sixteen leagues south-east of Panama; which is able to make 1,700 fighting men.

They all entreated our captain very earnestly to make his abode with them some two or three days; promising that by that time they would double his strength if he thought good. But he, thanking them for their offer, told them that he could stay no longer; it was more than time to prosecute his purposed voyage. As for strength, he would wish no more than he had, although he might have presently twenty times as much. Which they took as proceeding not only from kindness but also from magnanimity; and therefore they marched forth that afternoon, with great good will.

This was the order of our march. Four of these Cimaroons that best knew the ways went about a mile distance before us, breaking boughs as they went, to be a direction to those that followed; but with great silence, which they also required us to keep.

Then twelve of them were as it were our vanguard, other twelve our rearward. We with their two captains in the midst.

All the way was through woods very cool and pleasant, by reason of those goodly and high trees, that grow there so thick that it is cooler traveling there under them in that hot region than it is in the most parts of England in the summer time. This gave a special encouragement unto us all, that we understood there was a great tree about the midway, from which we might at once discern the north sea from whence we came, and the south sea whither we were going.

The fourth day following (eleventh February) we came to the height of the desired hill, a very high hill, lying east and west, like a ridge between the two seas, about ten of the clock; where the chiefest of these Cimaroons took our captain by the hand, and prayed him to follow him, if he was

desirous to see at once the two seas, which he had so long longed for.

Here was that goodly and great high tree, in which they had cut and made divers steps, to ascend up near unto the top, where they had also made a convenient bower wherein ten or twelve men might easily sit; and from thence we might, without any difficulty, plainly see the Atlantic Ocean whence now we came, and the South Atlantic so much desired. South and north of this tree they had felled certain trees, that the prospect might be the clearer; and near about the tree there were divers strong houses, that had been built long before, as well by other Cimaroons as by these, which usually pass that way, as being inhabited in divers places in those waste countries.

After our captain had ascended to this bower, with the chief Cimaroon, and having, as it pleased God, at that time, by reason of the breeze, a very fair day, had seen that sea of which he had heard such golden reports; he besought almighty God of his goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea. And then calling up all the rest of our men, he acquainted John Oxnam especially with this his petition and purpose, if it would please God to grant him that happiness. Who understanding it, presently protested that unless our captain did beat him from his company, he would follow him, by God's grace!

Thus all, thoroughly satisfied with the sight of the seas, descended; and after our repast, continued our ordinary march through woods, yet two days more as before; without any great variety. But then (thirteenth February) we came to march in a champion country, where the grass groweth not only in great lengths as the knot grass groweth in many places, but to such height that the inhabitants are fain to burn it thrice in the year, that it may be able to feed the cattle, of which they have thousands.

For it is a kind of grass with a stalk as big as a great wheaten reed, which hath a blade issuing from the top of it, on which though the cattle feed, yet it groweth every day higher, until the top be too high for an ox to reach. Then the inhabitants are wont to put fire to it, for the space of five or six miles together; which notwithstanding after it is thus burnt, within three days springeth up fresh like green corn. Such is the great fruitfulness of the soil; by reason of the evenness of the day and night, and the rich dews which fall every morning.

In these three last days' march in the champion, as we passed over the hills, we might see Panama five or six times a day; and the last day (fourteenth February) we saw the ships riding in the road.

But after that we were come within a day's journey of Panama, our captain (understanding by the Cimaroons that the dames of Panama are wont to send forth hunters and fowlers for taking of sundry dainty fowl which the land yieldeth; by whom if we marched not very heedfully, we might be descried) caused all his company to march out of all ordinary way, and that with as great heed, silence, and secrecy as possibly they might, to the grove (which was agreed on four days before) lying within a league of Panama, where we might lie safely undiscovered near the highway that leadeth from thence to Nombre de Dios.

Thence we sent a chosen Cimaroon, one that had served a master in Panama before time, in such apparel as the negroes of Panama do use to wear, to be our espial, to go into the town, to learn the certain night, and time of the night, when the carriers laded the treasure from the king's treasure house to Nombre de Dios. For they are wont to take their journey from Panama to Venta Cruz, which is six leagues, ever by night; because the country is all champion, and consequently by day very hot. But from Venta Cruz to Nombre de Dios as oft as they travel by land with their treasure, they travel always by day and not by night, because all that way is full of woods, and therefore very fresh and cool; unless the Cimaroons happily encounter them and made them sweat with fear, as sometimes they have done; whereupon they are glad to guard their *recuas* with soldiers as they pass that way.

This last day our captain did behold and view the most of all that fair city, discerning the large street which lieth directly from the sea into the land, south and north.

By three of the clock we came to this grove; passing for the more secrecy alongst

a certain river which at that time was almost dried up.

Having disposed of ourselves in the grove, we despatched our spy an hour before night, so that by the closing in of the evening he might be in the city; as he was. Whence presently he returned unto us that which very happily he understood by companions of his: that the treasurer of Lima, intending to pass into Spain in the first adviso (which was a ship of 350 tons, a very good sailer), was ready that night to take his journey towards Nombre de Dios, with his daughter and family; having fourteen mules in company, of which eight were laden with gold, and one with jewels. And further, that there were two other *recuas*, of fifty mules in each, laden with victuals for the most part, with some little quantity of silver, to come forth that night after the other.

There are twenty-eight of these *recuas;* the greatest of them is of seventy mules, the less of fifty; unless some particular man hire for himself ten, twenty, or thirty, as he hath need.

Upon this notice, we forthwith marched four leagues, till we came within two leagues of Venta Cruz, in which march two of our Cimaroons which were sent before, by scent of his match found and brought a Spaniard, whom they had found asleep by the way, by scent of the said match, and drawing near thereby heard him taking his breath as he slept; and being but one, they fell upon him, stopped his mouth from crying, put out his match, and bound him so that they well near strangled him by that time he was brought unto us.

By examining him, we found all that to be true which our spy had reported to us, and that he was a soldier entertained with others by the treasurer, for guard and conduct of this treasure from Venta Cruz to Nombre de Dios.

This soldier, having learned who our captain was, took courage, and was bold to make two requests unto him. The one that he would command his Cimaroons, which hated the Spaniards, especially the soldiers extremely, to spare his life; which he doubted not but they would do at his charge. The other was that seeing he was a soldier, and assured him that they should have that night more gold, besides jewels and pearls of great price, than all they could carry (if not, then he was to be dealt with how they would); but if they all found it so, then it might please our captain to give unto him as much as might suffice for him and his mistress to live upon, as he had heard our captain had done to divers others; for which he would make his name as famous as any of them which had received like favor.

Being at the place appointed, our captain with half his men lay on one side of the way, about fifty paces off in the long grass; John Oxnam with the captain of the Cimaroons, and the other half, lay on the other side of the way, at the like distance; but so far behind that as occasion served the former company might take the foremost mules by the heads, and the hindmost, because the mules tied together are always driven one after another; and especially that if we should have need to use our weapons that night, we might be sure not to endamage our fellows. We had not lain thus in ambush much above an hour but we heard the *recuas* coming both from the city to Venta Cruz, and from Venta Cruz to the city, which hath a very common and great trade when the fleets are there. We heard them by reason they delight much to have deep-sounding bells, which in a still night are heard very far off.

Now though there were as great charge given as might be that none of our men should show or stir themselves, but let all that came from Venta Cruz to pass quietly; yea, their *recuas* also, because we knew that they brought nothing but merchandise from thence; yet one of our men, called Robert Pike, having drunken too much *aqua vitae* without water, forgot himself, and enticing a Cimaroon forth with him was gone hard to the way, with intent to have shown his forwardness on the foremost mules. And when a cavalier from Venta Cruz, well mounted, with his page running at his stirrup, passed by, unadvisedly he rose up to see what he was; but the Cimaroon of better discretion pulled him down and lay upon him, that he might not discover them any more.

Yet by this the gentleman had taken notice by seeing one half all in white; for that we had all put our shirts over our other apparel, that we might be sure to know our own men in the pell mell in the night. By means of this sight, the cavalier putting spurs to his horse rode a false gallop; as desirous not only himself to be free of this doubt which he imagined, but also to give advertisement to others that they might avoid it.

Our captain who had heard and observed by reason of the hardness of the ground and stillness of the night the change of this gentleman's trot to a gallop, suspected that he was discovered, but could not imagine by whose fault, neither did the time give him leisure to search. And therefore considering that it might be by reason of the danger of the place, well known to ordinary travelers, we lay still in expectation of the treasurer's coming; and he had come forward to us, but that this horseman meeting him, and (as we afterwards learned by the other *recuas*) making report to him what he had seen presently that night, what he heard of captain Drake this long time, and what he conjectured to be most likely; *viz.*, that the said captain Drake, or some for him, disappointed of his expectation of getting any great treasure both at Nombre de Dios and other places, was by some means or other come by land, in covert through the woods, unto this place, to speed of his purpose; and thereupon persuaded him to turn his *recua* out of the way, and let the other *recuas* which were coming after to pass on. They were whole *recuas*, and loaded but with victuals for the most part, so that the loss of them were far less if the worst befell, and yet they should serve to discover them as well as the best.

Thus by the recklessness of one of our company, and by the carefulness of this traveler, we were disappointed of a most rich booty; which is to be thought God would not should be taken, for that, by all likelihood, it was well gotten by that treasurer.

. . . . . .

. . . Knowing that the carriages went now daily from Panama to Nombre de Dios, we proceeded in covert through the woods, towards the highway that leadeth between them.

It is five leagues accounted by sea between Rio Francisco and Nombre de Dios; but that way which we march by land, we found it above seven leagues. We marched as in our former journey to Panama, both for order and silence; to the great wonder of the French captain and company, who protested they knew not by any means how to recover the pinnaces, if the Cimaroons (to whom what our captain commanded was a law; though they little regarded the French, as having no trust in them) should leave us. Our captain assured him there was no cause of doubt of them, of whom he had had such former trial.

When we were come within an English mile of the way, we stayed all night, refreshing ourselves, in great stillness, in a most convenient place; where we heard the carpenters, being many in number, working upon their ships, as they usually do by reason of the great heat of the day in Nombre de Dios; and might hear the mules coming from Panama, by reason of the advantage of the ground.

The next morning (first April), upon hearing of that number of bells, the Cimaroons rejoiced exceedingly, as though there could not have befallen them a more joyful accident, chiefly having been disappointed before. Now they all assured us we should have more gold and silver than all of us could bear away; as in truth it fell out.

For there came three *recuas*, one of fifty mules, the other two of seventy each, every of which carried three hundred pounds' weight of silver; which in all amounted to near thirty tons.

We putting ourselves in readiness went down near the way, to hear the bells; where we stayed not long but we saw of what metal they were made; and took such hold on the heads of the foremost and hindmost mules that all the rest stayed and lay down, as their manner is.

These three *recuas* were guarded with forty-five soldiers or thereabouts, fifteen to each *recua*, which caused some exchange of bullets and arrows for a time; in which

conflict the French captain was sore wounded with hail-shot in the belly, and one Cimaroon was slain; but in the end, these soldiers thought it the best way to leave their mules with us and to seek for more help abroad.

In which meantime we took some pain to ease some of the mules which were heaviest loaden of their carriage. And because we ourselves were somewhat weary, we were contented with a few bars and quoits of gold, as we could well carry; burying about fifteen tons of silver, partly in the burrows which the great land crabs had made in the earth, and partly under old trees which were fallen thereabout, and partly in the sand and gravel of a river not very deep of water.

Thus when about this business we had spent some two hours, and had disposed of all our matters, and were ready to march back the very selfsame way that we came, we heard both horse and foot coming as it seemed to the mules, for they never followed us after we were once entered the woods; where the French captain, by reason of his wound not able to travel farther, stayed, in hope that some rest would recover him better strength.

But after we had marched some two leagues, upon the French soldiers' complaint that they missed one of their men also, examination being made whether he were slain or not; it was found that he had drunk much wine, and overlading himself with pillage, and hasting to go before us, had lost himself in the woods. And as we afterwards knew, he was taken by the Spaniards that evening; and upon torture discovered unto them where we had hidden our treasure.

We continued our march all that and the next day (second and third April) towards Rio Francisco, in hope to meet with our pinnaces; but when we came thither, looking out to sea we saw seven Spanish pinnaces, which had been searching all the coast thereabouts; whereupon we mightily suspected that they had taken or spoiled our pinnaces, for that our captain had given so strait charge that they should repair to this place this after-noon, from the Cabeças where they rode; whence, to our sight, these Spaniards' pinnaces did come.

But the night before there had fallen very much rain, with much westerly wind, which as it enforced the Spaniards to return home the sooner, by reason of the storm, so it kept our pinnaces that they could not keep the appointment; because the wind was contrary, and blew so strong that with their oars they could all that day get but half the way. Notwithstanding, if they had followed our captain's direction in setting forth over night, while the wind served, they had arrived at the place appointed with far less labor, but with far more danger; because that very day at noon the shallops manned out, of purpose, from Nombre de Dios, were come to this place to take our pinnaces; imagining where we were, after they had heard of our intercepting of the treasure.

Our captain, seeing the shallops, feared lest having taken our pinnaces they had compelled our men by torture to confess where his frigate and ships were. Therefore in this distress and perplexity, the company misdoubting that all means of return to their country were cut off, and that their treasure then served them to small purpose; our captain comforted and encouraged us all, saying, we should venture no farther than he did; it was no time now to fear; but rather to haste to prevent that which was feared. "If the enemy have prevailed against our pinnaces, which God forbid, yet they must have time to search them, time to examine the mariners, time to execute their resolution after it is determined. Before all these times be taken, we may get to our ships, if ye will. Though not possibly by land, because of the hills, thickets, and rivers, yet by water. Let us therefore make a raft with the trees that are here in readiness as offering themselves, being brought down the river, happily this last storm, and put ourselves to sea. I will be one, who will be the other?"

John Smith offered himself, and two Frenchmen that could swim very well desired they might accompany our captain, as did the Cimaroons likewise (who had been very earnest with our captain to have marched by land, though it were sixteen days' journey, and in case the ship had

been surprised, to have abode always with them), especially Pedro, who yet was fain to be left behind, because he could not row.

The raft was fitted and fast bound; a sail of a biscuit sack prepared; an oar was shaped out of a young tree to serve instead of a rudder, to direct their course before the wind.

At his departure he comforted the company, by promising that if it pleased God he should put his foot in safety aboard his frigate, he would, God willing, by one means or other get them all aboard, in despite of all the Spaniards in the Indies!

In this manner pulling off to the sea, he sailed some three leagues, sitting up to the waist continually in water, and at every surge of the wave to the arm-pits, for the space of six hours, upon this raft; what with the parching of the sun, and what with the beating of the salt water, they had all of them their skins much fretted away.

At length God gave them the sight of two pinnaces turning towards them with much wind; but with far greater joy to him than could easily conjecture, and did cheerfully declare to those three with him, that they were our pinnaces, and that all was safe, so that there was no cause of fear.

But see, the pinnaces not seeing this raft, nor suspecting any such matter, by reason of the wind and night growing on were forced to run into a cove behind the point, to take succor for that night; which our captain seeing, and gathering (because they came not forth again) that they would anchor there, put his raft ashore, and ran by land about the point, where he found them; who, upon sight of him, made as much haste as they could to take him and his company aboard. For our captain (of purpose to try what haste they could and would make in extremity) himself ran in great haste, and so willed the other three with him; as if they had been chased by the enemy; which they the rather suspected, because they saw so few with him.

And after his coming aboard, when they demanding how all his company did, he answered coldly, "Well!" They all doubted that all went scarce well. But he, willing to rid all doubts and fill them with joy, took out of his bosom a quoit of gold, thanking God that our voyage was made!

And to the Frenchmen he declared how their captain indeed was left behind, sore wounded, and two of his company with him; but it should be no hindrance to them.

That night (fourth April) our captain with great pain of his company rowed to Rio Francisco; where he took the rest in, and the treasure which we had brought with us; making such expedition that by dawning of the day we set sail back again to our frigate, and from thence directly to our ships; where as soon as we arrived our captain divided by weight the gold and silver into two even portions between the French and the English.

## THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW, CHAPTER 5

### Tyndale's Translation, 1534

When he saw the people, he went up into a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples came to him; and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying: Blessed are the poor in sprite: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which hunger and thirst for righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which suffer persecution for rightewesness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men revile you, and persecute you, and shall falsely say all manner of evil sayings against you for my sake. Rejoice and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven. For so persecuted they the prophets which were before your days.

Ye are the salt of the earth; but and if the salt have lost her saltness, what can be salted therewith? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid; neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candle-stick, and it lighteth all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; no, I am not come to destroy them, but to fulfil them. For truly I say unto you, till heaven and earth perish, one jot or one tittle of the law shall not 'scape, till all be fulfilled.

Whosoever breaketh one of these least commandments, and teacheth men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven. But whosoever observeth and teacheth, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

For I say unto you, except your rightewesness exceed the rightewesness of the scribes and pharisees, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard how it was said unto them of the old time, thou shalt not kill. For whosoever killeth shall be in danger of judgment. But I say unto you, whosoever is angry with his brother shall be in danger of judgment. Whosoever sayeth unto his brother "Racha" shall be in danger of a council. But whosoever sayeth "Thou fool" shall be in danger of hell fire.

Therefore when thou offerest thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thine offering before the altar, and go thy way first and be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him, lest that adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the minister, and then thou be cast into prison. I say unto thee verily, thou shalt not come out thence till thou have paid the utmost farthing.

Ye have heard how it was said to them of old time, thou shalt not commit advoutry. But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a wife, lusting after her, hath committed advoutry with her already in his heart.

Wherefore if thy right eye offend thee, pluck him out and cast him from thee. Better it is for thee that one of thy members perish than that thy whole body should be cast into hell. Also if thy right hand offend thee, cut him off and cast him from thee. Better it is that one of thy members perish than that all thy body should be cast into hell.

It is said, whosoever put away his wife, let him give her a testimonial also of the divorcement. But I say unto you, whosoever put away his wife (except it be for fornication) causeth her to break matrimony. And whosoever marrieth her that is divorced breaketh wedlock.

Again ye have heard how it was said to them of old time, thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform thine oath to God. But I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's seat; nor yet by the earth, for it is his foot-stool; neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of that great king; neither shalt thou sware by thy head, because thou canst not make one white hair or black. But your communication shall be yea, yea; nay, nay. For whatsoever is more than that cometh of evil.

Ye have heard how it is said, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you, that ye resist not wrong. But whosoever give thee a blow on thy right cheek, turn to him the other. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever will compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that axeth, and from him that would borrow turn not away.

Ye have heard how it is said, thou shalt love thine neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies. Bless them that curse you. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them which do you wrong, and persecute you, that ye may be the childern of your father that is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to arise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward shall ye have? Do not the publicans even so? And if ye be friendly to your brethren only, what singular thing do ye? Do not the publicans likewise? Ye shall therefore be perfect, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect.

### Great Bible, 1539

When he saw the people, he went up into a mountain, and when he was set his disciples came to him; and after that he had opened his mouth, he taught them saying: Blessed are the poor in sprite: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall receive comfort. Blessed are the meek: for they shall receive the inheritance of the earth. Blessed are they which hunger and thirst after rightewesness: for they shall be satisfied. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which suffer persecution for rightewesness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men revile you, and persecute you, and shall falsely say all manner of evil sayings against you, for my sake. Rejoice and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven. For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost the saltness, what shall be seasoned therewith? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden down of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid; neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candle-stick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; no, I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. For truly I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle of the law shall not 'scape, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore breaketh one of these least commandments, and teacheth men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven. But whosoever doeth and teacheth, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

For I say unto you, except your rightewesness exceed the rightewesness of the scribes and pharisees, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard that it was said into them of the old time, thou shalt not kill; whosoever killeth shall be in danger of

judgment. But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother (unadvisedly) shall be in danger of judgment. And whosoever say unto his brother "Racha" shall be in danger of a council. But whosoever sayeth "Thou fool" shall be in danger of hell fire.

Therefore, if thou offerest thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thine offering before the altar and go thy way first and be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the minister, and then thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt not come out thence till thou have paid the utmost farthing. Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, thou shall not commit advoutry. But I say unto you that whosoever looketh on another man's wife to lust after her hath committed advoutry with her already in his heart.

If thy right eye hinder thee, pluck him out, and cast him from thee. For better it is unto thee that one of thy members perish, than that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand hinder thee, cut him off, and cast him from thee. For better it is unto thee that one of thy members perish, than that all thy body should be cast into hell.

It is said, whosoever putteth away his wife let him give her a letter of the divorcement. But I say unto you, that whosoever doth put away his wife (except it be for fornication) causeth her to break matrimony. And whosoever marrieth her that is divorced committeth advoutry.

Again, ye have heard how it was said to them of old time, thou shalt not forswear thyself but shall perform unto the lord those things that thou swearest. But I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's seat, nor by the earth, for it is his foot-stool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king; neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But your communication shall be yea, yea; nay, nay. For whatsoever is added more than these, it cometh of evil.

Ye have heard that it is said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil. But whosoever give thee a blow on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever will compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow, turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it is said, thou shalt love thine neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies. Bless them that curse you. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them which hurt you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to arise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not the publicans also even the same? And if ye make much of your brethren only, what singular thing do ye? Do not also the publicans likewise? Ye shall therefore be perfect, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect.

### Geneva Bible, 1560

1. And when he saw the multitude, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came to him.

2. And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6. Blessed are they which hunger and thirst for righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10. Blessed are they which suffer persecution for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11. Blessed are ye when men revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you for my sake, falsely.

12. Rejoice and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven. For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

13. Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men.

14. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

15. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

16. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven.

17. Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy them, but to fulfil them.

18. For truly I say unto you, till heaven and earth perish, one jot or one tittle of the law shall not 'scape, till all things be fulfilled.

19. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall observe and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

20. For I say unto you, except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

21. Ye have heard that it was said unto them of the old time, thou shalt not kill; for whosoever killeth shall be culpable of judgment.

22. But I say unto you, whosoever is angry with his brother unadvisedly shall be culpable of judgment; and whosoever sayeth unto his brother "Raca" shall be worthy to be punished by the council; and whosoever shall say "Fool" shall be worthy to be punished with hell fire.

23. If then thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee,

24. Leave there thine offering before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

25. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him, lest thine adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the sergeant, and thou be cast into prison.

26. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt not come out thence till thou hast paid the utmost farthing.

27. Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, thou shalt not commit adultery.

28. But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

29. Wherefore if thy right eye cause thee to offend, pluck it out and cast it from thee; for better it is for thee that one of thy members perish, than that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

30. Also if thy right hand make thee to offend, cut it off and cast it from thee; for better it is for thee that one of thy members perish, than that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

31. It hath been said also, whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a testimonial of divorcement.

32. But I say unto you, whosoever shall put away his wife (except it be for fornication) causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

33. Again, ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform thine oaths to the Lord.

34. But I say unto you, swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is the throne of God;

35. Nor yet by the earth, for it is his foot-stool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king.

36. Neither shalt thou swear by thine head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

37. But let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay. For whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

38. Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

39. But I say unto you, resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

40. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

41. And whosoever will compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

42. Give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not away.

43. Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

44. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which hurt you, and persecute you;

45. That ye may be the children of your father that is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to arise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and unjust.

46. For if ye love them which love you, what reward shall you have? Do not the publicans even the same?

47. And if ye be friendly to your brethren only, what singular thing do ye? Do not even the publicans likewise?

48. Ye shall therefore be perfit as your father which is in heaven is perfit.

### Bishops' Bible, 1572

1. When he saw the multitude, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came to him.

2. And when he had opened his mouth, he taught them, saying,

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be satisfied.

7. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10. Blessed are they which have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and lying shall say all manner of evil saying against you, for my sake.

12. Rejoice ye and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven. For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

13. Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt become unsavory, wherein shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men.

14. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

15. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

16. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven.

17. Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.

18. For truly I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle of the law shall not 'scape, till all be fulfilled.

19. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach so, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

20. For I say unto you, except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

21. Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, thou shalt not kill; whosoever killeth shall be in danger of judgment.

22. But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother, unadvisedly, shall be in danger of judgment; and whosoever shall say unto his brother "Racha" shall be in danger of a council; but whosoever shall say "Thou fool" shall be in danger of hell fire.

23. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee;

24. Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother; and then come and offer thy gift.

25. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the minister, and then thou be cast into prison.

26. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

27. Ye have heard that it was said unto them of time, thou shalt not commit adultery.

28. But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

29. If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

30. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that all thy body should be cast into hell.

31. It hath been said, whosoever will put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement.

32. But I say unto you, that whosoever doth put away his wife, except it be for fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever marrieth her that is divorced committeth adultery.

33. Again, ye have heard that it hath been said unto them of old time, thou shalt not forswear thee self, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths.

34. But I say unto you, swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's seat;

35. Nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Hierusalem, for it is the city of the great king.

36. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

37. But let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay. For whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

38. Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

39. But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever will give thee a blow on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

40. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

41. And whosoever will compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

42. Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.

43. Ye have heard that it hath been said; thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.

44. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them which hurt you, and persecute you;

45. That ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

46. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not the publicans even the same?

47. And if ye salute your brethren only, what singular thing do ye? Do not also the publicans likewise?

48. Ye shall therefore be perfect, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect.

### Rheims-Douay Translation, 1582

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went
up into a mountain; and when he was
2 set, his disciples came unto him; and
opening his mouth he taught them,
saying,
3 Blessed are the poor in spirit; for
4 theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed
are the meek: for they shall possess
5 the land. Blessed are they that mourn:
6 for they shall be comforted. Blessed
are they that hunger and thirst after
justice: for they shall have their fill.
7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall
8 obtain mercy. Blessed are the clean
9 of heart: for they shall see God. Blessed
are the peacemakers: for they shall be
10 called the children of God. Blessed
are they that suffer persecution for
justice: for theirs is the kingdom of

11 heaven. Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that naught is against
12 you, untruly, for my sake. Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven. For so they persecuted the prophets that were before you.
13 You are the salt of the earth. But
14 if the salt leese his virtue, wherewith shall it be salted? It is good for nothing any more but to be cast forth and to be
15 trodden of men. You are the light of the world. A city cannot be hid,
16 situated on a mountain. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all that are in the house.
17 So let your light shine before men; that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven.
18 Do not think that I am come to break the law or the prophets. I am
19 not come to break, but to fulfil. For assuredly I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall not pass of the law; till all be ful-
20 filled. He therefore that shall break one of these least commandments, and shall so teach men, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven. But he that shall do and teach, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.
21 For I tell you that unless your justice abound more than that of the scribes and pharisees, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.
22 You have heard that it was said to them of old, thou shalt not kill; and whoso killeth shall be in danger of
23 judgment. But I say to you, that whosoever is angry with his brother shall be in danger of judgment. And whosoever shall say to his brother "Raca" shall be in danger of a council. And whosoever shall say "Thou fool" shall
24 be guilty of the hell of fire. If therefore thou offer thy gift at the altar, and there thou remember that thy
25 brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy offering before the altar, and go first to be reconciled to thy brother; and then coming thou shalt offer thy
26 gift. Be at agreement with thy adversary betimes whiles thou art in the way with him; lest perhaps the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and
27 thou be cast into prison. Amen I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence till thou repay the last farthing.
28 You have heard that it was said to them of old, thou shalt not commit
29 advoutry. But I say to you, that whosoever shall see a woman to lust after her hath already committed ad-
30 voutry with her in his heart. And if thy right eye scandalize thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; for it is expedient for thee that one of thy limbs perish, rather than thy whole
31 body be cast into hell. And if thy right hand scandalize thee, cut it off and cast it from thee; for it is expedient for thee that one of thy limbs perish, rather than that thy whole body go into hell.
32 It was said also, whosoever shall dimiss his wife, let him give her a bill
33 of divorcement. But I say to you, whosoever shall dimiss his wife, excepting the cause of fornication, maketh her to commit advoutry; and he that shall marry her that is dimissed committeth advoutry.
34 Again you have heard that it was said to them of old, thou shalt not commit perjury; but thou shalt per-
35 form thy oaths to our Lord. But I say to you not to swear at all; neither by heaven, because it is the throne of God; neither by the earth, because it is the foot-stool of his feet; neither by Hierusalem, because it is the city of
36 the great king. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.
37 Let your talk be yea, yea; no, no; and that which is over and above these is of evil.
38 You have heard that it was said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a
39 tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil; but if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him also the other;
40 and to him that will contend with thee in judgment, and take away thy coat,

41 let go thy cloak also unto him. And whosoever will force thee one mile,
42 go with him other twain. He that asketh of thee, give to him; and to him that would borrow of thee, turn not away.
43 You have heard that it was said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate
44 thine enemy. But I say to you, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that per-
45 secute and abuse you; that you may be the children of your father which is in heaven, who maketh his sun to rise upon good and bad, and raineth upon
46 just and unjust. For if you love them that love you, what reward shall you have? Do not also the publicans this?
47 And if you salute your brethren only, what do you more? Do not also the
48 heathen this? Be you perfect therefore, as also your heavenly father is perfect.

AUTHORIZED (KING JAMES) VERSION, 1611

1. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him.

2. And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven. For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

13. Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men.

14. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

15. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

16. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven.

17. Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.

18. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

19. Whosoever therefore shall break of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

20. For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

21. Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment.

22. But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, "Racha," shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, "Thou fool," shall be in danger of hell fire.

23. Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee,

24. Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

25. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest

at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison.

26. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

27. Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, thou shalt not commit adultery.

28. But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

29. And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

30. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

31. It hath been said, whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement.

32. But I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

33. Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths.

34. But I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne;

35. Nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Hierusalem, for it is the city of the great king.

36. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

37. But let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay. For whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

38. Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

39. But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

40. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

41. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

42. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

43. Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

44. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;

45. That ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

46. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?

47. And if ye salute your brethren only, what do you more than others? Do not even the publicans so?

48. Be ye therefore perfect, even as your father, which is in heaven, is perfect.

# SIR THOMAS NORTH (1535?–1601?)

## FROM HIS TRANSLATION OF DON ANTHONY OF GUEVARA'S *THE DIAL OF PRINCES*

### Book III, Chap. 48

*That princes and noble men ought to remember that they are mortal and must die, where are sundry notable consolations against the fear of death.*

Cleobolus and Biton were the sons of a renowned woman, the which was nun to the goddess Juno; and when the day of that solemn feast was celebrated, her children prepared a chariot wherein their mother should go to the temple. For the Greeks had this custom, the day that the priests went to offer any sacrifices either they were carried on men's arms, or in chariots. They adorned their temples so well, they esteemed their sacrifices so much, and did so much honor their priests, that if any priest did set his foot on the ground, that day they did not permit him to offer any sacrifices to the gods.

It chanced as this nun went in her chariot and her children, Cleobolus and Biton, with her, the beasts which drew the chariot suddenly fell down dead ten miles from the temple of the goddess Juno. The children, seeing the beasts dead, and that their mother could not go afoot, and that the chariot was all ready, and that there were no beasts to draw it, they (as loving children) determined to yoke themselves and draw the chariot as if they had been dumb beasts. And as the mother carried them nine months in her womb, so did they draw her in the chariot ten miles.

Now for that they passed through infinite numbers of men to the great feast of the goddess Juno, every man seeing Cleobolus and Biton yoked in the chariot like beasts were greatly amazed, saying that these two children deserved with great rewards to be recompensed. And truly they said justly and so they deserved it. For they deserved as much to be praised for the example which they showed to all children to reverence their parents, as for carrying their mother in the chariot to the temple.

So after that the feast was ended, the mother, not knowing how to requite the benefit of her children, with many prayers besought the goddess Juno that she with the other gods would be contented to give her two children the best thing that the gods could give to their friends. The goddess Juno answered her that she was contented to require the other gods, and that they would do it, and the reward was that for this noble fact the gods ordained that Cleobolus and Biton should sleep one day well, and in the morning when they should wake, they should die.

The mother pitifully bewailing the death of her children and complaining of the gods, the goddess Juno said unto her: "Thou hast no cause why to complain, since we have given thee that thou hast demanded; and hast demanded that which we have given thee. I am a goddess, and thou art my servant, and therefore the gods have given to thy children the thing which they count most dear, which is death. For the greatest revenge which amongst us gods we can take of our enemies is to let them live long, and the best thing that we keep for our friends is to make them die quickly."

. . . . . .

In the time of Adrian, the emperor, a philosopher called Secundus (being marvelously learned) made an oration at the funeral of a noble Roman matron (a kinswoman of the emperor's), who spake exceeding much evil of life and marvelous much good of death. And when the emperor demanded him what death was, the philosopher answered: "Death is an eternal sleep, a dissolution of the body, a terror of the rich, a desire of the poor,

a thing inheritable, a pilgrimage uncertain, a thief of men, a kind of sleeping, a shadow of life, a separation of the living, a company of the dead, a resolution of all, a rest of travails, and the end of all idle desires. Finally, death is the scourge of all evil, and the chief reward of the good."

. . . . . .

Oh happy are they that die; for without inconvenience and without pain every man is, in his grave. For in this tribunal, justice to all is so equally observed that in the same place where we have deserved life, in the same place we merited death. There was never, nor never shall be, judge so just nor in justice so upright that giveth reward by weight, and pain by measure, but sometimes they chastise the innocent and absolve the guilty, they vex the faultless and dissemble with the culpable. For little availeth it the plaintiff to have good justice, if conscience went to the judge that should minister. Truly it is not so in death, but all ought to count themselves happy. For he which shall have good justice shall be sure on his part to have the sentence.

When great Cato was censor in Rome, a famous Roman died, who showed at his death a marvelous courage; and when the Romans praised him for that he had so great virtue, and for the words he had spoken, Cato the Censor laughed at that they said, for that they praised him. And he being demanded the cause of his laughter, answered: "Ye marvel at that I laugh, and I laugh at that you marvel. For the perils and travails considered wherein we live, and the safety wherein we die, I say that it is no more needful to have virtue and strength to live, than courage to die." The author hereof is Plutarch in his Apothegms.

We cannot say but that Cato the Censor spake as a wise man, since daily we see shamefast and virtuous persons suffer hunger, cold, thirst, travail, poverty, inconvenience, sorrows, enmities, and mishaps, of the which things we were better to see the end in one day than to suffer them every hour. For it is less evil to suffer an honest death than to endure a miserable life. Oh how small consideration have men to think that they ought to die but once! Since the truth is that the day we are born and come into the world is the beginning of our death; and the last day is when we do cease to live. If death be no other but an ending of life, then reason persuadeth us to think that our infancy dieth, our childhood dieth, our manhood dieth, and our age shall die; whereof we may consequently conclude that we die every year, every day, every hour, and every moment. So that thinking to lead a sure life, we taste a new death.

I know not why men fear so much to die, since that from the time of their birth they seek none other thing but death. For time never wanted to any man to die, neither I knew any man that ever failed of this way. Seneca in an epistle declareth that as a Roman woman lamented the death of a child of hers, a philosopher said unto her: "Woman, why bewailest thou thy child?" She answered: "I weep because he hath lived twenty-five years, and I would he should have lived till fifty. For amongst us mothers, we love our children so heartily that we never cease to behold them, nor yet end to bewail them." Then the philosopher said: "Tell me, I pray thee, woman, why dost thou not complain of the gods because they created not thy son many years before he was born, as well as thou complainest that they have not let him live fifty years? Thou weepest that he is dead so soon; and thou dost not lament that he is born so late. I tell thee true, woman, that as thou dost not lament for the one, no more thou oughtest to be sorry for the other. For without the determination of the gods we cannot shorten death; and much less lengthen life." So Pliny said in an epistle, that the chiefest law which the gods had given to human nature was that none should have perpetual life. For with disordinate desire to live long, we should rejoice to go out of this pain.

. . . . . .

Let princes and great lords believe me in this. Let them not leave that undone until after their death which they may do during their life. And let them not trust in that they command; but in that while they live they do. Let them not

trust in the works of another; but in their own good deeds. For in the end one sigh shall be more worth than all the friends of the world. I counsel, pray, and exhort all wise and virtuous men, and also myself with them, that in such sort we live that at the hour of death we may say we live. For we cannot say that we live, when we live not well. For all that time which without profit we shall live shall be counted unto us for nothing.

## FROM HIS TRANSLATION OF PLUTARCH'S *THE LIVES OF THE NOBLE GRECIANS AND ROMANS: THE LIFE OF MARCUS ANTONIUS*

. . . Antonius being thus inclined, the last and extremest mischief of all other—to wit, the love of Cleopatra—lighted on him, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him, and were never seen to any; and if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight, and made it worse than before.

The manner how he fell in love with her was this: Antonius, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her, being this: that she had aided Cassius and Brutus in their war against him. The messenger sent unto Cleopatra to make this summons unto her was called Dellius; who when he had throughly considered her beauty, the excellent grace and sweetness of her tongue, he nothing mistrusted that Antonius would do any hurt to so noble a lady, but rather assured himself that within few days she should be in great favor with him. Thereupon he did her great honor, and persuaded her to come into Cilicia as honorably furnished as she could possible, and bade her not to be afraid at all of Antonius; for he was a more courteous lord than any that she had ever seen. Cleopatra, on the other side, believing Dellius' words, and guessing by the former access and credit she had with Julius Caesar and Cneius Pompey (the son of Pompey the great) only for her beauty; she began to have good hope that she might more easily win Antonius. For Caesar and Pompey knew her when she was but a young thing, and knew not then what the world meant; but now she went to Antonius at the age when a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgment.

So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it and mocked Antonius so much that she disdained to set forward otherwise but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, hautboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself: she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, appareled and attired like the goddess Venus commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys appareled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were appareled like the nymphs Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces, some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongst the river's side; others also ran out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end, there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her that Antonius was left post alone in the market place in his imperial seat to

give audience; and there went a rumor in the people's mouths that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus, for the general good of all Asia.

When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper with him. But she sent him word again, he should do better rather to come and sup with her. Antonius therefore, to show himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was contented to obey her, and went to supper to her; where he found such passing sumptuous fare that no tongue can express it. But amongst all other things, he most wondered at the infinite number of lights and torches hanged on the top of the house, giving light in every place, so artificially set and ordered by devices, some round, some square, that it was the rarest thing to behold that eye could discern or that ever books could mention.

The next night Antonius feasting her contended to pass her in magnificence and fineness; but she overcame him in both. So that he himself began to scorn the gross service of his house, in respect of Cleopatra's sumptuousness and fineness. And when Cleopatra found Antonius' jests and slents to be but gross and soldier-like in plain manner, she gave it him finely, and without fear taunted him throughly.

Now her beauty (as it is reported) was not so passing, as unmatchable of other women, nor yet such as upon present view did enamor men with her; but so sweet was her company and conversation that a man could not possibly but be taken. And besides her beauty, the good grace she had to talk and discourse, her courteous nature that tempered her words and deeds, was a spur that pricked to the quick. Furthermore, besides all these, her voice and words were marvelous pleasant; for her tongue was an instrument of music to divers sports and pastimes, the which she easily turned to any language that pleased her. She spake unto few barbarous people by interpreter, but made them answer herself, or at least the most part of them; as the Ethiopians, the Arabians, the Troglodytes, the Hebrews, the Syrians, the Medes, and the Parthians, and to many others also, whose languages she had learned. Whereas divers of her progenitors, the kings of Egypt, could scarce learn the Egyptian tongue only, and many of them forgot to speak the Macedonian.

Now Antonius was so ravished with the love of Cleopatra that though his wife Fulvia had great wars, and much ado with Caesar for his affairs, and that the army of the Parthians (the which the king's lieutenants had given to the only leading of Labienus) was now assembled in Mesopotamia ready to invade Syria; yet as though all this had nothing touched him, he yielded himself to go with Cleopatra into Alexandria, where he spent and lost in childish sports (as a man might say) and idle pastimes the most precious thing a man can spend, as Antiphon saith; and that is time. For they made an order between them, which they called Amimetobion (as much to say, no life comparable and matchable with it) one feasting each other by turns, and in cost exceeding all measure and reason. And for proof hereof, I have heard my grandfather Lamprias report that one Philotas, a physician, born in the city of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied physic; and that, having acquaintance with one of Antonius' cooks, he took him with him to Antonius' house (being a young man desirous to see things), to show him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of only one supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of diversities of meats, and amongst others, eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said, "Sure you have a great number of guests to supper." The cook fell a-laughing, and answered him; "No," quoth he, "not many guests, nor above twelve in all; but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, or else it would be marred straight. For Antonius peradventure will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or likely enough he will defer it longer, for that he hath drunk well today, or else hath had some other great matters in hand; and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in." . . .

Plato writeth that there are four kinds of flattery; but Cleopatra divided it into

many kinds. For she, were it in sport or in matter of earnest, still devised sundry new delights to have Antonius at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activity of body. And sometime also when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows. Now, though most men misliked this manner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jollity, and liked it well, saying very gallantly and wisely that Antonius showed them a comical face, to wit, a merry countenance; and the Romans a tragical face, to say, a grim look.

But to reckon up all the foolish sports they made, reveling in this sort, it were too fond a part of me, and therefore I will only tell you one among the rest. On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none he was as angry as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore he secretly commanded the fishermen that when he cast in his line they should straight dive under the water and put a fish on his hook which they had taken before; and so snatched up his angling rod, and brought up fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing; but when she was alone by herself among her own people she told them how it was and bade them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher-boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line, and Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius' men, and to put some old salt fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius, thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing. Cleopatra, laughing also, said unto him: "Leave us (my lord) Egyptians, which dwell in the country of Pharus and Canobus, your angling rod; this is not thy profession; thou must hunt after conquering of realms and countries." . . .

. . . . . .

. . . Then Antonius seeing there was no way more honorable for him to die than fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest, both by sea and land. So, being at supper (as it is reported), he commanded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his board that they should fill his cups full, and make as much of him as they could: "For," said he, "you know not whether you shall do so much for me tomorrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master; and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body." This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a-weeping to hear him say so, to salve that he had spoken he added this more unto it, that he would not lead them to battle where he thought not rather safely to return with victory than valiantly to die with honor.

Furthermore, the self-same night within little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvelous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing and had sung as they use in Bacchus' feasts with movings and turnings after the manner of the satyrs; and it seemed that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troop that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him, that did forsake him.

The next morning by break of day, he went to set those few footmen he had

in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city; and there he stood to behold his galleys which departed from the haven, and rowed against the galleys of his enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploit his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come near unto them, they first saluted Caesar's men, and then Caesar's men re-saluted them also, and of two armies made but one, and then did all together row toward the city.

When Antonius saw that his men did forsake him and yielded unto Caesar, and that his footmen were broken and overthrown, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them, with whom he had made war for her sake.

Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which she had caused to be made, and there locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and in the meantime sent unto Antonius to tell him that she was dead.

Antonius, believing it, said unto himself: "What dost thou look for further, Antonius, sith spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou hadst, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life?" When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and being naked said thus: "Oh Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman."

Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him that he should kill him when he did command him; and then he willed him to keep his promise. His man drawing his sword lift it up as though he meant to have stricken his master; but turning his head at one side he thrust his sword into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antonius, "Oh noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to myself, which thou couldst not do for me." Therewithal he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon a little bed.

The wound he had killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid; and when he came somewhat to himself again he prayed them that were about him to despatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting himself; until at last there came a secretary unto him called Diomedes, who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument.

Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed; and Cleopatra her own self, with two women only, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, triced Antonius up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight. For they plucked up poor Antonius all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death, who holding up his hands to Cleopatra raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up; but Cleopatra stooping down with her head, putting to all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath that bade her be of good courage, and were as sorry to see her labor so as she herself.

So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had berayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk,

he earnestly prayed her and persuaded her that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible without reproach and dishonor; and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Caesar. And, as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather that she should think him the more fortunate for the former triumphs and honors he had received, considering that while he lived he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman.

As Antonius gave the last gasp, Proculeius came that was sent from Caesar. For after Antonius had thrust his sword in himself, as they carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard called Dercetaeus took his sword with the which he had stricken himself, and hid it; then he secretly stale away, and brought Octavius Caesar the first news of his death, and showed him his sword that was bloodied. Caesar hearing these news straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for all his friends, and showed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him again, during their quarrel and strife; and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him. After this he sent Proculeius and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost; and furthermore, he thought that if he could take Cleopatra and bring her alive to Rome she would marvelously beautify and set out his triumph.

But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spake together. For Proculeius came to the gates that were very thick and strong, and surely barred, but yet there were some crannies through the which her voice might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons; and that Proculeius answered her that she should be of good cheer and not be afraid to refer all unto Caesar.

After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Caesar. Who immediately sent Gallus to speak once again with her, and bade him purposely hold her with talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window by the which Antonius was triced up, and came down into the monument with two of his men, hard by the gate where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in her monuments with her saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and shrieked out, "Oh poor Cleopatra, thou art taken!" Then, when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself in with a short dagger she ware of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came suddenly upon her, and taking her by both the hands said unto her: "Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and secondly unto Caesar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunity openly to show his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach him as though he were a cruel and merciless man that were not to be trusted." So even as he spake the word, he took her dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her.

Afterwards Caesar sent one of his enfranchised men called Epaphroditus, whom he straitly charged to look well unto her, and to beware in any case that she made not herself away; and, for the rest, to use her with all the courtesy possible.

. . . . . .

Now was she altogether overcome with sorrow and passion of mind, for she had knocked her breast so pitifully that she had martyred it, and in divers places had raised ulcers and inflammations, so that she fell into a fever withal; whereof she was very glad, hoping thereby to have

good color to abstain from meat, and that so she might have died easily without any trouble. She had a physician called Olympus, whom she made privy of her intent, to the end he should help her to rid her out of her life; as Olympus writeth himself, who wrote a book of all these things. But Caesar mistrusted the matter, by many conjectures he had, and therefore did put her in fear, and threatened her to put her children to shameful death. With these threats Cleopatra for fear yielded straight, as she would have yielded unto strokes, and afterwards suffered herself to be cured and dieted as they listed.

Shortly after, Caesar came himself in person to see her and to comfort her. Cleopatra being laid upon a little low bed in poor estate, when she saw Caesar come into her chamber, she suddenly rose up, naked in her smock, and fell down at his feet marvelously disfigured; both for that she had plucked her hair from her head, as also for that she had martyred all her face with her nails, and besides, her voice was small and trembling, her eyes sunk into her head with continual blubbering, and moreover they might see the most part of her stomach torn in sunder. To be short, her body was not much better than her mind; yet her good grace and comeliness and the force of her beauty was not altogether defaced. But notwithstanding this ugly and pitiful state of hers, yet she showed herself within by her outward looks and countenance.

When Caesar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bed's side, Cleopatra began to clear and excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antonius; Caesar, in contrary manner, reproved her in every point. Then she suddenly altered her speech, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die and desirous to live. At length she gave him a brief and memorial of all the ready money and treasure she had. But by chance there stood Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who to seem a good servant came straight to Caesar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. Cleopatra was in such a rage with him that she flew upon him and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well-favoredly. Caesar fell a-laughing and parted the fray. "Alas," said she, "O Caesar, is not this a great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honor, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate, and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me; though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself with, but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts to Octavia and Livia, that they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favor and mercy upon me?" Caesar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honorably and bountifully than she would think for; and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her; but indeed he was deceived himself.

There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Caesar's very great familiars, and besides did bear no evil will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly as she had requested him, that Caesar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she requested Caesar that it would please him to suffer her to offer the last oblations of the dead unto the soul of Antonius. This being granted her, she was carried to the place where his tomb was, and there falling down on her knees, embracing the tomb with her women, the tears running down her cheeks, she began to speak in this sort: "Oh my dear lord Antonius, not long sithence I buried thee here, being a free woman; and now I offer unto thee the funeral sprinklings and oblations, being a captive and prisoner, and yet I am forbidden and kept from tearing and murdering this captive body of mine with

blows, which they carefully guard and keep, only to triumph of thee; look therefore henceforth for no other honors, offerings, nor sacrifices from me, for these are the last which Cleopatra can give thee, sith now they carry her away. Whilst we lived together nothing could sever our companies; but now at our death I fear me they will make us change our countries. For as thou, being a Roman, hast been buried in Egypt; even so, wretched creature, I, an Egyptian, shall be buried in Italy, which shall be all the good that I have received by thy country. If therefore the gods where thou art now have any power and authority, sith our gods here have forsaken us, suffer not thy true friend and lover to be carried away alive, that in me they triumph of thee; but receive me with thee, and let me be buried in one self tomb with thee. For though my griefs and miseries be infinite, yet none hath grieved me more, nor that I could less bear withal, than this small time which I have been driven to live alone without thee."

Then, having ended these doleful plaints, and crowned the tomb with garlands and sundry nosegays, and marvelously lovingly embraced the same, she commanded they should prepare her bath, and when she had bathed and washed herself she fell to her meat, and was sumptuously served.

Now whilst she was at dinner there came a countryman and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened the basket, and took out the leaves that covered the figs, and showed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marveled to see so goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in.

After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table written and sealed unto Caesar, and commanded them all to go out of the tombs where she was, but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Caesar, when he received this table and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself; howbeit he sent one before in all haste that might be, to see what it was.

Her death was very sudden. For those whom Caesar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman called Charmion half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra ware upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her: "Is that well done, Charmion?" "Very well," said she again, "and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings." She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed.

Some report that this aspic was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that when she should think to take out the figs the aspic should bite her before she should see her; howbeit that when she would have taken away the leaves for the figs she perceived it, and said, "Art thou here, then?" And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspic to be bitten. Other say again, she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the aspic being angered withal leaped out with great fury and bit her in the arm. Howbeit, few can tell the truth. For they report also that she had hidden poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head; and yet was there no mark seen of her body, or any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tomb. But it was reported only that there were seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone, on the tomb side toward the sea, and specially by the door's side. Some say also that they found two little pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned;

the which it seemeth Caesar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image with an aspic biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death.

Now Caesar, though he was marvelous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried and laid by Antonius; and willed also that her two women should have honorable burial.

Cleopatra died being eight-and-thirty year old, after she had reigned two-and-twenty years, and governed above fourteen of them with Antonius. And for Antonius, some say that he lived three-and-fifty years; and others say, six-and-fifty.

# JOHN DONNE (1573–1631)

## FROM *PARADOXES AND PROBLEMS*

### Paradoxes

#### I. A defence of women's inconstancy

That women are inconstant, I with any man confess, but that inconstancy is a bad quality, I against any man will maintain. For every thing as it is one better than another, so is it fuller of change; the heavens themselves continually turn, the stars move, the moon changeth; fire whirleth, air flieth, water ebbs and flows, the face of the earth altereth her looks, time stays not; the color that is most light will take most dyes. So in men, they that have the most reason are the most alterable in their designs, and the darkest or most ignorant do seldomest change; therefore women changing more than men have also more reason. They cannot be immutable like stocks, like stones, like the earth's dull center; gold that lieth still rusteth; water, corrupteth; air that moveth not poisoneth; then why should that which is the perfection of other things be imputed to women as greatest imperfection? Because thereby they deceive men. Are not your wits pleased with those jests which cosen your expectation? You can call it pleasure to be beguiled in troubles, and in the most excellent toy in the world you call it treachery. I would you had your mistresses so constant that they would never change, no not so much as their smocks, then should you see what sluttish virtue constancy were. Inconstancy is a most commendable and cleanly quality, and women in this quality are far more absolute than the heavens, than the stars, moon, or anything beneath it; for long observation hath picked certainty out of their mutability. The learned are so well acquainted with the stars, signs, and planets, that they make them but characters, to read the meaning of the heaven in his own forehead. Every simple fellow can bespeak the change of the moon a great while beforehand; but I would fain have the learned'st man so skilful so to tell when the simplest woman meaneth to vary. Learning affords no rules to know, much less knowledge to rule, the mind of a woman. For as philosophy teacheth us that light things do always tend upwards and heavy things decline downward; experience teacheth us otherwise, that the disposition of a light woman is to fall down, the nature of women being contrary to all art and nature. Women are like flies, which feed among us at our table, or fleas sucking our very blood, who leave not our most retired places free from their familiarity, yet for all their fellowship will they never be tamed nor commanded by us. Women are like the sun, which is violently carried one way, yet hath a proper course contrary; so though they, by the mastery of some overruling churlish husbands are forced to his bias, yet have they a motion of their own, which their husbands never know of. It is the nature of nice and fastidious minds to know things only to be weary of them; women by their sly changeableness and pleasing doubleness prevent even the mislike of those, for they can never be so well known but that there is still more unknown. Every woman is a science; for he that plods upon a woman all his life long shall at length find himself short of the knowledge of her. They are born to take down the pride of wit and ambition of wisdom, making fools wise in the adventuring to win them, wise men fools in conceit of losing their labors, witty men stark mad, being confounded with their uncertainties. Philosophers write against them for spite, not desert, that

having attained to some knowledge in all other things, in them only they know nothing, but are merely ignorant. Active and experienced men rail against them, because they love in their liveless and decrepit age, when all goodness leaves them. These envious libelers ballad against them, because having nothing in themselves able to deserve their love, they maliciously discommend all they cannot obtain, thinking to make men believe they know much because they are able to dispraise much, and rage against inconstancy, when they were never admitted into so much favor as to be forsaken. In mine opinion such men are happy that women are inconstant, for so may they chance to be beloved of some excellent women (when it comes to their turn) out of their inconstancy and mutability, though not out of their own desert. And what reason is there to clog any woman with one man, be he never so singular? Women had rather, and it is far better and more judicial, to enjoy all the virtues in several men than but some of them in one, for otherwise they lose their taste, like divers sorts of meat minced together in one dish; and to have all excellencies in one man (if it were possible) is confusion and diversity. Now who can deny but such as are obstinately bent to undervalue their worth are those that have not soul enough to comprehend their excellency, women being the most excellentest creatures, in that man is able to subject all things else, and to grow wise in everything, but still persists a fool in woman? The greatest scholar, if he once take a wife, is found so unlearned that he must begin his horn-book, and all is by inconstancy. To conclude, therefore: this name of inconstancy, which hath so much been poisoned with slanders, ought to be changed into variety, for the which the world is so delightful, and a woman for that the most delightful thing in this world.

### 8. THAT NATURE IS OUR WORST GUIDE

Shall she be guide to all creatures, which is herself one? Or if she also have a guide, shall any creature have a better guide than we? The affections of lust and anger—yea even to err is natural—shall we follow these? Can she be a good guide to us, which hath corrupted not us only but herself? Was not the first man, by the desire of knowledge, corrupted even in the whitest integrity of Nature? And did not Nature (if Nature did anything) infuse into him this desire of knowledge, and so this corruption in him, into us? If by Nature we shall understand our essence, our definition, or reason, nobleness, then this being alike common to all (the idiot and the wizard being equally reasonable) why should not all men, having equally all one nature, follow one course? Or if we shall understand our inclinations; alas! How unable a guide is that which follows the temperature of our slimy bodies? For we cannot say that we derive our inclinations, our minds, or souls from our parents by any way. To say that it is all from all is error in reason, for then with the first nothing remains; or is a part from all, is error in experience, for then this part equally imparted to many children would, like gavel-kind lands, in few generations become nothing; or to say it by communication, is error in divinity, for to communicate the ability of communicating whole essence with any but God is utter blasphemy. And if thou hit thy father's nature and inclination, he also had his father's, and so climbing up, all comes of one man, and have one nature, all shall embrace one course; but that cannot be, therefore our complexions and whole bodies we inherit from parents; our inclinations and minds follow that. For our mind is heavy in our body's afflictions, and rejoiceth in our body's pleasure; how then shall this nature govern us, that is governed by the worst part of us? "Nature though oft chased away, it will return." 'Tis true, but those good motions and inspirations which be our guides must be wooed, courted, and welcomed, or else they abandon us. And that old axiom, "nihil invita," etc., must not be said "thou shalt," but "thou wilt" do nothing against Nature; so unwilling he notes us to curb our natural appetites. We call our bastards always our natural issue, and we define a fool by nothing so ordinary as by the name of "natural." And that poor knowledge

whereby we conceive what rain is, what wind, what thunder, we call metaphysic, supernatural; such small things, such no things do we allow to our pliant Nature's apprehension. Lastly, by following her we lose the pleasant and lawful commodities of this life, for we shall drink water and eat roots, and those not sweet and delicate, as now by man's art and industry they are made. We shall lose all the necessities of societies, laws, arts, and sciences, which are all the workmanship of man. Yea, we shall lack the last best refuge of misery, death; because no death is natural. For if ye will not dare to call all death violent (though I see not why sicknesses be not violences) yet causes of all deaths proceed of the defect of that which Nature made perfect, and would preserve, and therefore all against Nature.

### 10. THAT A WISE MAN IS KNOWN BY MUCH LAUGHING

"Ride, si sapis, o puella ride;" if thou beest wise, laugh; for since the powers of discourse, reason, and laughter, be equally proper unto man only, why shall not he be only most wise, which hath most use of laughing, as well as he which hath most of reasoning and discoursing? I always did, and shall, understand that adage:

"Per risum multum possis cognoscere stultum,"

that by much laughing thou mayst know there is a fool, not that the laughers are fools, but that among them there is some fool at whom wise men laugh; which moved Erasmus to put this as his first argument in the mouth of his Folly, that "she made beholders laugh"; for fools are the most laughed at, and laugh the least themselves of any. And Nature saw this faculty to be so necessary in man that she hath been content that by more causes we should be importuned to laugh than to the exercise of any other power; for things in themselves utterly contrary beget this effect; for we laugh both at witty and absurd things. At both which sorts I have seen men laugh so long and so earnestly that at last they have wept that they could laugh no more. And therefore the poet having described the quietness of a wise retired man, saith in one, what we have said before in many lines:

"Quid facit Canius tuus? Ridet." [1]

We have received that even the extremity of laughing, yea of weeping also, hath been accounted wisdom; and that Democritus and Heraclitus, the lovers of these extremes, have been called lovers of wisdom. Now among our wise men I doubt not but many would be found who would laugh at Heraclitus' weeping, none which weep at Democritus' laughing. At the hearing of comedies or other witty reports, I have noted some which not understanding jests, etc., have yet chosen this as the best means to seem wise and understanding, to laugh when their companions laugh; and I have presumed them ignorant whom I have seen unmoved. A fool, if he come into a prince's court, and see a gay man leaning at the wall so glistering and so painted in many colors that he is hardly discerned from one of the pictures in the arras, hanging his body like an iron-bound chest, girt in and thick ribbed with broad gold laces, may (and commonly doth) envy him. But alas! shall a wise man, which may not only not envy, but not pity this monster, do nothing? Yes, let him laugh. And if one of these hot choleric firebrands, which nourish themselves by quarreling and kindling others, spit upon a fool one spark of disgrace, he, like a thatched house quickly burning, may be angry; but the wise man, as cold as the salamander, may not only not be angry with him, but not be sorry for him; therefore let him laugh. So he shall be known a man because he can laugh, a wise man that he knows at what to laugh, and a valiant man that he dares laugh; for he that laughs is justly reputed more wise than at whom it is laughed. And hence I think proceeds that which in these later formal times I have much noted; that now when our superstitious civility of manners is become a mutual tickling flattery of one another, almost every man affecteth an humour of jesting, and is content to be deject and to deform himself, yea become fool, to no other end that I can spy but to give

[1] See explanatory notes.

his wise companion occasion to laugh. And to show themselves in promptness of laughing is so great in wise men that I think all wise men, if any wise men do read this Paradox, will laugh both at it and me.

## Problems

### 2. Why puritans make long sermons?

It needs not perspicuousness, for God knows they are plain enough; nor do all of them use sem-brief-accents, for some of them have crotchets enough. It may be they intend not to rise like glorious tapers and torches, but like thin-wretched-sick-watching-candles, which languish and are in a divine consumption from the first minute, yea in their snuff, and stink when others are in their more profitable glory. I have thought sometimes that out of conscience they allow long measure to coarse ware. And sometimes, that usurping in that place a liberty to speak freely of kings, they would reign as long as they could. But now I think they do it out of a zealous imagination, that it is their duty to preach on till their auditory wake.

### 6. Why hath the common opinion afforded women souls?

It is agreed that we have not so much from them as any part of either our mortal souls of sense, or growth, and we deny souls to others equal to them in all but in speech, for which they are beholding to their bodily instruments. For perchance an ox's heart, or a goat's, or a fox's, or a serpent's, would speak just so, if it were in the breast, and could move that tongue and jaws. Have they so many advantages and means to hurt us (for ever their loving destroyed us) that we dare not displease them, but give them what they will? And so when some call them angels, some goddesses, and the Palpulian heretics made them bishops, we descend so much with the stream, to allow them souls? Or do we somewhat (in this dignifying of them) flatter princes and great personages that are so much governed by them? Or do we in that easiness and prodigality, wherein we daily lose our own souls to we care not whom, so labor to persuade ourselves that sith a woman hath a soul, a soul is no great matter? Or do we lend them souls but for use, since they for our sakes give their souls again and their bodies to boot? Or perchance because the devil (who is all soul) doth most mischief, and for convenience and proportion, because they would come nearer him, we allow them some souls; and so as the Romans naturalized some provinces in revenge, and made them Romans only for the burthen of the common-wealth; so we have given women souls only to make them capable of damnation?

### 14. Why doth not gold soil the fingers?

Doth it direct all the venom to the heart? Or is it because bribing should not be discovered? Or because that should pay purely, for which pure things are given, as love, honor, justice, and heaven? Or doth it seldom come into innocent hands, but into such as for former foulness you cannot discern this?

### 17. Why are statesmen most incredulous?

Are they all wise enough to follow their excellent pattern, Tiberius, who brought the senate to be diligent and industrious to believe him, were it never so opposite or diametrical, that it destroyed their very ends to be believed, as Asinius Gallus had almost deceived this man by believing him, and the mayor and aldermen of London in Richard the Third? Or are businesses about which these men are conversant so conjectural, so subject to unsuspected interventions, that they are therefore forced to speak oraculously, whisperingly, generally, and therefore escapingly, in the language of almanack-makers for weather? Or are those (as they call them) *Arcana imperii*,[1] as by whom the prince provokes his lust, and by whom he vents it, of what cloth his socks are, and such, so deep, and so ir-

[1] Mysteries of authority.

revealed, as any error in them is inexcusable? If these were the reasons, they would not only serve for state-business. But why will they not tell true what a-clock it is, and what weather, but abstain from truth of it if it conduce not to their ends, as witches will not name Jesus, though it be in a curse? Either they know little out of their own elements, or a custom in one matter begets an habit in all. Or the lower sort imitate lords, they their princes, these their prince. Or else they believe one another, and so never hear truth. Or they abstain from the little channel of truth, lest at last they should find the fountain itself, God.

# SIR FRANCIS BACON (1561–1626)

## ESSAYS OR COUNSELS, CIVIL AND MORAL

### I. Of Truth

"What is Truth?" said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in thinking as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth, nor again that when it is found it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets, nor for advantage as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell; this same truth is a naked and open day-light, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the Fathers, in great severity, called poesy "vinum daemonum"[1] because it filleth the imagination; and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it, that doth the hurt; such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest saith yet excellently well: "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth"—a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene—"and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists and tempests, in the vale below"; so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business; it will be acknowledged even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehood is like allay in coin of gold and silver, which may make

[1] "Devils' wine."

the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge—saith he, "If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much to say as that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men." For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man. Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men; it being foretold that when Christ cometh, "he shall not find faith upon the earth."

## II. Of Death

Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification, that a man should think with himself what the pain is if he have but his finger's end pressed or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are, when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, "Pompa mortis magis terret, quam mors ipsa." [1] Groans and convulsions, and a discolored face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible. It is worthy the observing that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; Love slights it; Honor aspireth to it; Grief flieth to it; Fear pre-occupateth it; nay, we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, Pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die, out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. Nay Seneca adds niceness and satiety: "Cogita quamdiu eadem feceris; mori velle, non tantum fortis, aut miser, sed etiam fastidiosus potest." [2] A man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over. It is no less worthy to observe how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Caesar died in a compliment: "Livia, conjugii nostri memor, vive et vale." [3] Tiberius in dissimulation; as Tacitus saith of him, "Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non dissimulatio, deserebant." [4] Vespasian in a jest; sitting upon the stool, "Ut puto Deus fio." [5] Galba with a sentence: "Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani;" [6] holding forth his neck. Septimius Severus in despatch: "Adeste si quid mihi restat agendum;" [7] And the like. Certainly the Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. Better saith he, "qui finem vitae extremum inter munera ponat naturae." [8] It is as natural to die as to be

[1] "The pomp of death terrifies more than death itself."

[2] "Think how many times you have done the same things. One may wish to die, not so much because he is brave, or miserable, as because he is disgusted with life."

[3] "Livia, mindful of our marriage, live on, and farewell."

[4] "Now his force and his vitality were deserting Tiberius, but not his dissimulation."

[5] "I suppose I am becoming a god."

[6] "Strike, if it be for the benefit of the Roman people."

[7] "Come, if anything remains for me to do."

[8] "Who counts the end of life among the rewards of nature."

born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolors of death. But above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is, "Nunc dimittis;" [1] when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also; that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy. "Extinctus amabitur idem." [2]

## IV. Of Revenge

Revenge is a kind of wild justice; which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly in taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon. And Salomon, I am sure, saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence." That which is past is gone, and irrevocable; and wise man have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves, that labor in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake; but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the like. Therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or briar, which prick and scratch because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh. This the more generous. For the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent. But base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable: "You shall read," saith he, "that we are commanded to forgive our enemies, but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends." But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: "Shall we," saith he, "take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?" And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate; as that for the death of Caesar; for the death of Pertinax; for the death of Henry the Third of France; and many more. But in private revenges it is not so. Nay rather, vindictive persons live the life of witches; who, as they are mischievous, so end they infortunate.

## V. Of Adversity

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), "That the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished; but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired." "Bona rerum secundarum optabilia; adversarum mirabilia." Certainly if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen), "It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God." "Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei." This would have done better in poesy, where transcendences are more allowed. And the poets indeed have been busy with it; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian; that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus, (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher; lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark

[1] Cf. Luke II:29-32.

[2] "When he is dead, he too will be loved." (I. e., even though he was envied while living.)

of the flesh thorough the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean. The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude; which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New; which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Salomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

## VI. Of Simulation and Dissimulation

Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth, and to do it. Therefore it is the weaker sort of politics that are the great dissemblers.

Tacitus saith, "Livia sorted well with the arts of her husband and dissimulation of her son"; attributing arts or policy to Augustus, and dissimulation to Tiberius. And again, when Mucianus encourageth Vespasian to take arms against Vitellius, he saith, "We rise not against the piercing judgment of Augustus, nor the extreme caution or closeness of Tiberius." These properties, of arts or policy and dissimulation or closeness, are indeed habits and faculties several, and to be distinguished. For if a man have that penetration of judgment as he can discern what things are to be laid open, and what to be secreted, and what to be showed at half lights, and to whom and when (which indeed are arts of state and arts of life, as Tacitus well calleth them), to him a habit of dissimulation is a hinderance and a poorness. But if a man cannot obtain to that judgment, then it is left to him generally to be close, and a dissembler. For where a man cannot choose or vary in particulars, there it is good to take the safest and wariest way in general; like the going softly by one that cannot well see. Certainly the ablest men that ever were have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity; but then they were like horses well managed; for they could tell passing well when to stop or turn; and at such times when they thought the case indeed required dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass that the former opinion spread abroad of their good faith and clearness of dealing made them almost invisible.

There be three degrees of this hiding and veiling of a man's self. The first, closeness, reservation, and secrecy; when a man leaveth himself without observation, or without hold to be taken, what he is. The second, dissimulation, in the negative; when a man lets fall signs and arguments that he is not that he is. And the third, simulation, in the affirmative; when a man industriously and expressly feigns and pretends to be that he is not.

For the first of these, secrecy: it is indeed the virtue of a confessor. And assuredly the secret man heareth many confessions. For who will open himself to a blab or babbler? But if a man be thought secret, it inviteth discovery; as the more close air sucketh in the more open; and as in confession the revealing is not for worldly use, but for the ease of a man's heart, so secret men come to the knowledge of many things in that kind; while men rather discharge their minds than impart their minds. In few words, mysteries are due to secrecy. Besides (to say truth) nakedness is uncomely, as well in mind as body; and it addeth no small reverence to men's manners and actions if they be not altogether open. As for talkers and futile persons, they are commonly vain and credulous withal. For he that talketh what he knoweth will also talk what he knoweth not. There-

fore set it down, *that an habit of secrecy is both politic and moral.* And in this part it is good that a man's face give his tongue leave to speak. For the discovery of a man's self by the tracts of his countenance is a great weakness and betraying; by how much it is many times more marked and believed than a man's words.

For the second, which is dissimulation: it followeth many times upon secrecy by a necessity; so that he that will be secret must be a dissembler in some degree. For men are too cunning to suffer a man to keep an indifferent carriage between both, and to be secret, without swaying the balance on either side. They will so beset a man with questions, and draw him on, and pick it out of him, that, without an absurd silence, he must show an inclination one way; or if he do not, they will gather as much by his silence as by his speech. As for equivocations, or oraculous speeches, they cannot hold out long. So that no man can be secret, except he give himself a little scope of dissimulation; which is, as it were, but the skirts or train of secrecy.

But for the third degree, which is simulation and false profession: that I hold more culpable, and less politic; except it be in great and rare matters. And therefore a general custom of simulation (which is this last degree) is a vice, rising either of a natural falseness or fearfulness, or of a mind that hath some main faults, which because a man must needs disguise it maketh him practise simulation in other things, lest his hand should be out of use.

The great advantages of simulation and dissimulation are three. First, to lay asleep opposition, and to surprise. For where a man's intentions are published, it is an alarum to call up all that are against them. The second is, to reserve to a man's self a fair retreat. For if a man engage himself by a manifest declaration, he must go through or take a fall. The third is, the better to discover the mind of another. For to him that opens himself men will hardly show themselves adverse; but will (fair) let him go on, and turn their freedom of speech to freedom of thought. And therefore it is a good shrewd proverb of the Spaniard, "Tell a lie and find a truth." As if there were no way of discovery but by simulation. There be also three disadvantages, to set it even. The first, that simulation and dissimulation commonly carry with them a show of fearfulness, which in any business doth spoil the feathers of round flying up to the mark. The second, that it puzzleth and perplexeth the conceits of many, that perhaps would otherwise co-operate with him; and makes a man walk almost alone to his own ends. The third and greatest is that it depriveth a man of one of the most principal instruments for action; which is trust and belief. The best composition and temperature is to have openness in fame and opinion; secrecy in habit; dissimulation in seasonable use; and a power to feign, if there be no remedy.

## VIII. Of Marriage and Single Life

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men; which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times; unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are, who though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences. Nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges. Nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men that take a pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer. For perhaps they have heard some talk, "Such an one is a great rich man," and another except to it, "Yea, but he hath a great charge of children"; as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humourous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always

best subjects; for they are like to run away; and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen; for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly in their hortatives put men in mind of their wives and children; and think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they may be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hardhearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands; as was said of Ulysses, "Vetulam suam praetulit immortalitati." [1] Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds both of chastity and obedience in the wife, if she think her husband wise; which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses. So as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question when a man should marry—"A young man not yet, an elder man not at all." It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes; or that the wives take a pride in their patience. But this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent; for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

## X. Of Love

The stage is more beholding to love, than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief; sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. You may observe, that amongst all the great and worthy persons (whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent), there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. You must except nevertheless Marcus Antonius, the half partner of the empire of Rome, and Appius Claudius, the decemvir and lawgiver; whereof the former was indeed a voluptuous man, and inordinate; but the latter was an austere and wise man; and therefore it seems (though rarely) that love can find entrance not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept. It is a poor saying of Epicurus, "Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus;" [2] as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself a subject, though not of the mouth (as beasts are), yet of the eye; which was given him for higher purposes. It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature and value of things, by this: that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love. Neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas it hath been well said that the arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self; certainly the lover is more. For there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said, "That it is impossible to love and to be wise." Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved; but to the loved most of all, except the love be reciproque. For it is a true rule, that love is ever rewarded either with the reciproque or with an inward and secret contempt. By how much the more men ought to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things, but itself. As for the other losses, the poet's relation doth well figure them:

[1] "He preferred his aged wife to immortality."

[2] "We are a great enough spectacle one to another."

that he that preferred Helena quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas. For whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection quitteth both riches and wisdom. This passion hath his floods in the very times of weakness; which are great prosperity and great adversity; though this latter hath been less observed; both which times kindle love, and make it more fervent, and therefore show it to be the child of folly. They do best who if they cannot but admit love yet make it keep quarter; and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business, it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends. I know not how, but martial men are given to love; I think it is but as they are given to wine; for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures. There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards love of others, which if it be not spent upon some one or a few doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable; as it is seen sometime in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it.

## XI. Of Great Place

Men in great place are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign or state; servants of fame; and servants of business. So as they have no freedom; neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire, to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. "Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere." [1] Nay, retire men cannot when they would, neither will they when it were reason; but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the shadow; like old townsmen that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions, to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it; but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report; when perhaps they find the contrary within. For they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business they have no time to tend their health either of body or mind. "Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi." [2] In place there is license to do good and evil; whereof the latter is a curse; for in evil the best condition is not to will; the second not to can. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts (though God accept them) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion; and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest. For if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. "Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera quae fecerunt manus suae, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis"; [3] and then the sabbath. In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples; for imitation is a globe of precepts. And after a time set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform therefore, without bravery or scandal

[1] "Since you are not what you were there is no reason why you should wish to live."

[2] "Death weighs heavily on him who dies too well known to all, but unknown to himself."

[3] "And God, turning, so that he might look at the works which his hands had made, saw that they were all exceedingly good."

of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerate; but yet ask counsel of both times; of the ancient time, what is best; and of the latter time, what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect; but be not too positive and peremptory; and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place; but stir not questions of jurisdiction; and rather assume thy right in silence and *de facto* [1] than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places; and think it more honor to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place; and do not drive away such as bring thee information, as meddlers; but accept of them in good part. The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility. For delays: give easy access; keep times appointed; go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption: do not only bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering. For integrity used doth the one; but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other. And avoid not only the fault, but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption. Therefore always when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly, and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change; and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favorite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close corruption. For roughness: it is a needless cause of discontent; severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility: it is worse than bribery. For bribes come but now and then; but if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without. As Salomon saith, "To respect persons is not good; for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread." It is most true that was anciently spoken, "A place showeth the man." And it showeth some to the better, and some to the worse. "Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset," [2] saith Tacitus of Galba; but of Vespasian he saith, "Solus imperantium, Vespasianus mutatus in melius;" [3] though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honor amends. For honor is, or should be, the place of virtue; and as in nature things move violently to their place and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will sure be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them, and rather call them when they look not for it than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, "When he sits in place he is another man."

[1] As a matter of fact.

## XII. Of Boldness

It is a trivial grammar-school text, but yet worthy a wise man's consideration. Question was asked of Demosthenes, what was the chief part of an orator. He answered, "Action." What next? "Action." What next again? "Action." He said it that knew it best, and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that that part of an orator which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high, above those other noble parts of inven-

[2] "A man whom all would have thought capable of ruling—if he had not ruled."

[3] "Alone among emperors, Vespasian changed for the better."

tion, elocution, and the rest; nay, almost alone, as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent. Wonderful like is the case of boldness, in civil business. What first? Boldness. What second and third? Boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts. But nevertheless it doth fascinate and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part; yea, and prevaileth with wise men at weak times. Therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states; but with senates and princes less; and more ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action than soon after; for boldness is an ill keeper of promise. Surely as there are mountebanks for the natural body, so are there mountebanks for the politic body; men that undertake great cures, and perhaps have been lucky in two or three experiments, but want the grounds of science, and therefore cannot hold out. Nay, you shall see a bold fellow many times do Mahomet's miracle. Mahomet made the people believe that he would call an hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled; Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and again; and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill." So these men, when they have promised great matters and failed most shamefully, yet (if they have the perfection of boldness) they will but slight it over, and make a turn, and no more ado. Certainly, to men of great judgment bold persons are a sport to behold; nay, and to the vulgar also, boldness has somewhat of the ridiculous. For if absurdity be the subject of laughter, doubt you not but great boldness is seldom without some absurdity. Especially it is a sport to see, when a bold fellow is out of countenance; for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture; as needs it must; for in bashfulness the spirits do a little go and come; but with bold men, upon like occasion, they stand at a stay; like a stale at chess, where it is no mate, but yet the game cannot stir. But this last were fitter for a satire than for a serious observation. This is well to be weighed: that boldness is ever blind; for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences. Therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution; so that the right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief, but be seconds, and under the direction of others. For in counsel it is good to see dangers; and in execution not to see them, except they be very great.

## XVI. Of Atheism

I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. And therefore God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. For while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them, confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity. Nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion; that is, the school of Leucippus and Democritus and Epicurus. For it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements, and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions or seeds unplaced should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal. The scripture saith, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God"; it is not said, "The fool hath thought in his heart"; so as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can throughly believe it, or be persuaded of it. For none deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh that there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this: that atheists will ever be talking of that their

opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others. Nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects. And, which is most of all, you shall have of them that will suffer for atheism, and not recant; whereas if they did truly think that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves? Epicurus is charged that he did but dissemble for his credit's sake, when he affirmed there were blessed natures, but such as enjoyed themselves without having respect to the government of the world. Wherein they say he did temporize; though in secret he thought there was no God. But certainly he is traduced; for his words are noble and divine: "Non deos vulgi negare profanum; sed vulgi opiniones diis applicare profanum." [1] Plato could have said no more. And although he had the confidence to deny the administration, he had not the power to deny the nature. The Indians of the west have names for their particular gods, though they have no name for God; as if the heathens should have had the names Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, &c., but not the word *Deus;* which shows that even those barbarous people have the notion, though they have not the latitude and extent of it. So that against atheists the very savages take part with the very subtlest philosophers. The contemplative atheist is rare: a Diagoras, a Bion, a Lucian perhaps, and some others; and yet they seem to be more than they are; for that all that impugn a received religion or superstition are by the adverse part branded with the name of atheists. But the great atheists indeed are hypocrites; which are ever handling holy things, but without feeling; so as they must needs be cauterized in the end. The causes of atheism are: divisions in religion, if they be many; for any one main division addeth zeal to both sides; but many divisions introduce atheism. Another is, scandal of priests; when it is come to that which St. Bernard saith, "Non est jam dicere, ut populus sic sacerdos; quia nec sic populus ut sacerdos." [2] A third is, custom of profane scoffing in holy matters; which doth by little and little deface the reverence of religion. And lastly, learned times, specially with peace and prosperity; for troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to religion. They that deny a God destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man; who to him is instead of a God, or *melior natura;* [3] which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain. Therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons, so it is in nations. Never was there such a state for magnanimity as Rome. Of this state hear what Cicero saith: "Quam volumus licet, patres conscripti, nos amemus, tamen nec numero Hispanos, nec robore Gallos, nec calliditate Poenos, nec artibus Graecos, nec denique hoc ipso hujus gentis et terrae domestico nativoque senus Italos ipsos et Latinos; sed pietate ac religione, atque hac una sapientia, quod deorum immortalium numine omnia regi gubernarique perspeximus, omnes gentes nationesque superavimus." [4]

[1] "It is not profane to deny the gods of the vulgar; but it is profane to apply the opinions of the vulgar to the gods."

[2] "It cannot now be said, like priest, like people; for the people are not like the priests."

[3] Higher nature.

[4] "We may have as high an opinion of ourselves as we like, conscript fathers, nevertheless we do not surpass the Spaniards in number, nor the Gauls in strength, nor the Carthaginians in cunning, nor the Greeks in arts, nor finally the Italians and Latins themselves in the homely and native good sense of this people and land; but in piety and religion, and in this one wisdom, that we perceive all things to be ruled and governed by the power of the immortal gods, we excel all peoples and nations."

## XVII. Of Superstition

It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him. For the one is unbelief, the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose: "Surely," saith he, "I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say that there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born"; as the poets speak of Saturn. And as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation, all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore atheism did never perturb states; for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further; and we see the times inclined to atheism (as the time of Augustus Caesar) were civil times. But superstition hath been the confusion of many states, and bringeth in a new *primum mobile*, that ravisheth all the spheres of government. The master of superstition is the people; and in all superstition wise men follow fools; and arguments are fitted to practise, in a reversed order. It was gravely said by some of the prelates in the council of Trent, where the doctrine of the schoolmen bare great sway, that the schoolmen were like astronomers, which did feign eccentrics and epicycles, and such engines of orbs, to save the phenomena, though they knew there were no such things; and in like manner, that the schoolmen had framed a number of subtle and intricate axioms and theorems, to save the practise of the church. The causes of superstition are: pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies; excess of outward and pharisaical holiness; over-great reverence of traditions, which cannot but load the church; the stratagems of prelates for their own ambition and lucre; the favoring too much of good intentions, which openeth the gate to conceits and novelties; the taking an aim at divine matters by human, which cannot but breed mixture of imaginations; and, lastly, barbarous times, especially joined with calamities and disasters. Superstition, without a veil, is a deformed thing; for as it addeth deformity to an ape to be so like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more deformed. And as wholesome meat corrupteth to little worms, so good forms and orders corrupt into a number of petty observances. There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think to do best if they go furthest from the superstition formerly received; therefore care would be had that (as it fareth in ill purgings) the good be not taken away with the bad; which commonly is done when the people is the reformer.

## XXIII. Of Wisdom for a Man's Self

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden. And certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself, as thou be not false to others; specially to thy king and country. It is a poor center of a man's actions, *himself*. It is right earth. For that only stands fast upon his own center; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the center of another, which they benefit. The referring of all to a man's self is more tolerable in a sovereign prince; because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune. But it is a desperate evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic. For whatsoever affairs pass such a man's hands, he crooketh them to his own ends; which must needs be often eccentric to the ends of his master or state. Therefore let princes, or states, choose such servants as have not this mark; except they mean their service should be made but the accessary. That which maketh the effect more pernicious is that all proportion is lost. It were disproportion enough for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's; but yet it is a greater extreme, when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's. And yet that is the

case of bad officers, treasurers, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants; which set a bias upon their bowl, of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs. And for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune; but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune. And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set an house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs; and yet these men many times hold credit with their masters, because their study is but to please them and profit themselves; and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall. It is wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is that those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are "sui amantes sine rivali" [1] are many times unfortunate. And whereas they have all their times sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.

## XXVII. Of Friendship

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature; except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation; such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: "Magna civitas, magna solitudo," [2] because in a great town friends are scattered; so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends; without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend; to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak; so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favorites, or privadoes; as if it were matter of grace, or conversation. But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them "participes curarum;" [3] for it is that which tieth the knot.

[1] "Lovers of themselves without a rival."

[2] "A great city, a great solitude."

[3] "Sharers of cares."

And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants; whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner; using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's over-match. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet, for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting. With Julius Caesar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Caesar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia; this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favor was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited *verbatim* in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him "venefica," "witch"; as if he had enchanted Caesar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height as when he consulted with Maecenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Maecenas took the liberty to tell him, that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Caesar, Sejanus had ascended to that height as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, "haec pro amicitia nostra non occultavi"; [1] and the whole senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus; and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also in a letter to the senate, by these words: "I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me." Now if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half piece, except they mought have a friend to make it entire; and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith that towards his latter time "that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding." Surely Comineus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Lewis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true; "Cor ne edito": "Eat not the heart." Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halfs. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is in truth of operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute

[1] "These things, because of our friendship, I have not concealed."

to their stone for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and on the other side weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression; and even so it is of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempest; but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words: finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, that speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best); but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statua or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open and falleth within vulgar observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best." And certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self, as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine, sometime, too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case. But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them; to the great damage both of their fame and fortune: for, as St. James saith, they are as men "that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor." As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters; or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is well—that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all. But he runneth two dangers: one, that he shall not be faithfully counseled; for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which

he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind; and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit; which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say that "a friend is another himself"; for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are as it were granted to him and his deputy. For he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend he may quit the stage.

## XXXIII. Of Plantations

Plantations are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works. When the world was young it begat more children; but now it is old it begets fewer; for I may justly account new plantations to be the children of former kingdoms. I like a plantation in a pure soil; that is, where people are not displanted to the end to plant in others. For else it is rather an extirpation than a plantation. Planting of countries is like planting of woods; for you must make account to leese almost twenty years' profit, and expect your recompense in the end. For the principal thing that hath been the destruction of most plantations hath been the base and hasty drawing of profit in the first years. It is true, speedy profit is not to be neglected, as far as may stand with the good of the plantation; but no further. It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant; and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation; for they will ever live like rogues, and not fall to work, but be lazy, and do mischief, and spend victuals, and be quickly weary, and then certify over to their country to the discredit of the plantation. The people wherewith you plant ought to be gardeners, ploughmen, laborers, smiths, carpenters, joiners, fishermen, fowlers, with some few apothecaries, surgeons, cooks, and bakers. In a country of plantation, first look about what kind of victual the country yields of itself to hand; as chestnuts, walnuts, pineapples, olives, dates, plums, cherries, wild honey, and the like; and make use of them. Then consider what victual or esculent things there are, which grow speedily, and within the year; as parsnips, carrots, turnips, onions, radish,

artichokes of Hierusalem, maize, and the like. For wheat, barley, and oats, they ask too much labor; but with pease and beans you may begin, both because they ask less labor, and because they serve for meat as well as for bread. And of rice likewise cometh a great increase, and it is a kind of meat. Above all, there ought to be brought store of biscuit, oat-meal, flour, meal, and the like, in the beginning, till bread may be had. For beasts, or birds, take chiefly such as are least subject to diseases, and multiply fastest; as swine, goats, cocks, hens, turkeys, geese, house-doves, and the like. The victual in plantations ought to be expended almost as in a besieged town; that is, with certain allowance. And let the main part of the ground employed to gardens or corn be to a common stock; and to be laid in, and stored up, and then delivered out in proportion; besides some spots of ground that any particular person will manure for his own private. Consider likewise what commodities the soil where the plantation is doth naturally yield, that they may some way help to defray the charge of the plantation (so it be not, as was said, to the untimely prejudice of the main business), as it hath fared with tobacco in Virginia. Wood commonly aboundeth but too much; and therefore timber is fit to be one. If there be iron ore, and streams whereupon to set the mills, iron is a brave commodity where wood aboundeth. Making of bay-salt, if the climate be proper for it, would be put in experience. Growing silk likewise, if any be, is a likely commodity. Pitch and tar, where store of firs and pines are, will not fail. So drugs and sweet woods, where they are, cannot but yield great profit. Soap-ashes likewise, and other things that may be thought of. But moil not too much under ground; for the hope of mines is very uncertain, and useth to make the planters lazy in other things. For government, let it be in the hands of one, assisted with some counsel; and let them have commission to exercise martial laws, with some limitation. And above all, let men make that profit of being in the wilderness, as they have God always, and his service, before their eyes. Let not the government of the plantation depend upon too many counselors and undertakers in the country that planteth, but upon a temperate number; and let those be rather noblemen and gentlemen than merchants; for they look ever to the present gain. Let there be freedoms from custom, till the plantation be of strength; and not only freedom from custom, but freedom to carry their commodities where they may make their best of them, except there be some special cause of caution. Cram not in people by sending too fast company after company; but rather harken how they waste, and send supplies proportionably; but so as the number may live well in the plantation, and not by surcharge be in penury. It hath been a great endangering to the health of some plantations, that they have built along the sea and rivers, in marish and unwholesome grounds. Therefore, though you begin there, to avoid carriage and other like discommodities, yet build still rather upwards from the streams, than along. It concerneth likewise the health of the plantation that they have good store of salt with them, that they may use it in their victuals when it shall be necessary. If you plant where savages are, do not only entertain them with trifles and gingles, but use them justly and graciously, with sufficient guard nevertheless; and do not win their favor by helping them to invade their enemies, but for their defence it is not amiss; and send oft of them over to the country that plants, that they may see a better condition than their own, and commend it when they return. When the plantation grows to strength, then it is time to plant with women as well as with men; that the plantation may spread into generations, and not be ever pieced from without. It is the sinfullest thing in the world to forsake or destitute a plantation once in forwardness; for besides the dishonor, it is the guiltiness of blood of many commiserable persons.

## XXXVII. Of Masques and Triumphs

These things are but toys, to come amongst such serious observations. But yet, since princes will have such things, it is

better they should be graced with elegancy than daubed with cost. Dancing to song is a thing of great state and pleasure. I understand it that the song be in quire, placed aloft, and accompanied with some broken music; and the ditty fitted to the device. Acting in song, especially in dialogues, hath an extreme good grace; I say acting, not dancing (for that is a mean and vulgar thing); and the voices of the dialogue would be strong and manly (a base and a tenor; no treble); and the ditty high and tragical; not nice or dainty. Several quires, placed one over against another, and taking the voice by catches, anthem-wise, give great pleasure. Turning dances into figure is a childish curiosity. And generally let it be noted that those things which I here set down are such as do naturally take the sense, and not respect petty wonderments. It is true, the alterations of scenes, so it be quietly and without noise, are things of great beauty and pleasure; for they feed and relieve the eye, before it be full of the same object. Let the scenes abound with light, especially colored and varied; and let the masquers, or any other, that are to come down from the scene, have some motions upon the scene itself before their coming down; for it draws the eye strangely, and makes it with great pleasure to desire to see that it cannot perfectly discern. Let the songs be loud and cheerful, and not chirpings or pulings. Let the music likewise be sharp and loud, and well placed. The colors that shew best by candle-light are white, carnation, and a kind of sea-water-green; and oes, or spangs, as they are of no great cost, so they are of most glory. As for rich embroidery, it is lost and not discerned. Let the suits of the masquers be graceful, and such as become the person when the vizards are off; not after examples of known attires, Turks, soldiers, mariners, and the like. Let anti-masques not be long; they have been commonly of fools, satyrs, baboons, wild-men, antics, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiops, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, Cupids, statuas moving, and the like. As for angels, it is not comical enough to put them in anti-masques; and anything that is hideous, as devils, giants, is on the other side as unfit. But chiefly, let the music of them be recreative, and with some strange changes. Some sweet odors suddenly coming forth, without any drops falling, are, in such a company as there is steam and heat, things of great pleasure and refreshment. Double masques, one of men, another of ladies, addeth state and variety. But all is nothing except the room be kept clear and neat.

For jousts, and tourneys, and barriers; the glories of them are chiefly in the chariots, wherein the challengers make their entry; especially if they be drawn with strange beasts: as lions, bears, camels, and the like; or in the devices of their entrance; or in the bravery of their liveries; or in the goodly furniture of their horses and armor. But enough of these toys.

## XLIII. Of Beauty

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set; and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features; and that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect. Neither is it almost seen that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue; as if nature were rather busy not to err than in labor to produce excellency. And therefore they prove accomplished, but not of great spirit; and study rather behavior than virtue. But this holds not always; for Augustus Caesar, Titus Vespasianus, Philip le Bel of France, Edward the Fourth of England, Alcibiades of Athens, Ismael the Sophy of Persia, were all high and great spirits; and yet the most beautiful men of their times. In beauty, that of favor is more than that of color; and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favor. That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles or Albert Durer were the more trifler; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions; the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces, to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them. Not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and not by rule. A man shall see faces that if you examine

them part by part you shall find never a good; and yet altogether do well. If it be true that the principal part of beauty is in decent motion, certainly it is no marvel though persons in years seem many times more amiable; "pulchrorum autumnus pulcher";[1] for no youth can be comely but by pardon, and considering the youth as to make up the comeliness. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and for the most part it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtue shine, and vices blush.

## XLVI. Of Gardens

God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks; and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year; in which severally things of beauty may be then in season. For December, and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter: holly; ivy; bays; juniper; cypress-trees; yew; pine-apple-trees; fir-trees; rosemary; lavender; periwinkle, the white, the purple, and the blue; germander; flags; orange-trees; lemon-trees; and myrtles, if they be stoved; and sweet marjoram, warm set. There followeth, for the latter part of January and February, the mezereon-tree which then blossoms; crocus vernus, both the yellow and the grey; primroses; anemones; the early tulippa; hyacinthus orientalis; chamaïris; fritellaria. For March, there come violets, specially the single blue, which are the earliest; the yellow daffodil; the daisy; the almond-tree in blossom; the peach-tree in blossom; the cornelian-tree in blossom; sweet-briar. In April follow the double white violet; the wall-flower; the stock-gilliflower; the cowslip; flower-de-lices, and lilies of all natures; rosemary-flowers; the tulippa; the double piony; the pale daffodil; the French honeysuckle; the cherry-tree in blossom; the dammasin and plum-trees in blossom; the white thorn in leaf; the lilac-tree. In May and June come pinks of all sorts, specially the blush-pink; roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later; honey-suckles; strawberries; bugloss; columbine; the French marigold; flos Africanus; cherry-tree in fruit; ribes; figs in fruit; rasps; vine-flowers; lavender in flowers; the sweet satyrian, with the white flower; herba muscaria; lilium convallium; the apple-tree in blossom. In July come gilliflowers of all varieties; musk-roses; the lime-tree in blossom; early pears and plums in fruit; genitings, quadlins. In August come plums of all sorts in fruit; pears; apricocks; berberries; filberds; musk-melons; monks-hoods, of all colors. In September come grapes; apples; poppies of all colors; peaches; melocotones; nectarines; cornelians; wardens; quinces. In October and the beginning of November come services; medlars; bullaces; roses cut or removed to come late; holly-oaks; and such like. These particulars are for the climate of London; but my meaning is perceived, that you may have *ver perpetuum*,[2] as the place affords.

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells; so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays likewise yield no smell as they grow. Rosemary little; nor sweet marjoram. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet, specially the white double violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the musk-rose. Then the strawberry-leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell. Then the flower of the vines; it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent, which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth. Then sweet-briar. Then

[1] "The autumn of the beautiful is beautiful."

[2] Perpetual spring.

wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlor or lower chamber window. Then pinks and gilliflowers, specially the matted pink and clove gilliflower. Then the flowers of the lime-tree. Then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off. Of bean-flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three: that is, burnet, wild-thyme, and water-mints. Therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

For gardens (speaking of those which are indeed prince-like, as we have done of buildings), the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground; and to be divided into three parts: a green in the entrance; a heath or desert in the going forth; and the main garden in the midst; besides alleys on both sides. And I like well that four acres of ground be assigned to the green; six to the heath; four and four to either side; and twelve to the main garden. The green hath two pleasures: the one, because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn; the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge, which is to enclose the garden. But because the alley will be long, and, in great heat of the year or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in the sun thorough the green, therefore you are, of either side the green, to plant a covert alley, upon carpenter's work, about twelve foot in height, by which you may go in shade into the garden. As for the making of knots or figures with divers colored earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house on that side which the garden stands, they be but toys; you may see as good sights many times in tarts. The garden is best to be square, encompassed on all the four sides with a stately arched hedge. The arches to be upon pillars of carpenter's work, of some ten foot high, and six foot broad; and the spaces between of the same dimension with the breadth of the arch. Over the arches let there be an entire hedge of some four foot high, framed also upon carpenter's work; and upon the upper hedge, over every arch, a little turret, with a belly, enough to receive a cage of birds; and over every space between the arches some other little figure, with broad plates of round colored glass gilt, for the sun to play upon. But this hedge I intend to be raised upon a bank, not steep, but gently slope, of some six foot, set all with flowers. Also I understand that this square of the garden should not be the whole breadth of the ground, but to leave on either side ground enough for diversity of side alleys; unto which the two covert alleys of the green may deliver you. But there must be no alleys with hedges at either end of this great enclosure; not at the hither end, for letting your prospect upon this fair hedge from the green; nor at the further end, for letting your prospect from the hedge through the arches upon the heath.

For the ordering of the ground within the great hedge, I leave it to variety of device; advising nevertheless that whatsoever form you cast it into, first, it be not too busy, or full of work. Wherein I, for my part, do not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff; they be for children. Little low hedges, round, like welts, with some pretty pyramids, I like well; and in some places, fair columns upon frames of carpenter's work. I would also have the alleys spacious and fair. You may have closer alleys upon the side grounds, but none in the main garden. I wish also, in the very middle, a fair mount, with three ascents, and alleys, enough for four to walk abreast; which I would have to be perfect circles, without any bulwarks or embossments; and the whole mount to be thirty foot high; and some fine banqueting-house, with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass.

For fountains, they are a great beauty and refreshment; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome, and full of flies and frogs. Fountains I intend to be of two natures: the one that sprinkleth or spouteth water; the other a fair receipt of water, of some thirty or forty foot square, but without fish, or slime, or mud.

For the first, the ornaments of images gilt, or of marble, which are in use, do well; but the main matter is so to convey the water as it never stay either in the bowls or in the cistern; that the water be never by rest discolored, green or red or the like; or gather any mossiness or putrefaction. Besides that, it is to be cleansed every day by the hand. Also some steps up to it, and some fine pavement about it, doth well. As for the other kind of fountain, which we may call a bathing pool, it may admit much curiosity and beauty; wherewith we will not trouble ourselves: as, that the bottom be finely paved, and with images; the sides likewise; and withal embellished with colored glass, and such things of lustre; encompassed also with fine rails of low statuas. But the main point is the same which we mentioned in the former kind of fountain; which is, that the water be in perpetual motion, fed by a water higher then the pool, and delivered into it by fair spouts, and then discharged away under ground, by some equality of bores, that it stay little. And for fine devices, of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms (of feathers, drinking glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness.

For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed, as much as may be, to a natural wildness. Trees I would have none in it, but some thickets made only of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses. For these are sweet, and prosper in the shade. And these to be in the heath, here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set, some with wild thyme; some with pinks; some with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye; some with periwinkle; some with violets; some with strawberries; some with cowslips; some with daisies; some with red roses; some with lilium convallium; some with sweet-williams red; some with bear's-foot: and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly. Part of which heaps are to be with standards of little bushes pricked upon their top, and part without. The standards to be roses; juniper; holly; berberries (but here and there, because of the smell of their blossom); red currants; gooseberry; rosemary; bays; sweet-briar; and such like. But these standards to be kept with cutting, that they grow not out of course.

For the side grounds, you are to fill them with variety of alleys, private, to give a full shade, some of them, wheresoever the sun be. You are to frame some of them likewise for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp, you may walk as in a gallery. And those alleys must be likewise hedged at both ends, to keep out the wind; and these closer alleys must be ever finely graveled, and no grass, because of going wet. In many of these alleys likewise, you are to set fruit-trees of all sorts; as well upon the walls as in ranges. And this would be generally observed, that the borders wherein you plant your fruit-trees be fair and large, and low, and not steep; and set with fine flowers, but thin and sparingly, lest they deceive the trees. At the end of both the side grounds, I would have a mount of some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast high, to look abroad into the fields.

For the main garden, I do not deny but there should be some fair alleys ranged on both sides, with fruit-trees; and some pretty tufts of fruit-trees, and arbors with seats, set in some decent order; but these to be by no means set too thick; but to leave the main garden so as it be not close, but the air open and free. For as for shade, I would have you rest upon the alleys of the side grounds, there to walk, if you be disposed, in the heat of the year or day; but to make account that the main garden is for the more temperate parts of the year; and in the heat of summer, for the morning and the evening, or overcast days.

For aviaries, I like them not, except they be of that largeness as they may be turfed, and have living plants and bushes set in them; that the birds may have more scope, and natural nestling, and that no foulness appear in the floor

of the aviary. So I have made a platform of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing, not a model, but some general lines of it; and in this I have spared for no cost. But it is nothing for great princes, that for the most part taking advice with workmen, with no less cost set their things together; and sometimes add statuas, and such things, for state and magnificence, but nothing to the true pleasure of a garden.

### L. Of Studies

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning by study; and studies themselves do give forth direction too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be ready by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit: and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtile; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. "Abeunt studia in mores." [1] Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores*.[2] If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

## FROM *THE PROFICIENCE AND ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING, DIVINE AND HUMAN*

### The First Book

#### TO THE KING

There were under the law, excellent king, both daily sacrifices and freewill offerings; the one proceeding upon ordinary observance, the other upon a devout cheerfulness. In like manner there belongeth to kings from their servants both tribute of duty and presents of affection. In the former of these I hope I shall not live to be wanting, according to my most humble duty, and the good pleasure of your Majesty's employments; for the latter, I thought it more respective to make choice of some oblation which might rather refer to the propriety and excellency

[1] "Studies pass over into morals."

[2] Splitters of cumin (i. e., splitters of hairs).

of your individual person than to the business of your crown and state.

Wherefore representing your Majesty many times unto my mind, and beholding you not with the inquisitive eye of presumption to discover that which the Scripture telleth me is inscrutable, but with the observant eye of duty and admiration; leaving aside the other parts of your virtue and fortune, I have been touched, yea, and possessed, with an extreme wonder at those your virtues and faculties which the philosophers call intellectual; the largeness of your capacity, the faithfulness of your memory, the swiftness of your apprehension, the penetration of your judgment, and the facility and order of your elocution; and I have often thought that, of all the persons living that I have known, your Majesty were the best instance to make a man of Plato's opinion, that all knowledge is but remembrance, and that the mind of man by nature knoweth all things, and hath but her own native and original notions (which by the strangeness and darkness of this tabernacle of the body are sequestered) again revived and restored; such a light of nature I have observed in your Majesty, and such a readiness to take flame and blaze from the least occasion presented, or the least spark of another's knowledge delivered. And as the Scripture saith of the wisest king, that "His heart was as the sands of the sea"; which though it be one of the largest bodies yet it consisteth of the smallest and finest portions; so hath God given your Majesty a composition of understanding admirable, being able to compass and comprehend the greatest matters, and nevertheless to touch and apprehend the least; whereas it should seem an impossibility in nature for the same instrument to make itself fit for great and small works. And for your gift of speech, I call to mind what Cornelius Tacitus saith of Augustus Caesar: "Augusto profluens, et quae principem deceret, eloquentia fuit";[1] for if we note it well, speech that is uttered with labor and difficulty, or speech that savoreth of the affectation of art and precepts, or speech that is framed after the imitation of some pattern of eloquence, though never so excellent—all this has somewhat servile, and holding of the subject. But your Majesty's manner of speech is indeed prince-like, flowing as from a fountain, and yet streaming and branching itself into nature's order, full of facility and felicity, imitating none, and inimitable by any. And as in your civil estate there appeareth to be an emulation and contention of your Majesty's virtue with your fortune; a virtuous disposition with a fortunate regiment; a virtuous expectation (when time was) of your greater fortune, with a prosperous possession thereof in the due time; a virtuous observation of the laws of marriage; a virtuous and most Christian desire of peace, with a fortunate inclination in your neighbor princes thereunto; so likewise in these intellectual matters, there seemeth to be no less contention between the excellency of your Majesty's gifts of nature and the universality and perfection of your learning. For I am well assured that this which I shall say is no amplification at all, but a positive and measured truth; which is, that there hath not been since Christ's time any king or temporal monarch which hath been so learned in all literature and erudition, divine and human. For let a man seriously and diligently revolve and peruse the succession of the emperors of Rome, of which Caesar the dictator, who lived some years before Christ, and Marcus Antoninus were the best learned; and so descend to the emperors of Graecia, or of the West, and then to the lines of France, Spain, England, Scotland, and the rest; and he shall find this judgment is truly made. For it seemeth much in a king if by the compendious extractions of other men's wits and labors he can take hold of any superficial ornaments and shows of learning, or if he countenance and prefer learning and learned men; but to drink indeed of the true fountains of learning, nay, to have such a fountain of learning in himself, in a king, and in a king born, is almost a miracle. And the more, because there is met in your Majesty a rare conjunction as well of divine and sacred literature as of profane and human; so as your Majesty standeth invested of that triplicity which in great veneration was ascribed to the ancient Hermes: the power and fortune of a king, the knowledge and illumination of a priest,

[1] "Augustus' eloquence was flowing, and befitting a prince."

and the learning and universality of a philosopher. This propriety inherent and individual attribute in your Majesty deserveth to be expressed not only in the fame and admiration of the present time, nor in the history or tradition of the ages succeeding, but also in some solid work, fixed memorial, and immortal monument bearing a character or signature both of the power of a king and the difference and perfection of such a king.

Therefore I did conclude with myself that I could not make unto your Majesty a better oblation than of some treatise tending to that end; whereof the sum will consist of these two parts: the former concerning the excellency of learning and knowledge, and the excellency of the merit and true glory in the augmentation and propagation thereof; the latter, what the particular acts and works are which have been embraced and undertaken for the advancement of learning, and again what defects and undervalues I find in such particular acts; to the end that though I cannot positively or affirmatively advise your Majesty, or propound unto you framed particulars, yet I may excite your princely cogitations to visit the excellent treasure of your own mind, and thence to extract particulars for this purpose agreeable to your magnanimity and wisdom.

In the entrance of the former of these—to clear the way, and as it were to make silence to have the true testimonies concerning the dignity of learning to be better heard without the interruption of tacit objections—I think good to deliver it from the discredits and disgraces which it hath received; all from ignorance; but ignorance severally disguised; appearing sometimes in the zeal and jealousy of divines, sometimes in the severity and arrogancy of politics, and sometimes in the errors and imperfections of learned men themselves.

I hear the former sort say that knowledge is of those things which are to be accepted of with great limitation and caution; that the aspiring to over-much knowledge was the original temptation and sin, whereupon ensued the fall of man; that knowledge hath in it somewhat of the serpent, and therefore where it entereth into a man it makes him swell—"Scientia inflat";[1] that Salomon gives a censure, that "There is no end of making books," and that "Much reading is weariness of the flesh"; and again in another place, that "In spacious knowledge there is much contristation," and that "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth anxiety"; that St. Paul gives a caveat, that we be not spoiled through vain philosophy; that experience demonstrates how learned men have been arch-heretics, how learned times have been inclined to atheism, and how the comtemplation of second causes doth derogate from our dependence upon God, who is the first cause.

To discover then the ignorance and error of this opinion and the misunderstanding in the grounds thereof, it may well appear these men do not observe or consider that it was not the pure knowledge of nature and universality, a knowledge by the light whereof man did give names unto other creatures in Paradise, as they were brought before him, according to their properties, which gave occasion to the fall; but it was the proud knowledge of good and evil, with an intent in man to give law unto himself and to depend no more upon God's commandments, which was the form of the temptation. Neither is it any quantity of knowledge how great soever that can make the mind of man to swell; for nothing can fill, much less extend, the soul of man but God and the contemplation of God. And therefore Salomon speaking of the two principal senses of inquisition, the eye and the ear, affirmeth that the eye is never satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing; and if there be no fulness, then is the continent greater than the content; so of knowledge itself and the mind of man, whereto the senses are but reporters, he defineth likewise in these words, placed after that calendar or ephemerides which he maketh of the diversities of times and seasons for all actions and purposes; and concludeth thus: "God hath made all things beautiful, or decent, in the true return of their seasons; also he hath placed the world in man's heart; yet cannot man find out the work which God worketh from the beginning to the end"; declaring not obscurely that God hath framed the mind of man

[1] "Knowledge puffeth up."

as a mirror or glass capable of the image of the universal world, and joyful to receive the impression thereof, as the eye joyeth to receive light; and not only delighted in beholding the variety of things and vicissitude of times, but raised also to find out and discern the ordinances and decrees which throughout all those changes are infallibly observed. And although he doth insinuate that the supreme or summary law of nature, which he calleth "the work which God worketh from the beginning to the end," is not possible to be found out by man; yet that doth not derogate from the capacity of the mind, but may be referred to the impediments, as of shortness of life, ill conjunction of labors, ill tradition of knowledge over from hand to hand, and many other inconveniences whereunto the condition of man is subject. For that nothing parcel of the world is denied to man's inquiry and invention he doth in another place rule over, when he saith, "The spirit of man is as the lamp of God, wherewith he searcheth the inwardness of all secrets." If then such be the capacity and receipt of the mind of man, it is manifest that there is no danger at all in the proportion or quantity of knowledge, how large soever, lest it should make it swell or out-compass itself; no, but it is merely the quality of knowledge, which be it in quantity more or less, if it be taken without the true corrective thereof, hath in it some nature of venom or malignity, and some effects of that venom, which is ventosity or swelling. This corrective spice, the mixture whereof maketh knowledge so sovereign, is charity, which the apostle immediately addeth to the former clause; for so he saith, "Knowledge bloweth up, but charity buildeth up"; not unlike unto that which he delivereth in another place: "If I spake," saith he, "with the tongues of men and angels, and had not charity, it were but as a tinkling cymbal." Not but that it is an excellent thing to speak with the tongues of men and angels, but because if it be severed from charity, and not referred to the good of men and mankind, it hath rather a sounding and unworthy glory than a meriting and substantial virtue. And as for that censure of Salomon concerning the excess of writing and reading books, and the anxiety of spirit which redoundeth from knowledge, and that admonition of St. Paul, that we be not seduced by vain philosophy; let those places be rightly understood, and they do indeed excellently set forth the true bounds and limitations whereby human knowledge is confined and circumscribed; and yet without any such contracting or coarctation but that it may comprehend all the universal nature of things. For these limitations are three. The first, that we do not so place our felicity in knowledge, as we forget our mortality. The second, that we make application of our knowledge to give ourselves repose and contentment, and not distaste or repining. The third, that we do not presume by the contemplation of nature to attain to the mysteries of God. For as touching the first of these, Salomon doth excellently expound himself in another place of the same book, where he saith: "I saw well that knowledge recedeth as far from ignorance as light doth from darkness, and that the wise man's eyes keep watch in his head, whereas the fool roundeth about in darkness; but withal I learned that the same mortality involveth them both." And for the second, certain it is, there is no vexation or anxiety of mind which resulteth from knowledge, otherwise than merely by accident; for all knowledge and wonder (which is the seed of knowledge) is an impression of pleasure in itself; but when men fall to framing conclusions out of their knowledge, applying it to their particular, and ministering to themselves thereby weak fears or vast desires, there groweth that carefulness and trouble of mind which is spoken of; for then knowledge is no more *Lumen siccum*,[1] whereof Heraclitus the profound said, "Lumen siccum optima anima";[2] but it becometh *Lumen madidum* or *maceratum*,[3] being steeped and infused in the humours of the affections. And as for the third point, it deserveth to be a little stood upon and not to be

[1] A dry light.

[2] "The best spirit is a dry light."

[3] A moist, or soaked, light.

lightly passed over; for if any man shall think by view and inquiry into these sensible and material things to attain that light whereby he may reveal unto himself the nature or will of God, then indeed is he spoiled by vain philosophy. For the contemplation of God's creatures and works produceth (having regard to the works and creatures themselves) knowledge; but having regard to God, no perfect knowledge, but wonder, which is broken knowledge. And therefore it was most aptly said by one of Plato's school, that "The sense of man carrieth a resemblance with the sun, which (as we see) openeth and revealeth all the terrestrial globe; but then again it obscureth and concealeth the stars and celestial globe; so doth the sense discover natural things, but it darkeneth and shutteth up divine." And hence it is true that it hath proceeded that divers great learned men have been heretical, whilst they have sought to fly up to the secrets of the Deity by the waxen wings of the senses. And as for the conceit that too much knowledge should incline a man to atheism, and that the ignorance of second causes should make a more devout dependence upon God which is the first cause: first, it is good to ask the question which Job asked of his friends, "Will you lie for God, as one man will do for another, to gratify him?" For certain it is that God worketh nothing in nature but by second causes; and if they would have it otherwise believed, it is mere imposture, as it were in favor towards God; and nothing else but to offer to the author of truth the unclean sacrifice of a lie. But farther, it is an assured truth and a conclusion of experience, that a little or superficial knowledge of philosophy may incline the mind of man to atheism, but a farther proceeding therein doth bring the mind back again to religion; for in the entrance of philosophy, when the second causes, which are next unto the senses, do offer themselves to the mind of man, if it dwell and stay there, it may induce some oblivion of the highest cause; but when a man passeth on farther, and seeth the dependence of causes and the works of Providence; then, according to the allegory of the poets, he will easily believe that the highest link of nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair. To conclude, therefore, let no man, upon a weak conceit of sobriety or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain that a man can search too far or be too well studied in the book of God's word or in the book of God's works; divinity or philosophy; but rather let men endeavor an endless progress or proficience in both. Only let men beware that they apply both to charity, and not to swelling; to use, and not to ostentation; and again, that they do not unwisely mingle or confound these learnings together.

. . . . . .

Now I proceed to those errors and vanities which have intervened amongst the studies themselves of the learned; which is that which is principal and proper to the present argument; wherein my purpose is not to make a justification of the errors, but, by a censure and separation of the errors, to make a justification of that which is good and sound, and to deliver that from the aspersion of the other. For we see that it is the manner of men to scandalize and deprave that which retaineth the state and virtue, by taking advantage upon that which is corrupt and degenerate; as the heathens in the primitive church used to blemish and taint the Christians with the faults and corruptions of heretics. But nevertheless I have no meaning at this time to make any exact animadversion of the errors and impediments in matters of learning which are more secret and remote from vulgar opinion; but only to speak unto such as do fall under, or near unto, a popular observation.

There be therefore chiefly three vanities in studies, whereby learning hath been most traduced. For those things we do esteem vain which are either false or frivolous, those which either have no truth or no use; and those persons we esteem vain which are either credulous or curious; and curiosity is either in matter or words; so that in reason as well as in experience, there fall out to be these three distempers (as I may term them) of learning: the

first, fantastical learning; the second, contentious learning; and the last, delicate learning; vain imaginations, vain altercations, and vain affectations; and with the last I will begin.

Martin Luther, conducted no doubt by an higher Providence, but in discourse of reason, finding what a province he had undertaken against the Bishop of Rome and the degenerate traditions of the church, and finding his own solitude being no ways aided by the opinions of his own time, was enforced to awake all antiquity, and to call former times to his succors to make a party against the present time; so that the ancient authors, both in divinity and in humanity, which had long time slept in libraries, began generally to be read and revolved. This by consequence did draw on a necessity of a more exquisite travail in the languages original wherein those authors did write, for the better understanding of those authors and the better advantage of pressing and applying their words. And thereof grew again a delight in their manner of style and phrase, and an admiration of that kind of writing; which was much furthered and precipitated by the enmity and opposition that the propounders of those primitive, but seeming new, opinions had against the schoolmen; who were generally of the contrary part, and whose writings were altogether in a differing style and form; taking liberty to coin and frame new terms of art to express their own sense and to avoid circuit of speech, without regard to the pureness, pleasantness, and (as I may call it) lawfulness of the phrase or word. And again, because the great labor then was with the people (of whom the Pharisees were wont to say, "Execrabilis ista turba, quae non novit legem" [1]), for the winning and persuading of them there grew of necessity in chief price and request eloquence and variety of discourse, as the fittest and forciblest access into the capacity of the vulgar sort. So that these four causes concurring, the admiration of ancient authors, the hate of the schoolmen, the exact study of languages, and the efficacy of preaching, did bring in an affectionate study of eloquence and copie of speech, which then began to flourish. This grew speedily to an excess; for men began to hunt more after words than matter; and more after the choiceness of the phrase, and the round and clean composition of the sentence, and the sweet falling of the clauses, and the varying and illustration of their works with tropes and figures, than after the weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, or depth of judgment. Then grew the flowing and watery vein of Osorius, the Portugal bishop, to be in price. Then did Sturmius spend such infinite and curious pains upon Cicero the orator and Hermogenes the rhetorician, besides his own books of periods and imitation and the like. Then did Carr of Cambridge, and Ascham, with their lectures and writings, almost deify Cicero and Demosthenes, and allure all young men that were studious unto that delicate and polished kind of learning. Then did Erasmus take occasion to make the scoffing echo: "Decem annos consumpsi in legendo Cicerone," [2] and the echo answered in Greek, "One, Asine." [3] Then grew the learning of the schoolmen to be utterly despised as barbarous. In sum, the whole inclination and bent of those times was rather towards copie than weight.

Here therefore the first distemper of learning, when men study words and not matter; whereof though I have represented an example of late times, yet it hath been and will be *secundum majus et minus* [4] in all time. And how is it possible but this should have an operation to discredit learning, even with vulgar capacities, when they see learned men's works like the first letter of a patent or limned book; which though it hath large flourishes, yet it is but a letter? It seems to me that Pygmalion's frenzy is a good emblem or portraiture of this vanity; for words are but the images of matter; and except

[1] "This people who knoweth not the law are cursed."

[2] "I have consumed ten years in reading Cicero."

[3] "Ass!" (in Greek and Latin).

[4] To a greater or less extent.

they have life of reason and invention, to fall in love with them is all one as to fall in love with a picture.

But yet notwithstanding it is a thing not hastily to be condemned, to clothe and adorn the obscurity even of philosophy itself with sensible and plausible elocution. For hereof we have great examples in Xenophon, Cicero, Seneca, Plutarch, and of Plato also in some degree; and hereof likewise there is great use; for surely to the severe inquisition of truth, and the deep progress into philosophy, it is some hindrance; because it is too early satisfactory to the mind of man, and quencheth the desire of further search, before we come to a just period; but then if a man be to have any use of such knowledge in civil occasions, of conference, counsel, persuasion, discourse, or the like; then shall he find it prepared to his hands in those authors which write in that manner. But the excess of this is so justly contemptible, that as Hercules, when he saw the image of Adonis, Venus' minion, in a temple, said in disdain, "Nil sacri es";[1] so there is none of Hercules' followers in learning, that is, the more severe and laborious sort of inquirers into truth, but will despise those delicacies and affectations, as indeed capable of no divineness. And thus much of the first disease or distemper of learning.

The second, which followeth, is in nature worse than the former; for as substance of matter is better than beauty of words, so contrariwise vain matter is worse than vain words; wherein it seemeth the reprehension of St. Paul was not only proper for those times, but prophetical for the times following; and not only respective to divinity, but extensive to all knowledge: "Devita profanas vocum novitates, et oppositiones falsi nominis scientiae."[2] For he assigneth two marks and badges of suspected and falsified science: the one, the novelty and strangeness of terms; the other, the strictness of positions, which of necessity doth induce oppositions, and so questions and altercations. Surely, like as many substances in nature which are solid do putrefy and corrupt into worms, so it is the property of good and sound knowledge to putrefy and dissolve into a number of subtile, idle, unwholesome, and (as I may term them) vermiculate questions, which have indeed a kind of quickness and life of spirit, but no soundness of matter or goodness of quality. This kind of degenerate learning did chiefly reign amongst the schoolmen; who having sharp and strong wits, and abundance of leisure, and small variety of reading; but their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors (chiefly Aristotle, their dictator) as their persons were shut up in the cells of monasteries and colleges; and knowing little history, either of nature or time; did out of no great quantity of matter, and infinite agitation of wit, spin out unto us those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books. For the wit and mind of man, if it work upon matter, which is the contemplation of the creatures of God, worketh according to the stuff, and is limited thereby; but if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless, and brings forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit.

This same unprofitable subtility or curiosity is of two sorts: either in the subject itself that they handle, when it is a fruitless speculation or controversy (whereof there are no small number both in divinity and philosophy), or in the manner or method of handling of a knowledge; which amongst them was this: upon every particular position or assertion to frame objections, and to those objections, solutions; which solutions were for the most part not confutations, but distinctions; whereas indeed the strength of all sciences is, as the strength of the old man's faggot, in the bond. For the harmony of a science, supporting each part the other, is and ought to be the true and brief confutation and suppression of all the smaller sort of objections; but on the other side, if you take out every axiom, as the sticks of the faggot, one by one, you may quarrel with them and bend them and break them at your pleasure; so that as was said of

[1] "You are nothing sacred."

[2] "Avoid profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called."

Seneca, "Verborum minutiis rerum frangit pondera";[1] so a man may truly say of the schoolmen, "Quaestionum minutiis scientiarum frangunt soliditatem."[2] For were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a small watch-candle into every corner? And such is their method, that rests not so much upon evidence of truth proved by arguments, authorities, similitudes, examples, as upon particular confutations and solutions of every scruple, cavillation, and objection; breeding for the most part one question as fast as it solveth another; even as in the former resemblance, when you carry the light into one corner, you darken the rest. So that the fable and fiction of Scylla seemeth to be a lively image of this kind of philosophy or knowledge, which was transformed into a comely virgin for the upper parts; but then "Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstris."[3] So the generalities of the schoolmen are for a while good and proportionable; but then when you descend into their distinctions and decisions, instead of a fruitful womb for the use and benefit of man's life, they end in monstrous altercations and barking questions. So as it is not possible but this quality of knowledge must fall under popular contempt, the people being apt to contemn truth upon occasion of controversies and altercations, and to think they are all out of their way which never meet; and when they see such digladiation about subtilities and matter of no use or moment, they easily fall upon that judgment of Dionysius of Syracusa, "Verba ista sunt senum otiosorum."[4]

Notwithstanding, certain it is, that if those schoolmen to their great thirst of truth and unwearied travail of wit had joined variety and universality of reading and contemplation, they had proved excellent lights, to the great advancement of all learning and knowledge. But as they are, they are great undertakers indeed, and fierce with dark keeping; but as in the inquiry of the divine truth their pride inclined to leave the oracle of God's word and to vanish in the mixture of their own inventions, so in the inquisition of nature they ever left the oracle of God's works and adored the deceiving and deformed images which the unequal mirror of their own minds or a few received authors or principles did represent unto them. And thus much for the second disease of learning.

For the third vice or disease of learning, which concerneth deceit or untruth, it is of all the rest the foulest; as that which doth destroy the essential form of knowledge, which is nothing but a representation of truth; for the truth of being and the truth of knowing are one, differing no more than the direct beam and the beam reflected. This vice therefore brancheth itself into two sorts: delight in deceiving, and aptness to be deceived; imposture and credulity; which, although they appear to be of a diverse nature, the one seeming to proceed of cunning and the other of simplicity, yet certainly they do for the most part concur; for as the verse noteth,

"Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est,"[5]

an inquisitive man is a prattler; so upon the like reason a credulous man is a deceiver. As we see it in fame, that he that will easily believe rumors will as easily augment rumors and add somewhat to them of his own; which Tacitus wisely noteth, when he saith, "Fingunt simul creduntque";[6] so great an affinity hath fiction and belief.

This facility of credit, and accepting or admitting things weakly authorized or warranted, is of two kinds, according to the subject; for it is either a belief of history (as the lawyers speak, matter of fact), or else of matter of art and opinion. As to the former, we see the experience and inconvenience of this error in ecclesiastical history; which hath too easily received and registered reports and narrations of miracles wrought by martyrs, hermits, or monks of the desert, and other holy men, and their relics, shrines, chapels, and images; which

[1] "He breaks up the weight of matters with the minutiae of words."

[2] "They break up the solidity of sciences with the minutiae of their questions."

[3] "Her white waist was girdled by barking monsters."

[4] "These are the words of idle old men."

[5] "Fly from the inquisitive man, for he is likewise garrulous."

[6] "They create fictions and believe them all at the same time."

though they had a passage for a time, by the ignorance of the people, the superstitious simplicity of some, and the politic toleration of others, holding them but as divine poesies; yet after a period of time, when the mist began to clear up, they grew to be esteemed but as old wives' fables, impostures of the clergy, illusions of spirits, and badges of antichrist, to the great scandal and detriment of religion.

So in natural history, we see there hath not been that choice and judgment used as ought to have been; as may appear in the writings of Plinius, Cardanus, Albertus, and divers of the Arabians; being fraught with much fabulous matter, a great part not only untried but notoriously untrue, to the great derogation of the credit of natural philosophy with the grave and sober kind of wits. Wherein the wisdom and integrity of Aristotle is worthy to be observed; that having made so diligent and exquisite a history of living creatures, hath mingled it sparingly with any vain or feigned matter; and yet on the other side hath cast all prodigious narrations which he thought worthy the recording into one book; excellently discerning that matter of manifest truth, such whereupon observation and rule was to be built, was not to be mingled or weakened with matter of doubtful credit; and yet again, that rarities and reports that seem uncredible are not to be suppressed or denied to the memory of men.

And as for the facility of credit which is yielded to arts and opinions, it is likewise of two kinds: either when too much belief is attributed to the arts themselves, or to certain authors in any art. The sciences themselves which have had better intelligence and confederacy with the imagination of man than with his reason are three in number: astrology, natural magic, and alchemy; of which sciences nevertheless the ends or pretences are noble. For astrology pretendeth to discover that correspondence or concatenation which is between the superior globe and the inferior; natural magic pretendeth to call and reduce natural philosophy from variety of speculations to the magnitude of works; and alchemy pretendeth to make separation of all the unlike parts of bodies which in mixtures of nature are incorporate. But the derivations and prosecutions to these ends, both in the theories and in the practises, are full of error and vanity; which the great professors themselves have sought to veil over and conceal by enigmatical writings, and referring themselves to auricular traditions, and such other devices to save the credit of impostures. And yet surely to alchemy this right is due, that it may be compared to the husbandman whereof Aesop makes the fable, that when he died told his sons that he had left unto them gold buried underground in his vineyard; and they digged over all the ground, and gold they found none, but by reason of their stirring and digging the mold about the roots of their vines, they had a great vintage the year following; so assuredly the search and stir to make gold hath brought to light a great number of good and fruitful inventions and experiments, as well for the disclosing of nature as for the use of man's life.

And as for the overmuch credit that hath been given unto authors in sciences, in making them dictators, that their words should stand, and not consuls to give advice; the damage is infinite that sciences have received thereby, as the principal cause that hath kept them low, at a stay without growth or advancement. For hence it hath come that in arts mechanical the first deviser comes shortest, and time addeth and perfecteth; but in sciences the first author goeth furthest, and time leeseth and corrupteth. So, we see, artillery, sailing, printing, and the like were grossly managed at the first, and by time accommodated and refined; but contrariwise the philosophies and sciences of Aristotle, Plato, Democritus, Hippocrates, Euclides, Archimedes, of most vigor at the first, and by time degenerate and embased; whereof the reason is no other but that in the former many wits and industries have contributed in one, and in the latter many wits and industries have been spent about the wit of some one, whom many times they have rather depraved than illustrated. For as water will not ascend higher than the level of the first spring-head from whence it descendeth, so knowledge derived from Aristotle, and exempted from liberty of examination, will not rise again higher than the knowledge of Aristotle. And therefore, although the position be good, "Oportet

discentum credere," [1] yet it must be coupled with this, "Oportet edoctum judicare";[2] for disciples do owe unto masters only a temporary belief and a suspension of their own judgment until they be fully instructed, and not an absolute resignation or perpetual captivity; and therefore to conclude this point, I will say no more but, so let great authors have their due as time, which is the author of authors, be not deprived of his due, which is further and further to discover truth. Thus have I gone over these three diseases of learning; besides the which there are some other rather peccant humours than formed diseases, which nevertheless are not so secret and intrinsic but that they fall under a popular observation and traducement, and therefore are not to be passed over.

The first of these is the extreme affecting of two extremities, the one antiquity, the other novelty; wherein it seemeth the children of time do take after the nature and malice of the father. For as he devoureth his children, so one of them seeketh to devour and suppress the other; while antiquity envieth there should be new additions, and novelty cannot be content to add, but it must deface. Surely the advice of the prophet is the true direction in this matter, "State super vias antiquas, et videte quaenam sit via recta et bona, et ambulate in ea." [3] Antiquity deserveth that reverence that men should make a stand thereupon, and discover what is the best way; but when the discovery is well taken, then to make progression. And to speak truly, "Antiquitas saeculi juventus mundi." [4] These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*,[5] by a computation backward from ourselves.

Another error, induced by the former, is a distrust that anything should be now to be found out which the world should have missed and passed over so long time; as if the same objection were to be made to time that Lucian maketh to Jupiter and other the heathen gods, of which he wondereth that they begot so many children in old time and begot none in his time, and asketh whether they were become septuagenary, or whether the law *Pappia*, made against old men's marriages, had restrained them. So it seemeth men doubt lest time is become past children and generation; wherein contrariwise we see commonly the levity and unconstancy of men's judgments, which, till a matter be done, wonder that it can be done; and as soon as it is done, wonder again that it was no sooner done; as we see in the expedition of Alexander into Asia, which at first was prejudged as a vast and impossible enterprise; and yet afterwards it pleaseth Livy to make no more of it than this, "Nil aliud quam bene ausus vana contemnere." [6] And the same happened to Columbus in the western navigation. But in intellectual matters it is much more common; as may be seen in most of the propositions of Euclid, which till they be demonstrate, they seem strange to our assent; but being demonstrate, our mind accepteth of them by a kind of relation (as the lawyers speak) as if we had known them before.

Another error, that hath also some affinity with the former, is a conceit that of former opinions or sects, after variety and examination, the best hath still prevailed and suppressed the rest; so as if a man should begin the labor of a new search, he were but like to light upon somewhat formerly rejected, and by rejection brought into oblivion; as if the multitude, or the wisest for the multitude's sake, were not ready to give passage rather to that which is popular and superficial than to that which is substantial and profound; for the truth is, that time seemeth to be of the nature of a river or stream, which carrieth down to us that which is light and blown up, and sinketh and drowneth that which is weighty and solid.

Another error, of a diverse nature from all the former, is the over-early and peremptory reduction of knowledge into arts and methods; from which time commonly sciences receive small or no augmentation. But as young men when they knit and shape perfectly do seldom grow to a further stature; so knowledge, while it is in aphorisms, and

[1] "The student ought to believe."

[2] "The scholar ought to weigh and judge."

[3] "Stand ye in the old ways and see which is the good and right way, and walk therein."

[4] "Antiquity in time is the youth of the world."

[5] By inverted reckoning.

[6] "It was only daring to despise vain fears."

observations, it is in growth; but when it once is comprehended in exact methods, it may perchance be further polished and illustrated, and accommodated for use and practise; but it increaseth no more in bulk and substance.

Another error, which doth succeed that which we last mentioned, is that after the distribution of particular arts and sciences men have abandoned universality, or *philosophia prima*; [1] which cannot but cease and stop all progression. For no perfect discovery can be made upon a flat or a level; neither is it possible to discover the more remote and deeper parts of any science, if you stand but upon the level of the same science, and ascend not to a higher science.

Another error hath proceeded from too great a reverence, and a kind of adoration, of the mind and understanding of man; by means whereof men have withdrawn themselves too much from the contemplation of nature and the observations of experience, and have tumbled up and down in their own reason and conceits. Upon these intellectualists, which are notwithstanding commonly taken for the most sublime and divine philosophers, Heraclitus gave a just censure, saying, "Men sought truth in their own little worlds, and not in the great and common world"; for they disdain to spell, and so by degrees to read, in the volume of God's works; and contrariwise by continual meditation and agitation of wit do urge and as it were invocate their own spirits to divine and give oracles unto them, whereby they are deservedly deluded.

Another error that hath some connection with this latter is that men have used to infect their meditations, opinions, and doctrines with some conceits which they have most admired, or some sciences which they have most applied; and given all things else a tincture according to them, utterly untrue and unproper. So hath Plato intermingled his philosophy with theology, and Aristotle with logic, and the second school of Plato—Proclus and the rest—with the mathematics. For these were the arts which had a kind of primogeniture with them severally. So have the alchemists made a philosophy out of a few experiments of the furnace; and Gilbertus, our countryman, hath made a philosophy out of the observations of a loadstone. So Cicero, when, reciting the several opinions of the nature of the soul, he found a musician that held the soul was but a harmony, saith pleasantly, "Hic ab arte sua non recessit," [2] etc. But of these conceits Aristotle speaketh seriously and wisely, when he saith, "Qui respiciunt ad pauca de facili pronunciant." [3]

Another error is an impatience of doubt, and haste to assertion without due and mature suspension of judgment. For the two ways of contemplation are not unlike the two ways of action commonly spoken of by the ancients; the one plain and smooth in the beginning, and in the end impassable; the other rough and troublesome in the entrance, but after a while fair and even. So it is in contemplation; if a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin in doubts, he shall end in certainties.

Another error is in the manner of the tradition and delivery of knowledge, which is for the most part magistral and peremptory, and not ingenuous and faithful; in a sort as may be soonest believed, and not easiliest examined. It is true that in compendious treatises for practise that form is not to be disallowed. But in the true handling of knowledge, men ought not to fall either on the one side into the vein of Velleius the Epicurean, "Nil tam metuens, quam ne dubitare aliqua de re videretur," [4] nor on the other side into Socrates his ironical doubting of all things, but to propound things sincerely, with more or less asseveration, as they stand in a man's own judgment proved more or less.

Other errors there are in the scope that men propound to themselves, whereunto they bend their endeavors; for whereas the more constant and devote kind of professors of any science ought to propound to themselves to make some additions to their science, they convert their labors to aspire to certain second prizes; as to be a profound interpreter or commenter,

[1] The prime philosophy.

[2] "He did not go back on his art."

[3] See explanatory notes.

[4] "Fearing nothing so much as to seem to be in doubt about a matter."

to be a sharp champion or defender, to be a methodical compounder or abridger; and so the patrimony of knowledge cometh to be sometimes improved, but seldom augmented.

But the greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or furthest end of knowledge. For men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of men; as if there were sought in knowledge a couch, whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace, for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state, for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground, for strife and contention; or a shop, for profit or sale; and not a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate. But this is that which will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and straitly conjoined and united together than they have been; a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets, Saturn the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter the planet of civil society and action. Howbeit, I do not mean, when I speak of use and action, that end beforementioned of the applying of knowledge to lucre and profession; for I am not ignorant how much that diverteth and interrupteth the prosecution and advancement of knowledge; like unto the golden ball thrown before Atalanta, which while she goeth aside and stoopeth to take up, the race is hindered,

"Declinat cursus, aurumque volubile tollit." [1]

Neither is my meaning, as was spoken of Socrates, to call philosophy down from heaven to converse upon the earth; that is, to leave natural philosophy aside, and to apply knowledge only to manners and policy. But as both heaven and earth do conspire and contribute to the use and benefit of man, so the end ought to be, from both philosophies to separate and reject vain speculations and whatsoever is empty and void, and to preserve and augment whatsoever is solid and fruitful; that knowledge may not be as a courtezan, for pleasure and vanity only, or as a bondwoman, to acquire and gain to her master's use; but as a spouse, for generation, fruit, and comfort.

[1] "She leaves the course, and lifts up the rolling gold."

### From the Second Book

Poesy is a part of learning in measure of words for the most part restrained, but in all other points extremely licensed, and doth truly refer to the imagination; which, being not tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which nature hath severed, and sever that which nature hath joined, and so make unlawful matches and divorces of things: "Pictoribus atque poetis," [2] etc. It is taken in two senses, in respect of words or matter. In the first sense it is but a character of style, and belongeth to arts of speech, and is not pertinent for the present. In the latter, it is (as hath been said) one of the principal portions of learning, and is nothing else but feigned history, which may be styled as well in prose as in verse.

The use of this feigned history hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it; the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is agreeable to the spirit of man a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical; because true history propoundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore poesy

[2] "Painters and poets have always been allowed to take what liberties they would."

feigns them more just in retribution, and more according to revealed providence; because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore poesy endueth them with more rareness, and more unexpected and alternative variations. So as it appeareth that poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation. And therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things. And we see that by these insinuations and congruities with man's nature and pleasure, joined also with the agreement and consort it hath with music, it hath had access and estimation in rude times and barbarous regions, where other learning stood excluded.

The division of poesy which is aptest in the propriety thereof (besides those divisions which are common unto it with history, as feigned chronicles, feigned lives; and the appendices of history, as feigned orations, feigned epistles, and the rest) is into poesy narrative, representative, and allusive. The narrative is a mere imitation of history, with the excesses before remembered; choosing for subject commonly wars and love, rarely state, and sometimes pleasure or mirth. Representative is as a visible history, and is an image of actions as if they were present, as history is of actions in nature as they are, that is, past. Allusive or parabolical is a narration applied only to express some special purpose or conceit. Which latter kind of parabolical wisdom was much more in use in the ancient times, as by the fables of Aesop and the brief sentences of the Seven and the use of hieroglyphics may appear. And the cause was, for that it was then of necessity to express any point of reason which was more sharp or subtile than the vulgar in that manner; because men in those times wanted both variety of examples and subtilty of conceit; and as hieroglyphics were before letters, so parables were before arguments; and nevertheless now and at all times they do retain much life and vigor, because reason cannot be so sensible nor examples so fit.

But there remaineth yet another use of poesy parabolical, opposite to that which we last mentioned; for that tendeth to demonstrate and illustrate that which is taught or delivered, and this other to retire and obscure it; that is when the secrets and mysteries of religion, policy, or philosophy are involved in fables or parables. Of this in divine poesy we see the use is authorized. In heathen poesy we see the exposition of fables doth fall out sometimes with great felicity; as in the fable that the giants being overthrown in their war against the gods, the Earth their mother in revenge thereof brought forth Fame:

"Illam Terra parens, ira irritate deorum,
Extremam, ut perhibent, Coeo Enceladoque sororem
Progenuit";

expounded that when princes and monarchs have suppressed actual and open rebels, then the malignity of people (which is the mother of rebellion) doth bring forth libels and slanders and taxations of the state, which is of the same kind with rebellion, but more feminine. So in the fable that the rest of the gods having conspired to bind Jupiter, Pallas called Briareus with his hundred hands to his aid; expounded that monarchies need not fear any curbing of their absoluteness by mighty subjects, as long as by wisdom they keep the hearts of the people, who will be sure to come in on their side. So in the fable that Achilles was brought up under Chiron the Centaur, who was part a man and part a beast; expounded ingeniously but corruptly by Machiavel, that it belongeth to the education and discipline of princes to know as well how to play the part of the lion in violence and the fox in guile, as of the man in virtue and justice. Nevertheless in many the like encounters, I do rather think that the fable was first, and the exposition devised, than that the moral was first, and thereupon the fable framed. For I find it was an ancient vanity in Chrysippus, that troubled himself with great contention

to fasten the assertions of the Stoics upon the fictions of the ancient poets. But yet that all the fables and fictions of the poets were but pleasure and not figure, I interpose no opinion. Surely of those poets which are now extant, even Homer himself (notwithstanding he was made a kind of Scripture by the later schools of the Grecians), yet I should without any difficulty pronounce that his fables had no such inwardness in his own meaning; but what they might have upon a more original tradition is not easy to affirm; for he was not the inventor of many of them.

In this third part of learning, which is poesy, I can report no deficience. For being as a plant that cometh of the lust of the earth, without a formal seed, it hath sprung up and spread abroad more than any other kind. But to ascribe unto it that which is due: for the expressing of affections, passions, corruptions, and customs we are beholding to poets more than to the philosophers' works; and for wit and eloquence not much less than to orators' harangues. . . .

. . . . . .

Thus have I concluded this portion of learning touching civil knowledge; and with civil knowledge have concluded human philosophy; and with human philosophy, philosophy in general. And being now at some pause, looking back into that I have passed through, this writing seemeth to me (*si nunquam fallit imago* [1]), as far as man can judge of his own work, not much better than that noise or sound which musicians make while they are tuning their instruments; which is nothing pleasant to hear, but yet is a cause why the music is sweeter afterwards. So have I been content to tune the instruments of the muses that they may play that have better hands. And surely, when I set before me the condition of these times, in which learning hath made her third visitation or circuit, in all the qualities thereof; as the excellency and vivacity of the wits of this age; the noble helps and lights which we have by the travails of ancient writers; the art of printing, which communicateth books to men of all fortunes; the openness of the world by navigation, which hath disclosed multitudes of experiments, and a mass of natural history; the leisure wherewith these times abound, not employing men so generally in civil business as the states of Graecia did in respect of their popularity, and the state of Rome in respect of the greatness of their monarchy; the present disposition of these times at this instant to peace; the consumption of all that ever can be said in controversies of religion, which have so much diverted men from other sciences; the perfection of your Majesty's learning, which as a phoenix may call whole vollies of wits to follow you; and the inseparable propriety of time, which is ever more and more to disclose truth;—I cannot but be raised to this persuasion, that this third period of time will far surpass that of the Graecian and Roman learning; only if men will know their own strength and their own weakness both; and take one from the other light of invention, and not fire of contradiction; and esteem of the inquisition of truth as of an enterprise, and not as of a quality or ornament; and employ wit and magnificence to things of worth and excellency, and not to things vulgar and of popular estimation. As for my labors, if any man shall please himself or others in the reprehension of them, they shall make that ancient and patient request, "Verbera sed audi"; let men reprehend them, so they observe and weigh them. For the appeal is (lawful though it may be it shall not be needful) from the first cogitations of men to their second, and from the nearer times to the times further off. . . .

[1] If my mind does not deceive me.

## LETTER TO LORD BURGHLEY, WRITTEN IN 1592

My Lord—With as much confidence as mine own honest and faithful devotion unto your service and your honorable correspondence unto me and my poor estate can breed in a man, do I commend myself unto your Lordship. I wax now somewhat ancient; one-and-thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass.

My health, I thank God, I find confirmed; and I do not fear that action shall impair it, because I account my ordinary course of study and meditation to be more painful than most parts of action are. I ever bare in mind (in some middle place that I could discharge) to serve her Majesty, not as a man born under Sol, that loveth honor, nor under Jupiter, that loveth business (for the contemplative planet carrieth me away wholly), but as a man born under an excellent sovereign that deserveth the dedication of all men's abilities. Besides, I do not find in myself so much self-love but that the greater parts of my thoughts are to deserve well (if I be able) of my friends, and namely of your Lordship; who, being the Atlas of this commonwealth, the honor of my house, and the second founder of my poor estate, I am tied by all duties, both of a good patriot, and of an unworthy kinsman, and of an obliged servant, to employ whatsoever I am to do you service. Again, the meanness of my estate doth somewhat move me; for though I cannot accuse myself that I am either prodigal or slothful, yet my health is not to spend, nor my course to get. Lastly, I confess that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends; for I have taken all knowledge to be my province; and if I could purge it of two sorts of rovers, whereof the one with frivolous disputations, confutations, and verbosities, the other with blind experiments and auricular traditions and impostures, hath committed so many spoils, I hope I should bring in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries: the best state of that province. This, whether it be curiosity or vainglory, or nature, or (if one take it favorably) *philanthropia*, is so fixed in my mind as it cannot be removed. And I do easily see that place of any reasonable countenance doth bring commandment of more wits than a man's own; which is the thing I greatly affect. And for your Lordship, perhaps you shall not find more strength and less encounter in any other. And if your Lordship shall find now, or at any time, that I do seek or affect any place whereunto any that is nearer unto your Lordship shall be concurrent, say then that I am a most dishonest man. And if your Lordship will not carry me on, I will not do as Anaxagoras did, who reduced himself with contemplation unto voluntary poverty, but this I will do—I will sell the inheritance I have, and purchase some lease of quick revenue, or some office of gain that shall be executed by deputy, and so give over all care of service, and become some sorry book-maker, or a true pioneer in that mine of truth which (he said) lay so deep. This which I have writ unto your Lordship is rather thoughts than words, being set down without all art, disguising, or reservation. Wherein I have done honor both to your Lordship's wisdom, in judging that that will be best believed of your Lordship which is truest, and to your Lordship's good nature, in retaining no thing from you. And even so I wish your Lordship all happiness, and to myself means and occasions to be added to my faithful desire to do you service. From my lodgings at Gray's Inn.

# JOHN FLORIO (1553?–1625)

## FROM THE TRANSLATION OF MONTAIGNE'S *ESSAYS*

### THE FIRST BOOK

#### CHAP. XXV

*Of the Institution and Education of Children; to the Lady Diana of Foix, Countess of Gurson*

I NEVER knew father, how crooked and deformed soever his son were, that would either altogether cast him off, or not acknowledge him for his own; and yet (unless he be merely besotted or blinded in his affection) it may not be said but he plainly perceiveth his defects, and hath a feeling of his imperfections. But so it is, he is his own.

So it is in myself. I see better than any man else that what I have set down is naught but the fond imaginations of him who in his youth hath tasted nothing but the paring, and seen but the superficies of true learning; whereof he hath retained but a general and shapeless form; a smack of everything in general, but nothing to the purpose in particular; after the French manner. To be short, I know there is an art of physic; a course of laws; four parts of the mathematics; and I am not altogether ignorant what they tend unto. And perhaps I also know the scope and drift of sciences in general to be for the service of our life. But to wade further, or that ever I tired myself with plodding upon Aristotle (the monarch of our modern doctrine) or obstinately continued in search of any one science, I confess I never did it. Nor is there any one art whereof I am able so much as to draw the first lineaments. And there is no scholar (be he of the lowest form) that may not repute himself wiser than I, who am not able to oppose him in his first lesson; and if I be forced to it, I am constrained very impertinently to draw in matter from some general discourse, whereby I examine and give a guess at his natural judgment: a lesson as much unknown to them as theirs is to me. I have not dealt or had commerce with any excellent book, except Plutarch or Seneca, from whom (as the Danaides) I draw my water, uncessantly filling, and as fast emptying; something whereof I fasten to this paper, but to myself nothing at all.

And touching books: history is my chief study, poesy my only delight, to which I am particularly affected; for as Cleanthes said, that as the voice, being forcibly pent in the narrow gullet of a trumpet, at last issueth forth more strong and shriller, so meseems that a sentence cunningly and closely couched in measure-keeping poesy darts itself forth more furiously, and wounds me even to the quick.

And concerning the natural faculties that are in me (whereof behold here an essay), I perceive them to faint under their own burthen; my conceits and my judgment march but uncertain, and as it were groping, staggering, and stumbling at every rush; and when I have gone as far as I can, I have no whit pleased myself; for the further I sail the more land I descry, and that so dimmed with fogs, and overcast with clouds, that my sight is so weakened I cannot distinguish the same. And then undertaking to speak indifferently of all that presents itself unto my fantasy, and having nothing but my own natural means to employ therein, if it be my hap (as commonly it is) among good authors to light upon those very places which I have undertaken to treat of, as even now I did in Plutarch, reading his discourse of the power of imagination, wherein in regard of those wise men, I acknowledge myself so weak and so poor, so dull and gross-headed, as I am forced both to pity and disdain myself, yet am I pleased with this, that my opinions have

often the grace to jump with theirs, and that I follow them a loof-off, and thereby possess at least that which all other men have not; which is, that I know the utmost difference between them and myself; all which notwithstanding, I suffer my inventions to run abroad, as weak and faint as I have produced them, without bungling and botching the faults which this comparison hath discovered to me in them.

A man had need have a strong back to undertake to march foot to foot with these kind of men. The indiscreet writers of our age, amidst their trivial compositions, intermingle and wrest in whole sentences taken from ancient authors, supposing by such filching-theft to purchase honor and reputation to themselves, do clean contrary. For this infinite variety and dissemblance of lustres makes a face so wan, so ill-favored, and so ugly, in respect of theirs, that they lose much more than gain thereby. These were two contrary humours: the philosopher Chrisippus was wont to foist-in amongst his books not only whole sentences and other long-long discourses but whole books of other authors, as in one he brought in Euripides his *Medea*. And Apollodorus was wont to say of him, that if one should draw from out his books what he had stolen from others, his paper would remain blank. Whereas Epicurus, clean contrary to him, in three hundred volumes he left behind him had not made use of one allegation.

It was my fortune not long since to light upon such a place: I had languishingly traced after some French words, so naked and shallow, and so void either of sense or matter, that at last I found them to be naught but mere French words; and after a tedious and wearisome travail, I chanced to stumble upon an high, rich, and even-to-the-clouds-raised piece, the descent whereof had it been somewhat more pleasant or easy, or the ascent reaching a little further, it had been excusable, and to be born withal; but it was such a steepy down-fall, and by mere strength hewn out of the main rock, that by reading of the first six words methought I was carried into another world; whereby I perceive the bottom whence I came to be so low and deep as I durst never more adventure to go through it; for, if I did stuff any one of my discourses with those rich spoils, it would manifestly cause the sottishness of others to appear.

To reprove mine own faults in others seems to me no more insufferable than to reprehend (as I do often) those of others in myself. They ought to be accused everywhere, and have all places of sanctuary taken from them; yet do I know how over-boldly at all times I adventure to equal myself unto my filchings, and so march hand in hand with them, not without a fond hardy hope that I may perhaps be able to blear the eyes of the judges from discerning them. But it is as much for the benefit of my application as for the good of my invention and force. And I do not furiously front and body to body wrestle with those old champions; it is but by flights, advantages, and false offers I seek to come within them, and, if I can, to give them a fall. I do not rashly take them about the neck, I do but touch them, nor do I go so far as by my bargain I would seem to do; could I but keep even with them, I should then be an honest man; for I seek not to venture on them, but where they are strongest. To do as I have seen some, that is, to shroud themselves under other arms, not daring so much as to show their fingers' ends unarmed, and to botch up all their works (as it is an easy matter in a common subject, namely for the wiser sort) with ancient inventions, here and there huddled up together. And in those who endeavored to hide what they have filched from others and make it their own, it is first a manifest note of injustice, then a plain argument of cowardliness; who having nothing of any worth in themselves to make show of, will yet under the countenance of others' sufficiency go about to make a fair offer; moreover (oh great foolishness) to seek by such cosening tricks to forestall the ignorant approbation of the common sort, nothing fearing to discover their ignorance to men of understanding (whose praise only is of value) who will soon trace out such borrowed ware.

As for me, there is nothing I will do less. I never speak of others, but that

I may the more speak of myself. This concerneth not those mingle-mangles of many kinds of stuff, or as the Grecians call them rhapsodies, that for such are published, of which kind I have (since I came to years of discretion) seen divers most ingenious and witty; amongst others, one under the name of Capilupus; besides many of the ancient stamp. These are wits of such excellence as both here and elsewhere they will soon be perceived, as our late famous writer Lipsius, in his learned and laborious work of the Politics; yet whatsoever come of it, for so much as they are but follies, my intent is not to smother them, no more than a bald and hoary picture of mine, where a painter hath drawn not a perfect visage, but mine own. For, howsoever, these are but my humours and opinions, and I deliver them but to show what my conceit is, and not what ought to be believed. Wherein I aim at nothing but to display myself, who peradventure (if a new prenticeship change me) shall be another tomorrow. I have no authority to purchase belief, neither do I desire it; knowing well that I am not sufficiently taught to instruct others.

Some having read my precedent chapter told me not long since in mine own house, I should somewhat more have extended myself in the discourse concerning the institution of children. Now, Madam, if there were any sufficiency in me touching that subject, I could not better employ the same than to bestow it as a present upon that little lad which ere long threateneth to make a happy issue from out your honorable womb; for, Madam, you are too generous to begin with other than a man child. And having had so great a part in the conduct of your successful marriage, I may challenge some right and interest in the greatness and prosperity of all that shall proceed from it; moreover, the ancient and rightful possession which you from time to time have ever had and still have over my service urgeth me with more than ordinary respects to wish all honor, welfare, and advantage to whatsoever may in any sort concern you and yours.

And truly, my meaning is but to show that the greatest difficulty, and importing all human knowledge, seemeth to be in this point, where the nurture and institution of young children is in question. For as in matters of husbandry, the labor that must be used before sowing, setting, and planting, yea in planting itself, is most certain and easy; but when that which was sowen, set, and planted, cometh to take life, before it come to ripeness, much ado and great variety of proceeding belongeth to it. So in men, it is no great matter to get them, but being born, what continual cares, what diligent attendance, what doubts and fears, do daily wait to their parents and tutors, before they can be nurtured and brought to any good? The fore-show of their inclination whilest they are young is so uncertain, their humours so variable, their promises so changing, their hopes so false, and their proceedings so doubtful, that it is very hard (yea for the wisest) to ground any certain judgment or assured success upon them. Behold Cymon, view Themistocles, and a thousand others, how they have differed, and fallen to better from themselves, and deceive the expectation of such as knew them. The young whelps both of dogs and bears at first sight show their natural disposition, but men headlong embracing this custom or fashion, following that humour or opinion, admitting this or that passion, allowing of that or this law, are easily changed, and soon disguised; yet it is hard to force the natural propension or readiness of the mind, whereby it followeth that for want of heedy foresight in those that could not guide their course well, they often employ much time in vain, to address young children in those matters whereunto they are not naturally addicted. All which difficulties notwithstanding, mine opinion is to bring them up in the best and profitablest studies, and that a man should slightly pass over those fond presages and deceiving prognostics, which we over-precisely gather in their infancy. And (without offence be it said) methinks that Plato in his *Commonwealth* allowed them too-too much authority.

Madam, learning joined with true knowledge is an especial and graceful ornament, and an implement of wonderful use and consequence, namely in persons raised to

that degree of fortune wherein you are. And in good truth, learning hath not her own true form, nor can she make show of her beauteous lineaments, if she fall into the hands of base and vile persons. For, as famous Torquato Tasso saith: "Philosophy being a rich and noble queen, and knowing her own worth, graciously smileth upon and lovingly embraceth princes and noble men, if they become suitors to her, admitting them as her minions, and gently affording them all the favors she can; whereas upon the contrary, if she be wooed and sued unto by clowns, mechanical fellows, and such base kind of people, she holds herself disparaged and disgraced, as holding no proportion with them. And therefore see we by experience that if a true gentleman or nobleman follow her with any attention, and wooed her with importunity, he shall learn and know more of her, and prove a better scholar in one year, than an ungentle or base fellow shall in seven, though he pursue her never so attentively." She is much more ready and fierce to lend her furtherance and direction in the conduct of a war, to attempt honorable actions, to command a people, to treat a peace with a prince of foreign nation, than she is to form an argument in logic, to devise a syllogism, to canvass a case at the bar, or to prescribe a receipt of pills.

So, noble lady, forsomuch as I cannot persuade myself that you will either forget or neglect this point, concerning the institution of yours, especially having tasted the sweetness thereof, and being descended of so noble and learned a race—for we yet possess the learned compositions of the ancient and noble Earls of Foix, from out whose heroic loins your husband and you take your offspring; And Francis, Lord of Candale, your worthy uncle, doth daily bring forth such fruits thereof as the knowledge of the matchless quality of your house shall hereafter extend itself to many ages—I will therefore make you acquainted with one conceit of mine, which contrary to the common use I hold, and that is all I am able to afford you concerning that matter: the charge of the tutor, which you shall appoint your son, in the choice of whom consisteth the whole substance of his education and bringing up; on which are many branches depending, which (forasmuch as I can add nothing of any moment to it) I will not touch at all. And for that point wherein I presume to advise him, he may so far forth give credit unto it as he shall see just cause.

To a gentleman born of noble parentage, and heir of a house that aimeth at true learning, and in it would be disciplined, not so much for game or commodity to himself (because so abject an end is far unworthy the grace and favor of the Muses, and besides, hath a regard or dependency of others) nor for external show and ornament, but to adorn and enrich his inward mind, desiring rather to shape and institute an able and sufficient man than a bare learned man; my desire is, therefore, that the parents or overseers of such a gentleman be very circumspect and careful in choosing his director, whom I would rather commend for having a well composed and temperate brain than a full stuffed head, yet both will do well. And I would rather prefer wisdom, judgment, civil customs, and modest behavior, than bare and mere literal learning; and that in his charge he hold a new course. Some never cease brawling in their scholars' ears (as if they were still pouring in a tunnel) to follow their book, yet is their charge nothing else but to repeat what hath been told them before. I would have a tutor to correct this part, and that at first entrance, according to the capacity of the wit he hath in hand, he should begin to make show of it, making him to have a smack of all things, and how to choose and distinguish them, without help of others, sometimes opening him the way, other times leaving him to open it by himself. I would not have him to invent and speak alone, but suffer his disciple to speak when his turn cometh. Socrates, and after him Arcesilaus, made their scholars to speak first, and then would speak themselves. *Obest plerumque iis qui discere volunt, auctoritas eorum qui docent:* [1] "Most commonly the authority of them that teach hinders them that would learn."

[1] Cic. *De Nat.* I, i.

It is therefore meet that he make him first trot-on before him, whereby he may the better judge of his pace, and so guess how long he will hold out, that accordingly he may fit his strength; for want of which proportion we often mar all. And to know how to make a good choice, and how far forth one may proceed (still keeping a due measure) is one of the hardest labors I know. It is a sign of a noble, and effect of an undaunted spirit, to know how to second, and how far forth he shall condescend to his childish proceedings, and how to guide them. As for myself, I can better and with more strength walk up than down a hill. Those which, according to our common fashion, undertake with one self-same lesson and like manner of education to direct many spirits of divers forms and different humours, it is no marvel if among a multitude of children they scarce meet with two or three that reap any good fruit by their discipline or that come to any perfection. I would not only have him to demand an accompt of the words contained in his lesson, but of the sense and substance thereof, and judge of the profit he hath made of it, not by the testimony of his memory, but by the witness of his life. That what he lately learned he cause him to set forth and portray the same into sundry shapes, and then to accommodate it to as many different and several subjects, whereby he shall perceive whether he have yet apprehended the same, and therein enfeoffed himself, at due times taking his instruction from the institution given by Plato. It is a sign of crudity and indigestion for a man to yield up his meat even as he swallowed the same; the stomach hath not wrought his full operation unless it have changed form and altered fashion of that which was given him to boil and concoct.

We see men gape after no reputation but learning, and when they say, such a one is a learned man, they think they have said enough; our mind doth move at others' pleasure, and tied and forced to serve the fantasies of others, being brought under by authority, and forced to stoop to the lure of their bare lesson, we have been so subjected to harp upon one string that we have no way left us to descant upon voluntary; our vigor and liberty is clean extinct. "Nunquam tutelae suae fiunt": "They never come to their own tuition." It was my hap to be familiarly acquainted with an honest man at Pisa, but such an Aristotelian as he held this infallible position: that a conformity to Aristotle's doctrine was the true touchstone and squire of all solid imaginations and perfect verity; for whatsoever had no coherency with it was but fond chimaeras and idle humours, inasmuch as he had known all, seen all, and said all. This proposition of his being somewhat overamply and injuriously interpreted by some made him a long time after to be troubled in the inquisition of Rome. I would have him make his scholar narrowly to sift all things with discretion, and harbor nothing in his head by mere authority or upon trust. Aristotle's principles shall be no more axioms unto him than the Stoics' or Epicureans'. Let this diversity of judgments be proposed unto him, if he can, he shall be able to distinguish the truth from falsehood, if not, he will remain doubtful.

*Che non men che saper dubbiar m'aggrata.*[1]

No less it pleaseth me,
To doubt, than wise to be.

For if by his own discourse he embrace the opinions of Xenophon or of Plato, they shall be no longer theirs, but his. He that merely followeth another traceth nothing and seeketh nothing: "Non sumus sub rege, sibi quisque se vindicet":[2] "We are not under a king's command, every one may challenge himself, for let him at least know that he knoweth." It is requisite he endeavor as much to feed himself with their conceits as labor to learn their precepts; which, so he know how to apply, let him hardily forget where or whence he had them. Truth and reason are common to all, and are no more proper unto him that spake them heretofore than unto him that shall speak them hereafter. And it is no more according to Plato's opinion than to mine, since both

[1] Dante, *Inferno*, cant. xi. 93.

[2] Sen. *Epist.* xxxiii.

he and I understand and see alike. The bees do here and there suck this and cull that flower, but afterward they produce the honey, which is peculiarly their own, then is it no more thyme or majoram.

So of pieces borrowed of others, he may lawfully alter, transform, and confound them, to shape out of them a perfect piece of work, altogether his own; always provided his judgment, his travail, study, and institution tend to nothing but to frame the same perfect. Let him hardily conceal where or whence he hath had any help, and make no show of anything but of that which he hath made himself. Pirates, pilchers, and borrowers make a show of their purchases and buildings, but not of that which they have taken from others; you see not the secret fees or bribes lawyers take of their clients, but you shall manifestly discover the alliances they make, the honors they get for their children, and the goodly houses they build. No man makes open show of his receipts, but everyone of his gettings. The good that comes of study (or at least should come) is to prove better, wiser, and honester. It is the understanding power (said Epicharmus) that seeth and heareth, it is it that profiteth all and disposeth all, that moveth, swayeth, and ruleth all; all things else are but blind, senseless, and without spirit.

And truly in barring him of liberty to do anything of himself, we make him thereby more servile and more coward. Who would ever enquire of his scholar what he thinketh of rhetoric, of grammar, of this or of that sentence of Cicero? Which things thoroughly feathered (as if they were oracles) are let fly into our memory; in which both letters and syllables are substantial parts of the subject. To know by rote is no perfect knowledge, but to keep what one hath committed to his memory's charge is commendable; what a man directly knoweth, that will he dispose-of, without turning still to his book or looking to his pattern. A mere bookish sufficiency is unpleasant. All I expect of it is an embellishing of my actions, and not a foundation of them, according to Plato's mind, who saith, constancy, faith, and sincerity are true philosophy; as for other sciences, and tending elsewhere, they are but garish paintings. I would fain have Paluel or Pompey, these two excellent dancers of our time, with all their nimbleness, teach any man to do their lofty tricks and high capers, only with seeing them done, and without stirring out of his place, as some pedantical fellows would instruct our minds without moving or putting it in practice. And glad would I be to find one that would teach us how to manage a horse, to toss a pike, to shoot-off a piece, to play upon the lute, or to warble with the voice, without any exercise, as these kind of men would teach us to judge, and how to speak well, without any exercise of speaking or judging. In which kind of life, or as I may term it, prenticeship, what action or object soever presents itself into our eyes may serve us instead of a sufficient book. A pretty prank of a boy, a knavish trick of a page, a foolish part of a lackey, an idle tale or any discourse else, spoken either in jest or earnest, at the table or in company, are even as new subjects for us to work upon; for furtherance whereof, commerce or common society among men, visiting of foreign countries, and observing of strange fashions, are very necessary, not only to be able (after the manner of our young gallants of France) to report how many paces the Church of Santa Rotonda is in length or breadth, or what rich garments the courtezan Signora Livia weareth, and the worth of her hosen; or as some do, nicely to dispute how much longer or broader the face of Nero is which they have seen in some old ruins of Italy, than that which is made for him in other old monuments elsewhere. But they should principally observe, and be able to make certain relation of, the humours and fashions of those countries they have seen, that they may the better know how to correct and prepare their wits by those of others. I would therefore have him begin even from his infancy to travel abroad; and first, that at one shoot he may hit two marks, he should see neighbor-countries, namely where languages are most different from ours; for, unless a man's tongue be fashioned unto them in his youth, he shall never attain to the true

pronunciation of them if he once grow in years.

Moreover, we see it received as a common opinion of the wiser sort that it agreeth not with reason that a child be always nuzzled, cockered, dandled, and brought up in his parents' lap or sight; forsomuch as their natural kindness, or (as I may call it) tender fondness, causeth often even the wisest to prove so idle, so over-nice, and so base-minded. For parents are not capable, neither can they find in their hearts to see them checked, corrected, or chastised, nor endure to see them brought up so meanly, and so far from daintiness, and many times so dangerously, as they must needs be. And it would grieve them to see their children come home from those exercises that a gentleman must necessarily acquaint himself with, sometimes all wet and bemired, other times sweaty and full of dust, and to drink being either extreme hot or exceeding cold; and it would trouble them to see him ride a rough-untamed horse, or with his weapon furiously encounter a skilful fencer, or to handle or shoot-off a musket; against which there is no remedy, if he will make him prove a sufficient, complete, or honest man; he must not be spared in his youth; and it will come to pass, that he shall many times have occasion and be forced to shock the rules of physic.

> *Vitamque sub dio et trepidis agat*
> *In rebus.*[1]
>
> Lead he his life in open air,
> And in affairs full of despair.

It is not sufficient to make his mind strong, his muscles must also be strengthened; the mind is overborn if it be not seconded; and it is too much for her alone to discharge two offices. I have a feeling how mine panteth, being joined to so tender and sensible a body, and that lieth so heavy upon it. And in my lecture I often perceive how my authors in their writings sometimes commend examples for magnanimity and force, that rather proceed from a thick skin and hardness of the bones. I have known men, women, and children born of so hard a constitution that a blow with a cudgel would less hurt them than a filip would do me, and so dull and blockish that they will neither stir tongue nor eyebrows, beat them never so much. When wrestlers go about to counterfeit the philosopher's patience, they rather show the vigor of their sinews than of their heart. For the custom to bear travail is to tolerate grief: *Labor callum obducit dolori:* [2] "Labor worketh a hardness upon sorrow." He must be inured to suffer the pain and hardness of exercises, that so he may be induced to endure the pain of the colic, of cautery, of falls, of sprains, and other diseases incident to man's body; yea, if need require, patiently to bear imprisonment and other tortures, by which sufferance he shall come to be had in more esteem and accompt; for according to time and place, the good as well as the bad man may haply fall into them; we have seen it by experience. Whosoever striveth against the laws threats good men with mischief and extortion. Moreover, the authority of the tutor (who should be sovereign over him) is by the cockering and presence of the parents hindered and interrupted; besides the awe and respect which the household bears him, and the knowledge of the means, possibilities, and greatness of his house, are in my judgment no small lets in a young gentleman. In this school of commerce and society among men I have often noted this vice, that in lieu of taking acquaintance of others we only endeavor to make ourselves known to them; and we are more ready to utter such merchandise as we have than to engross and purchase new commodities. Silence and modesty are qualities very convenient to civil conversation. It is also necessary that a young man be rather taught to be discreetly-sparing and close-handed than prodigally-wasteful and lavish in his expenses, and moderate in husbanding his wealth when he shall come to possess it. And not to take pepper in the nose for every foolish tale that shall be spoken in his presence, because it is an uncivil importunity to contradict whatsoever is not agreeing

[1] Hor. 1. i. *Od.* ii. 4.

[2] Cic. *Tusc. Qu.* 1. ii.

to our humour; let him be pleased to correct himself. . . .

. . . . . .

There is a marvelous clearness, or as I may term it an enlightening of man's judgment, drawn from the commerce of men, and by frequenting abroad in the world; we are all so contrived and compact in ourselves that our sight is made shorter by the length of our nose. When Socrates was demanded whence he was, he answered, not of Athens, but of the world; for he, who had his imagination more full and farther stretching, embraced all the world for his native city, and extended his acquaintance, his society, and affections to all mankind; and not as we do, that look no further than our feet. If the frost chance to nip the vines about my village, my priest doth presently argue that the wrath of God hangs over our head, and threateneth all mankind; and judgeth that the pip is already fallen upon the cannibals.

. . . . . .

We are taught to live when our life is well-nigh spent. Many scholars have been infected with that loathsome and marrow-wasting disease before ever they came to read Aristotle's treatise of Temperance. Cicero was wont to say that could he out-live the lives of two men, he should never find leisure to study the lyric poets. And I find these sophisters both worse and more unprofitable. Our child is engaged in greater matters; and but the first fifteen or sixteen years of his life are due unto pedantism, the rest unto action; let us therefore employ so short time as we have to live in more necessary instructions. . . .

. . . . . .

. . . How many have I seen in my days, by an over-greedy desire of knowledge, become as it were foolish? Carneades was so deeply plunged, and as I may say besotted in it, that he could never have leisure to cut his hair or pare his nails; nor would I have his noble manners obscured by the incivility and barbarism of others. The French wisdom hath long since proverbially been spoken of as very apt to conceive study in her youth, but most unapt to keep it long. In good truth, we see at this day that there is nothing lovelier to behold than the young children of France; but for the most part they deceive the hope which was fore-apprehended of them; for when they once become men, there is no excellency at all in them. I have heard men of understanding hold this opinion, that the colleges to which they are sent (of which there are store) do thus besot them; whereas, to our scholar, a cabinet, a garden, the table, the bed, a solitariness, a company, morning and evening, and all hours shall be alike unto him, all places shall be a study for him; for Philosophy (as a former of judgments, and modeler of customs) shall be his principal lesson, having the privilege to intermeddle herself with all things and in all places. Isocrates, the orator, being once requested at a great banquet to speak of his art, when all thought he had reason to answer, said, "It is not now time to do what I can, and what should now be done, I cannot do it; for to present orations, or to enter into disputation of rhetoric, before a company assembled together to be merry and make good cheer, would be but a medley of harsh and jarring music." The like may be said of all other sciences. But touching philosophy, namely in that point where it treateth of man and of his duties and offices, it hath been the common judgment of the wisest that in regard of the pleasantness of her conversation she ought not to be rejected, neither at banquets nor at sports. And Plato having invited her to his solemn feast, we see how kindly she entertaineth the company with a mild behavior, fitly suiting herself to time and place, notwithstanding it be one of his learned'st and profitable discourses.

*Aequè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus aequè,*
*Et neglecta aequè pueris senibusque nocebit.*[1]

Poor men alike, alike rich men it easeth,
Alike it, scorned, old and young displeaseth.

So doubtless he shall less be idle than others; for even as the paces we bestow walking in a gallery, although they be

[1] Hor. 1. i. *Epist.* 125.

twice as many more, weary us not so much as those we spend in going a set journey; so our lesson being passed over, as it were, by chance, or way of encounter, without strict observance of time or place, being applied to all our actions, shall be digested, and never felt. All sports and exercises shall be a part of his study; running, wrestling, music, dancing, hunting, and managing of arms and horses. I would have the exterior demeanor or decency, and the disposition of his person, to be fashioned together with his mind; for it is not a mind, it is not a body, that we erect, but it is a man, and we must not make two parts of him. And as Plato saith, they must not be erected one without another, but equally be directed, no otherwise than a couple of horses matched to draw in one self-same team. And to hear him, doth he not seem to employ more time and care in the exercises of his body, and to think that the mind is together with the same exercised, and not the contrary? As for other matters, this institution ought to be directed by a sweet-severe mildness; not as some do, who in lieu of gently-bidding children to the banquet of letters, present them with nothing but horror and cruelty. Let me have this violence and compulsion removed; there is nothing that, in my seeming, doth more bastardize and dizzy a well-born and gentle nature. If you would have him stand in awe of shame and punishment, do not so much inure him to it; accustom him patiently to endure sweat and cold, the sharpness of the wind, the heat of the sun, and how to despise all hazards. Remove from him all niceness and quaintness in clothing, in lying, in eating, and in drinking; fashion him to all things, that he prove not a fair and wanton-puling boy but a lusty and vigorous boy. When I was a child, being a man, and now am old, I have ever judged and believed the same.

But amongst other things, I could never away with this kind of discipline used in most of our colleges. It had peradventure been less hurtful, if they had somewhat inclined to mildness or gentle entreaty. It is a very prison of captivated youth, and proves dissolute in punishing it before it be so. Come upon them when they are going to their lesson and you hear nothing but whipping and brawling, both of children tormented and masters besotted with anger and chafing. How wide are they, which go about to allure a child's mind to go to its book, being yet but tender and fearful, with a stern-frowning countenance and with hands full of rods? Oh wicked and pernicious manner of teaching! Which Quintilian hath very well noted, that this imperious kind of authority, namely, this way of punishing of children, draws many dangerous inconveniences within. How much more decent were it to see their school-houses and forms strewed with green boughs and flowers, than with bloody birchen-twigs? If it lay in me, I would do as the philosopher Speusippus did, who caused the pictures of Gladness and Joy, of Flora and of the Graces, to be set up round about his school-house. Where their profit lieth, there should also be their recreation. Those meats ought to be sugared over that are healthful for children's stomachs, and those made bitter that are hurtful for them. It is strange to see how careful Plato showeth himself in framing of his laws about the recreation and pastime of the youth of his city, and how far he extends himself about their exercises, sports, songs, leaping, and dancing, whereof he saith that severe antiquity gave the conduct and patronage unto the gods themselves, namely, to Apollo, to the Muses, and to Minerva. Mark but how far-forth he endeavoreth to give a thousand precepts to be kept in his places of exercises both of body and mind. As for learned sciences, he stands not much upon them, and seemeth in particular to commend poesy, but for music's sake.

All strangeness and self-particularity in our manners and conditions is to be shunned, as an enemy to society and civil conversation. Who would not be astonished at Demophon's complexion, chief steward of Alexander's household, who was wont to sweat in the shadow and quiver for cold in the sun? I have seen some to startle at the smell of an apple more than at the shot of a piece; some to be frighted with a mouse, some ready to cast their gorge

at the sight of a mess of cream, and others to be scared with seeing a feather bed shaken; as Germanicus, who could not abide to see a cock or hear his crowing. There may haply be some hidden property of nature, which in my judgment might easily be removed if it were taken in time. Institution hath gotten this upon me (I must confess with much ado) for, except beer, all things else that are man's food agree indifferently with my taste. The body being yet supple ought to be accommodated to all fashions and customs; and (always provided his appetites and desires be kept under) let a young man boldly be made fit for all nations and companies; yea, if need be, for all disorders and surfeitings; let him acquaint himself with all fashions; that he may be able to do all things, and love to do none but those that are commendable. Some strict philosophers commend not but rather blame Calisthenes for losing the good favor of his master Alexander only because he would not pledge him as much as he had drunk to him. He shall laugh, jest, dally, and debauch himself with his prince. And in his debauching I would have him outgo all his fellows in vigor and constancy, and that he omit not to do evil neither for want of strength or knowledge, but for lack of will. *Multum interest utrum peccare quis nolit, aut nesciat.*[1] "There is a great difference, whether one have no will, or no wit to do amiss." I thought to have honored a gentleman (as great a stranger, and as far from such riotous disorders, as any is in France) by inquiring of him in very good company how many times in all his life he had been drunk in Germany during the time of his abode there, about the necessary affairs of our king; who took it even as I meant it, and answered three times, telling the time and manner how. I know some who for want of that quality have been much perplexed when they have had occasion to converse with that nation. I have often noted with great admiration that wonderful nature of Alcibiades, to see how easily he could suit himself to so divers fashions and different humours, without prejudice unto his health; sometimes exceeding the sumptuousness and pomp of the Persians, and now and then surpassing the austerity and frugality of the Lacedaemonians; as reformed in Sparta, as voluptuous in Ionia.

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.*[2]

All colors, states, and things are fit
For courtly Aristippus' wit.

Such a one would I frame my disciple,

*.....quem duplici panno patientia velat,*
*Mirabor, vitae via si conversa decebit.*

Whom patience clothes with suits of double kind,
I muse, if he another way will find.

*Personamque feret non inconcinnus utramque.*[3]

He not unfitly may
Both parts and persons play.

. . . . . .

. . . I am none of those that think a good rhyme to make a good poem; let him hardly (if so he please) make a short syllable long, it is no great matter, if the invention be rare and good, and his wit and judgment have cunningly played their part. I will say to such a one, he is a good poet, but an ill versifier.

*Emunctae naris durus componere versus.*[4]

A man whose sense could finely pierce,
But harsh and hard to make a verse.

Let a man (saith Horace) make his work lose all seams, measures, and joints.

*Tempora certa modôsque, et quod prius ordine verbum est,*[5]
*Posterius facias, praeponens ultima primis:*
*Invenias etiam disjecti membra Poetae.*[6]

Set times and moods, make you the first word last,
The last word first, as if they were new cast:
Yet find th' unjointed Poet's joints stand fast.

He shall for all that nothing gain-say himself, every piece will make a good show. To this purpose answered Menander

[1] Hor. *Epist.* xvii. 23.

[2] Hor. *Epist.* xvii. 25.
[3] *Ib.* 29.
[4] Hor. 1. i. *Sat.* iv. 8.
[5] *Ib.* 58.
[6] *Ib.* 62.

those that chid him, the day being at hand in which he had promised a comedy, and had not begun the same. "Tut-tut," said he, "it is already finished, there wanteth nothing but to add the verse unto it"; for, having ranged and cast the plot in his mind, he made small accompt of feet, of measures, or cadences of verses, which indeed are but of small import in regard of the rest. Since great Ronsard and learned Bellay have raised our French poesy unto that height of honor where it now is, I see not one of these petty ballad-makers, or prentice doggrel rhymers, that doth not bombast his labors with high-swelling and heaven-disembowelling words, and that doth not marshal his cadences very near as they do. *Plus sonat quam valet.*[1] "The sound is more than the weight or worth." . . .

. . . . . .

. . . I would first know mine own tongue perfectly, then my neighbors' with whom I have most commerce. I must needs acknowledge that the Greek and Latin tongues are great ornaments in a gentleman, but they are purchased at over-high a rate. Use it who list, I will tell you how they may be gotten better, cheaper, and much sooner than is ordinarily used, which was tried in myself.

My late father, having, by all the means and industry that is possible for a man, sought amongst the wisest and men of best understanding to find a most exquisite and ready way of teaching, being advised of the inconveniences then in use, was given to understand that the lingering while and best part of our youth that we employ in learning the tongues, which cost them nothing, is the only cause we can never attain to that absolute perfection of skill and knowledge of the Greeks and Romans. I do not believe that to be the only cause. But so it is, the expedient my father found out was this: that being yet at nurse, and before the first loosing of my tongue, I was delivered to a German (who died since, a most excellent physician in France), he being then altogether ignorant of the French tongue, but exquisitely ready and skilful in the Latin. This man, whom my father had sent for of purpose, and to whom he gave very great entertainment, had me continually in his arms and was mine only overseer. There were also joined unto him two of his countrymen, but not so learned; whose charge was to attend, and now and then to play with me; and all these together did never entertain me with other than the Latin tongue. As for others of his household, it was an inviolable rule that neither himself, nor my mother, nor man, nor maid-servant were suffered to speak one word in my company except such Latin words as everyone had learned to chat and prattle with me. It were strange to tell how everyone in the house profited therein. My father and my mother learned so much Latin that for a need they could understand it when they heard it spoken; even so did all the household servants, namely such as were nearest and most about me. To be short, we were all so Latinized that the towns round about us had their share of it; insomuch as even at this day many Latin names both of workmen and of their tools are yet in use amongst them. And as for myself, I was about six years old, and could understand no more French or Perigordine than Arabic; and that without art, without books, rules, or grammar, without whipping or whining, I had gotten as pure a Latin tongue as my master could speak; the rather because I could neither mingle or confound the same with other tongues. If for an essay they would give me a theme, whereas the fashion in colleges is to give it in French, I had it in bad Latin, to reduce the same into good. And Nicholas Grouchy, who hath written *De comitiis Romanorum*, William Guerente, who hath commented Aristotle, George Buchanan, that famous Scottish poet, and Mark Antony Muret, whom (while he lived) both France and Italy to this day acknowledge to have been the best orator, all which have been my familiar tutors, have often told me that in mine infancy I had the Latin tongue so ready and so perfect that themselves feared to take me in hand. And Buchanan, who afterward I saw attending on the Marshall of Brissack, told me he was about to write

[1] Sen. *Epist.* xl.

a treatise of the institution of children and that he took the model and pattern from mine; for at that time he had the charge and bringing up of the young Earl of Brissack, whom since we have seen prove so worthy and so valiant a Captain.

As for the Greek, wherein I have but small understanding, my father purposed to make me learn it by art; but by new and uncustomed means, that is, by way of recreation and exercise. We did toss our declinations and conjugations to and fro, as they do who by way of a certain game at tables learn both arithmetic and geometry. For amongst other things he had especially been persuaded to make me taste and apprehend the fruits of duty and science by an unforced kind of will, and of mine own choice; and without any compulsion or rigor to bring me up in all mildness and liberty; yea, with such kind of superstition that, whereas some are of opinion that suddenly to awaken young children, and as it were by violence to startle and fright them out of their dead sleep in a morning (wherein they are more heavy and deeper plunged then we), doth greatly trouble and distemper their brains, he would every morning cause me to be awakened by the sound of some instrument; and I was never without a servant who to that purpose attended upon me.

This example may serve to judge of the rest; as also to commend the judgment and tender affection of so careful and loving a father; who is not to be blamed, though he reaped not the fruits answerable to his exquisite toil and painful manuring. Two things hindered the same: first, the barrenness and unfit soil; for howbeit I were of a sound and strong constitution, and of a tractable and yielding condition, yet was I so heavy, so sluggish, and so dull, that I could not be roused (yea, were it to go to play) from out mine idle drowsiness. What I saw, I saw it perfectly; and under this heavy and as it were Lethe-complexion did I breed hardy imaginations and opinions far above my years. My spirit was very slow, and would go no further than it was led by others; my apprehension blockish, my invention poor; and besides, I had a marvelous defect in my weak memory; it is therefore no wonder if my father could never bring me to any perfection. Secondly, as those that in some dangerous sickness, moved with a kind of hopeful and greedy desire of perfect health again, give ear to every leech of empiric and follow all counsels, the good man being exceedingly fearful to commit any oversight, in a matter he took so to heart, suffered himself at last to be led away by the common opinion, which like unto the cranes followeth ever those that go before, and yielded to custom; having those no longer about him that had given him his first directions, and which they had brought out of Italy. Being but six years old I was sent to the College of Guienne, then most flourishing and reputed the best in France, where it is impossible to add anything to the great care he had, both to choose the best and most sufficient masters that could be found, to read unto me, as also for all other circumstances pertaining to my education; wherein contrary to usual customs of colleges, he observed many particular rules. But so it is, it was ever a college. My Latin tongue was forthwith corrupted, whereof by reason of discontinuance I afterward lost all manner of use; which new kind of institution stood me in no other stead but that at my first admittance it made me to over-skip some of the lower forms and to be placed in the highest. For at thirteen years of age, that I left the college, I had read over the whole course of philosophy (as they call it), but with so small profit that I can now make no account of it.

The first taste or feeling I had of books was of the pleasure I took in reading the fables of Ovid's Metamorphoses; for, being but seven or eight years old, I would steal and sequester myself from all other delights only to read them; forasmuch as the tongue wherein they were written was to me natural, and it was the easiest book I knew, and by reason of the matter therein contained most agreeing with my young age. For of King Arthur, of Lancelot du Lake, of Amadis, of Huon of Burdeaux, and such idle time-consuming and wit-besotting trash of books wherein youth doth commonly amuse itself, I was not so much as acquainted with their names,

and to this day know not their bodies, nor what they contain; so exact was my discipline. Whereby I became more careless to study my other prescript lessons. And well did it fall out for my purpose, that I had to deal with a very discreet master, who out of his judgment could with such dexterity wink at and second my untowardliness and such other faults that were in me. For by that means I read over Virgil's *Aeneados*, Terence, Plautus, and other Italian comedies, allured thereunto by the pleasantness of their several subjects; had he been so foolishly-severe or so severely froward as to cross this course of mine, I think verily I had never brought anything from the college but the hate and contempt of books, as doth the greatest part of our nobility. Such was his discretion, and so warily did he behave himself, that he saw and would not see; he would foster and increase my longing; suffering me but by stealth and by snatches to glut myself with those books, holding ever a gentle hand over me concerning other regular studies. For the chiefest thing my father required at their hands unto whose charge he had committed me was a kind of well conditioned mildness and facility of complexion. And, to say truth, mine had no other fault but a certain dull languishing and heavy slothfulness. The danger was not I should do ill, but that I should do nothing.

No man did ever suspect I would prove a bad, but an unprofitable man; foreseeing in me rather a kind of idleness than a voluntary craftiness. I am not so self-conceited but I perceive what hath followed. The complaints that are daily buzzed in mine ears are these: that I am idle, cold, and negligent in offices of friendship and duty to my parents and kinsfolks; and touching public offices, that I am over singular and disdainful. And those that are most injurious cannot ask, wherefore I have taken, and why I have not paid? But may rather demand, why I do not quit, and wherefore I do not give? I would take it as a favor they should wish such effects of supererogation in me. But they are unjust and over partial that will go about to exact that from me which I owe not, with more rigor than they will exact from themselves that which they owe; wherein if they condemn me, they utterly cancel both the gratifying of the action and the gratitude which thereby would be due to me. Whereas the active well doing should be of more consequence, proceeding from my hand, in regard I have no passive at all. Wherefore I may so much the more freely dispose of my fortune, by how much more it is mine, and of myself that am most mine own. Notwithstanding, if I were a great blazoner of mine own actions, I might peradventure bar such reproaches, and justly upbraid some that they are not so much offended because I do not enough as for that I may and it lies in my power to do much more than I do. Yet my mind ceased not at the same time to have peculiar unto itself well settled motions, true and open judgments concerning the objects which it knew; which alone, and without any help or communication, it would digest. And amongst other things, I verily believe it would have proved altogether incapable and unfit to yield unto force or stoop unto violence. Shall I account or relate this quality of my infancy, which was a kind of boldness in my looks, and gentle softness in my voice, and affability in my gestures, and a dexterity in conforming myself to the parts I undertook? For before the age of the

*Alter ab undecimo tum me vix ceperat annus:*[1]

Years had I (to make even)
Scarce two above eleven.

I have undergone and represented the chiefest parts in the Latin tragedies of Buchanan, Guerente, and of Muret; which in great state were acted and played in our College of Guienne; wherein Andreas Goveanus, our Rector principal, who as in all other parts belonging to his charge was without comparison the chiefest rector of France, and myself (without ostentation be it spoken) was reputed, if not a chief-master, yet a principal actor in them. It is an exercise I rather commend than disallow in young gentlemen; and

[1] Virg. *Buc.* Ecl. viii. 39.

have seen some of our princes (in imitation of some of former ages), both commendably and honestly, in their proper persons act and play some parts in tragedies. It hath heretofore been esteemed a lawful exercise and a tolerable profession in men of honor, namely in Greece. *Aristoni tragico actori rem aperit; huic et genus et fortuna honesta erant; nec ars, quia nihil tale apud Graecos pudori est, ea deformabat:* [1] "He imparts the matter to Ariston, a player of tragedies, whose progeny and fortune were both honest; nor did his profession disgrace them, because no such matter is a disparagement amongst the Grecians."

And I have ever accused them of impertinency that condemn and disallow such kinds of recreations and blame those of injustice that refuse good and honest comedians, or (as we call them) players, to enter our good towns, and grudge the common people such public sports. Politic and well ordered commonwealths endeavor rather carefully to unite and assemble their citizens together; as in serious offices of devotion, so in honest exercises of recreation. Common society and loving friendship is thereby cherished and increased. And besides, they cannot have more formal and regular pastimes allowed them than such as are acted and represented in open view of all and in the presence of the magistrates themselves. And if I might bear sway, I would think it reasonable that princes should sometimes, at their proper charges, gratify the common people with them, as an argument of a fatherly affection and loving goodness towards them; and that in populous and frequented cities there should be theaters and places appointed for such spectacles; as a diverting of worse inconveniences, and secret actions.

But to come to my intended purpose, there is no better way to allure the affection and to entice the appetite; otherwise a man shall breed but asses laden with books. With jerks of rods they have their satchels full of learning given them to keep. Which to do well, one must not only harbor in himself, but wed and marry the same with his mind.

[1] Liv. *Deo.* iii. l. iv.

# THOMAS DEKKER (1570?–1641?)

## FROM *THE GULL'S HORNBOOK*

### CHAPTER VI

#### HOW A GALLANT SHOULD BEHAVE HIMSELF IN A PLAY-HOUSE

THE theatre is your poets' royal exchange, upon which their muses (that are now turned to merchants) meeting, barter away that light commodity of words for a lighter ware than words, plaudities, and the breath of the great beast; which, like the threatenings of two cowards, vanish all into air. Players and their factors, who put away the stuff, and make the best of it they possibly can (as indeed 'tis their parts so to do), your gallant, your courtier, and your captain had wont to be the soundest paymasters; and I think are still the surest chapmen; and these, by means that their heads are well stocked, deal upon this comical freight by the gross; when your groundling and gallery-commoner buys his sport by the penny and, like a haggler, is glad to utter it again by retailing.

Sithence then the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stool as well to the farmer's son as to your templer; that your stinkard has the selfsame liberty to be there in his tobacco fumes, which your sweet courtier hath; and that your carman and tinker claim as strong a voice in their suffrage, and sit to give judgment on the play's life and death, as well as the proudest momus among the tribes of critic; it is fit that he, whom the most tailors' bills do make room for, when he comes, should not be basely (like a viol) cased up in a corner.

Whether therefore the gatherers of the public or private playhouse stand to receive the afternoon's rent, let our gallant (having paid it) presently advance himself up to the throne of the stage. I mean not into the lord's room, which is now but the stage's suburbs; no, those boxes, by the iniquity of custom, conspiracy of waiting women and gentlemen ushers, that there sweat together, and the covetousness of sharers, are contemptibly thrust into the rear, and much new satin is there damned by being smothered to death in darkness. But on the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yea, and under the state of Cambises himself, must our feathered estridge, like a piece of ordnance, be planted, valiantly (because impudently) beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality.

For do but cast up a reckoning, what large comings-in are pursed up by sitting on the stage. First a conspicuous eminence is gotten; by which means the best and most essential parts of a gallant (good clothes, a proportionable leg, white hand, the Persian lock, and a tolerable beard) are perfectly revealed.

By sitting on the stage you have a signed patent to engross the whole commodity of censure; may lawfully presume to be a girder; and stand at the helm to steer the passage of scenes; yet no man shall once offer to hinder you from obtaining the title of an insolent, overweening coxcomb.

By sitting on the stage, you may, without traveling for it, at the very next door ask whose play it is; and, by that quest of inquiry, the law warrants you to avoid much mistaking; if you know not the author, you may rail against him; and peradventure so behave yourself that you may enforce the author to know you.

By sitting on the stage, if you be a knight you may happily get you a mistress; if a mere Fleet-street gentleman, a wife; but assure yourself, by continual residence, you are the first and principal man in election to begin the number of We Three.

By spreading your body on the stage, and by being a justice in examining of plays, you shall put yourself into such

true scenical authority that some poet shall not dare to present his muse rudely upon your eyes, without having first unmasked her, rifled her, and discovered all her bare and most mystical parts before you at a tavern,when you most knightly shall, for his pains, pay for both their suppers.

By sitting on the stage, you may (with small cost) purchase the dear acquaintance of the boys; have a good stool for sixpence; at any time know what particular part any of the infants present; get your match lighted, examine the play-suits' lace, and perhaps win wagers upon laying 'tis copper, etc. And to conclude, whether you be a fool or a justice of peace, a cuckold or a captain, a lord-mayor's son or a dawcock, a knave or an under-sheriff; of what stamp soever you be, current or counterfeit, the stage, like time, will bring you to most perfect light and lay you open; neither are you to be hunted from thence, though the scarecrows in the yard hoot at you, hiss at you, spit at you, yea, throw dirt even in your teeth; 'tis most gentlemanlike patience to endure all this and to laugh at the silly animals; but if the rabble, with a full throat, cry, "Away with the fool," you were worse than a madman to tarry by it; for the gentleman and the fool should never sit on the stage together.

Marry, let this observation go hand in hand with the rest; or rather, like a country serving-man, some five yards before them. Present not yourself on the stage (especially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got color into his cheeks, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that he's upon point to enter; for then it is time, as though you were one of the properties or that you dropped out of the hangings, to creep from behind the arras, with your tripos or three-footed stool in one hand and a teston mounted between a forefinger and a thumb in the other; for if you should bestow your person upon the vulgar when the belly of the house is but half full, your apparel is quite eaten up, the fashion lost, and the proportion of your body in more danger to be devoured than if it were served up in the counter amongst the poultry; avoid that as you would the bastome. It shall crown you with rich commendation to laugh aloud in the midst of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest tragedy; and to let that clapper, your tongue, be tossed so high that all the house may ring of it. Your lords use it; your knights are apes to the lords, and do so too; your Inn-a-Court-man is zany to the knights, and (marry, very scurvily) comes likewise limping after it; be thou a beagle to them all, and never lin snuffing, till you have scented them; for by talking and laughing (like a ploughman in a morris) you heap Pelion upon Ossa, glory upon glory; as first, all the eyes in the galleries will leave walking after the players and only follow you; the simplest dolt in the house snatches up your name, and when he meets you in the streets, or that you fall into his hands in the middle of a watch, his word shall be taken for you; he'll cry "He's such a gallant," and you pass. Secondly, you publish your temperance to the world, in that you seem not to resort thither to taste vain pleasures with a hungry appetite; but only as a gentleman to spend a foolish hour or two, because you can do nothing else; thirdly, you mightily disrelish the audience and disgrace the author; marry, you take up (though it be at the worst hand) a strong opinion of your own judgment, and enforce the poet to take pity of your weakness and, by some dedicated sonnet, to bring you into a better paradise only to stop your mouth.

If you can, either for love or money, provide yourself a lodging by the water side; for, above the convenience it brings to shun shoulder-clapping and to ship away your cockatrice betimes in the morning, it adds a kind of state unto you to be carried from thence to the stairs of your play-house; hate a sculler (remember that) worse than to be acquainted with one o' the scullery. No, your oars are your only sea-crabs, board them, and take heed you never go twice together with one pair; often shifting is a great credit to gentlemen; and that dividing of your fare will make the poor watersnakes be ready to pull you in pieces to enjoy your custom; no matter whether upon landing you have

money or no; you may swim in twenty of their boats over the river upon ticket; marry, when silver comes in, remember to pay treble their fare, and it will make your flounder-catchers to send more thanks after you when you do not draw than when you do; for they know it will be their own another day.

Before the play begins, fall to cards; you may win or lose (as fencers do in a prize) and beat one another by confederacy, yet share the money when you meet at supper; notwithstanding, to gull the ragamuffins that stand aloof gaping at you, throw the cards (having first torn four or five of them) round about the stage, just upon the third sound, as though you had lost; it skills not if the four knaves lie on their backs, and outface the audience; there's none such fools as dare take exceptions at them, because, ere the play go off, better knaves than they will fall into the company.

Now, sir, if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigrammed you, or hath had a flirt at your mistress, or hath brought either your feather, or your red beard, or your little legs, etc., on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket or giving him the bastinado in a tavern, if, in the middle of his play (be it pastoral or comedy, moral or tragedy), you rise with a screwed and discontented face from your stool to be gone; no matter whether the scenes be good or no; the better they are the worse do you distaste them; and, being on your feet, sneak not away like a coward, but salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spread either on the rushes or on stools about you, and draw what troop you can from the stage after you. The mimics are beholden to you for allowing them elbow-room; their poet cries, perhaps, "A pox go with you," but care not for that, there's no music without frets.

Marry, if either the company or indisposition of the weather bind you to sit it out, my counsel is then that you turn plain ape, take up a rush, and tickle the earnest ears of your fellow gallants, to make other fools fall a-laughing; mew at passionate speeches, blare at merry, find fault with the music, whew at the children's action, whistle at the songs; and above all, curse the sharers, that whereas the same day you had bestowed forty shillings on an embroidered felt and feather (Scotch-fashion) for your mistress in the court or your punk in the city, within two hours after you encounter with the very same block on the stage, when the haberdasher swore to you the impression was extant but that morning.

To conclude, hoard up the finest play-scraps you can get, upon which your lean wit may most savorly feed, for want of other stuff, when the Arcadian and Euphuized gentlewomen have their tongues sharpened to set upon you; that quality (next to your shuttlecock) is the only furniture to a courtier that's but a new beginner, and is but in his A B C of compliment. The next places that are filled, after the playhouses be emptied, are (or ought to be) taverns. Into a tavern then let us next march, where the brains of one hogshead must be beaten out to make up another.

## Chapter VII

### How a gallant should behave himself in a tavern

Whosoever desires to be a man of good reckoning in the city, and (like your French lord) to have as many tables furnished as lackeys (who, when they keep least, keep none), whether he be a young quat of the first year's revenue or some austere and sullen-faced steward who (in despite of a great beard, a satin suit, and a chain of gold wrapped in cipers) proclaims himself to any (but to those to whom his lord owes money) for a rank coxcomb, or whether he be a country gentleman that brings his wife up to learn the fashion, see the tombs at Westminster, the lions in the Tower, or to take physic; or else is some young farmer, who many times makes his wife in the country believe he hath suits in law, because he will come up to his lechery; be he of what stamp he will that hath money in his purse, and a good conscience to spend it, my counsel is that he take his continual diet at a tavern, which (out of question) is the only *rendezvous* of boon company; and the drawers

the most nimble, the most bold, and most sudden proclaimers of your largest bounty.

Having therefore thrust yourself into a case most in fashion (how coarse soever the stuff be, 'tis no matter so it hold fashion), your office is (if you mean to do your judgment right) to inquire out those taverns which are best customed, whose masters are oftenest drunk (for that confirms their taste, and that they choose wholesome wines), and such as stand furthest from the counters; where, landing yourself and your followers, your first complement shall be to grow most inwardly acquainted with the drawers, to learn their names, as Jack, and Will, and Tom, to dive into their inclinations, as whether this fellow useth to the fencing school, this to the dancing school; whether that young conjurer (in hogsheads) at midnight keeps a gelding now and then to visit his cockatrice, or whether he love dogs, or be addicted to any other eminent and citizen-like quality; and protest yourself to be extremely in love, and that you spend much money in a year, upon any one of those exercises which you perceive is followed by them. The use which you shall make of this familiarity is this: if you want money five or six days together, you may still pay the reckoning with this most gentleman-like language, "Boy, fetch me money from the bar," and keep yourself most providently from a hungry melancholy in your chamber. Besides, you shall be sure, if there be but one faucet that can betray neat wine to the bar, to have that arraigned before you sooner than a better and worthier person.

The first question you are to make (after the discharging of your pocket of tobacco and pipes, and the household stuff thereto belonging) shall be for an inventory of the kitchen; for it were more than most tailor-like, and to be suspected you were in league with some kitchen-wench, to descend yourself, to offend your stomach with the sight of the larder, and happily to grease your accoutrements. Having therefore received this bill, you shall (like a captain putting up dead pays) have many salads stand on your table, as it were for blanks to the other more serviceable dishes; and according to the time of the year, vary your fare, as capon is a stirring meat sometime, oysters are a swelling meat sometimes, trout a tickling meat sometimes, green goose and woodcock a delicate meat sometimes, especially in a tavern, where you shall sit in as great state as a church-warden amongst his poor parishioners at Pentecost or Christmas.

For your drink, let not your physician confine you to any one particular liquor; for as it is requisite that a gentleman should not always be plodding in one art, but rather be a general scholar (that is, to have a lick at all sorts of learning, and away), so 'tis not fitting a man should trouble his head with sucking at one grape, but that he may be able (now there is a general peace) to drink any stranger drunk in his own element of drink, or more properly in his own mist language.

Your discourse at the table must be such as that which you utter at your ordinary; your behavior the same, but somewhat more careless; for where your expense is great, let your modesty be less; and though you should be mad in a tavern, the largeness of the items will bear with your incivility; you may, without prick to your conscience, set the want of your wit against the superfluity and sauciness of their reckonings.

If you desire not to be haunted with fiddlers (who by the statute have as much liberty as rogues to travel into any place, having the passport of the house about them) bring then no women along with you; but if you love the company of all the drawers, never sup without your cockatrice; for, having her there, you shall be sure of most officious attendance. Inquire what gallants sup in the next room, and if they be any of your acquaintance do not you (after the city fashion) send them in a pottle of wine, and your name, sweetened in two pitiful papers of sugar, with some filthy apology crammed into the mouth of a drawer; but rather keep a boy in fee, who underhand shall proclaim you in every room, what a gallant fellow you are, how much you spend yearly in taverns, what a great gamester, what custom you bring to the house, in what witty discourse you maintain a table, what gentlewomen or citizens' wives you

can with a wet finger have at any time to sup with you, and such like. By which encomiastics of his, they that know you not shall admire you and think themselves to be brought into a paradise but to be meanly in your acquaintance; and if any of your endeared friends be in the house, and beat the same ivy bush that yourself does, you may join companies and be drunk together most publicly.

But in such a deluge of drink, take heed that no man counterfeit himself drunk, to free his purse from the danger of the shot; 'tis a usual thing now among gentlemen; it had wont be the quality of cockneys. I would advise you to leave so much brains in your head as to prevent this. When the terrible reckoning (like an indictment) bids you hold up your hand, and that you must answer it at the bar, you must not abate one penny in any particular, no, though they reckon cheese to you when you have neither eaten any, nor could ever abide it, raw or toasted; but cast your eye only upon the totalis, and no further; for to traverse the bill would betray you to be acquainted with the rates of the market, nay more, it would make the vintners believe you were *pater familias*, and kept a house; which, I assure you, is not now in fashion.

If you fall to dice after supper, let the drawers be as familiar with you as your barber, and venture their silver amongst you; no matter where they had it; you are to cherish the unthriftiness of such young tame pigeons, if you be a right gentleman; for when two are yoked together by the purse strings, and draw the chariot of Madam Prodigality, when one faints in the way and slips his horns let the other rejoice and laugh at him.

At your departure forth the house, to kiss mine hostess over the bar, or to accept of the courtesy of the cellar when 'tis offered you by the drawers (and you must know that kindness never creeps upon them but when they see you almost cleft to the shoulders), or to bid any of the vintners good night, is as commendable as for a barber after trimming to lave your face with sweet water.

To conclude, count it an honor either to invite or be invited to any rifling; for commonly, though you find much satin there, yet you shall likewise find many citizens' sons, and heirs, and younger brothers there, who smell out such feasts more greedily than tailors hunt upon Sundays after weddings. And let any hook draw you either to a fencer's supper or to a player's that acts such a part for a wager; for by this means you shall get experience, by being guilty to their abominable shaving.

## Chapter VIII

### How a gallant is to behave himself passing through the city, at all hours of the night, and how to pass by any watch

After the sound of pottle-pots is out of your ears, and that the spirit of wine and tobacco walks in your brain, the tavern door being shut upon your back, cast about to pass through the widest and goodliest streets in the city. And if your means cannot reach to the keeping of a boy, hire one of the drawers, to be as a lanthorne unto your feet, and to light you home; and still as you approach near any night-walker that is up as late as yourself, curse and swear (like one that speaks High Dutch) in a lofty voice, because your men have used you so like a rascal in not waiting upon you, and vow the next morning to pull their blue cases over their ears, though, if your chamber were well searched, you give only sixpence a week to some old woman to make your bed, and that she is all the serving-creatures you give wages to. If you smell a watch (and that you may easily do, for commonly they eat onions to keep them in sleeping, which they account a medicine against cold) or if you come within danger of their brown bills, let him that is your candlestick and holds up your torch from dropping (for to march after a link is shoemaker-like), let *Ignis Fatuus*, I say, being within the reach of the constable's staff, ask aloud, "Sir Giles," or "Sir Abram, will you turn this way, or down that street?" It skills not though there be none dubbed in your bunch; the watch will wink at you, only for the love they bear to arms and knighthood; marry,

if the sentinel and his court of guard stand strictly upon his martial law and cry "Stand," commanding you to give the word, and to show reason why your ghost walks so late, do it in some jest (for that will show you have a desperate wit, and perhaps make him and his halberdiers afraid to lay foul hands upon you) or, if you read a *mittimus* in the constable's book, counterfeit to be a Frenchman, a Dutchman, or any other nation whose country is in peace with your own; and you may pass the pikes; for being not able to understand you, they cannot by the customs of the city take your examination, and so by consequence they have nothing to say to you.

If the night be old, and that your lodging be some place into which no artillery of words can make a breach, retire, and rather assault the doors of your punk, or (not to speak broken English) your sweet mistress, upon whose white bosom you may languishingly consume the rest of darkness that is left, in ravishing (though not restorative) pleasures, without expenses, only by virtue of four or five oaths (when the siege breaks up, and at your marching away with bag and baggage) that the last night you were at dice, and lost so much in gold, so much in silver; and seem to vex most that two such Elizabeth twenty-shilling pieces, or four such spur-ryals, sent you with a cheese and a baked meat from your mother, rid away amongst the rest. By which tragical yet politic speech you may not only have your night work done gratis, but also you may take diet there the next day and depart with credit, only upon the bare word of a gentleman to make her restitution.

All the way as you pass (especially being approached near some of the gates) talk of none but lords, and such ladies with whom you have played at primero, or danced in the presence the very same day. It is a chance to lock up the lips of an inquisitive bell-man; and being arrived at your lodging door, which I would counsel you to choose in some rich citizen's house, salute at parting no man but by the name of Sir (as though you had supped with knights), albeit you had none in your company but your Perinado, or your ingle.

Happily it will be blown abroad that you and your shoal of gallants swum through such an ocean of wine, that you danced so much money out at heels, and that in wild fowl there flew away thus much; and I assure you, to have the bill of your reckoning lost of purpose, so that it may be published, will make you to be held in dear estimation; only the danger is, if you owe money, and that your revealing gets your creditors by the ears; for then look to have a peal of ordnance thundering at your chamber door the next morning. But if either your tailor, mercer, haberdasher, silkman, cutter, linen draper, or sempster stand like a guard of Switzers about your lodging, watching your uprising, or, if they miss of that, your downlying in one of the counters, you have no means to avoid the galling of their small shot than by sending out a light-horseman to call your apothecary to your aid, who, encountering this desperate band of your creditors, only with two or three glasses in his hand, as though that day you purged, is able to drive them all to their holes like so many foxes; for the name of taking physic is a sufficient *quietus est* to any endangered gentleman, and gives an acquittance (for the time) to them all, though the twelve companies stand with their hoods to attend your coming forth and their officers with them.

I could now fetch you about noon (the hour which I prescribed you before to rise at) out of your chamber, and carry you with me into Paul's Churchyard; where planting yourself in a stationer's shop, many instructions are to be given you, what books to call for, how to censure of new books, how to mew at the old, how to look in your tables and inquire for such and such Greek, French, Italian, or Spanish authors, whose names you have there, but whom your mother for pity would not give you so much wit as to understand. From thence you should blow yourself into the tobacco-ordinary, where you are likewise to spend your judgment (like a quack-salver) upon that mystical wonder, to be able to discourse whether your cane or your pudding be sweetest, and which pipe has the best bore, and which burns black, which breaks

in the burning, etc. Or, if you itch to step into the barber's, a whole dictionary cannot afford more words to set down notes what dialogues you are to maintain whilst you are doctor of the chair there. After your shaving, I could breathe you in a fence-school, and out of that cudgel you into a dancing school, in both which I could weary you, by showing you more tricks than are in five galleries or fifteen prizes. And, to close up the stomach of this feast, I could make cockneys, whose fathers have left them well, acknowledge themselves infinitely beholden to me, for teaching them by familiar demonstration how to spend their patrimony and to get themselves names, when their fathers are dead and rotten. But lest too many dishes should cast into a surfeit, I will now take away; yet so that, if I perceive you relish this well, the rest shall be (in time) prepared for you. Farewell.

# NOTES

*The left-hand column of each page is indicated by the letter "a"; the right-hand column by the letter "b"*

*N. E. D.=Murray's New English Dictionary, Oxford, 1884–1921*

PAGE

3 *Sir Thomas Wyatt.* For my text I follow that of A. K. Foxwell's edition of Wyatt (London, 1913), which goes back in all cases to the MSS rather than to Tottel. Foxwell presents, it seems to me, convincing evidence that the MSS give us Wyatt's verse as he wrote it, while Tottel gives the verse revised by other hands. In case any reader should prefer Tottel's versions, however, I reprint them (wherever they differ materially from my text) here:

*The lover for shamefastness hideth his desire within his faithful heart*

The long love that in my thought I harber,
And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face presseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, displaying his banner.
She that me learns to love and to suffer,
And wills that my trust and lust's negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,
With his hardiness takes displeasure.
Wherewith love to the heart's forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
And there him hideth and not appeareth.
What may I do when my master feareth
But in the field with him to live and die?
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

*A renouncing of love*

Farewell, Love, and all thy laws forever,
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more.
Senec and Plato call me from thy lore,
To parfit wealth my wit for to endeavèr.
In blind error when I did persevèr,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I set no store,
But 'scape forth thence, since liberty is lever.
Therefore, farewell, go trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority.
With idle youth go use thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts.
For hitherto though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten boughs to climb.

*Description of the contrarious passions in a lover*

I find no peace, and all my war is done,
I fear and hope, I burn and freeze like ice,
I fly aloft, yet can I not arise,
And naught I have, and all the world I season;
That locks nor looseth holdeth me in prison,
And holds me not; yet can I 'scape no wise;

Nor lets me live nor die at my devise,
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eye I see; without tongue I plain;
I wish to perish, yet I ask for health;
I love another, and thus I hate myself;
I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.
Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

*The lover compareth his state to a ship in perilous storm tossed on the sea*

My galley, chargëd with forgetfulness,
Through sharp seas, in winter nights doth pass,
'Tween rock and rock; and eke my foe, alas,
That is my lord, steereth with cruelness.
And every hour a thought in readiness,
As though that death were light in such a case.
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forcëd sighs, and trusty fearfulness.
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
Have done the wearied cords great hinderance,
Wrethed with error, and with ignorance.
The stars be hid that led me to this pain,
Drownëd is reason that should be my comfort,
And I remain despairing of the port.

*The lover's life compared to the Alps*

Like unto these unmeasurable mountains,
So is my painful life the burden of ire.
For high be they, and high is my desire,
And I of tears, and they be full of fountains.
Under craggy rocks they have barren plains,
Hard thoughts in me my woeful mind doth tire;
Small fruit and many leaves their tops do attire,
With small effect great trust in me remains.
The boistous winds oft their high boughs do blast,
Hot sighs in me continually be shed;
Wild beasts in them, fierce love in me is fed;
Unmoveable am I, and they steadfast.
Of singing birds they have the tune and note,
And I always plaints passing through my throat.

*The lover, having dreamed enjoying of his love, complaineth that the dream is not either longer or truer*

Unstable dream, according to the place,
Be steadfast once, or else at least be true.
By tasted sweetness make me not to rue
The sudden loss of thy false feignëd grace.
By good respect, in such a dangerous case,
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas,
But madest my sprite to live my care to increase,
My body in tempest her delight to embrace.
The body dead, the sprite had his desire.
Painless was the one, the other in delight.
Why then, alas, did it not keep it right,
But thus return to leap into the fire;
And where it was at wish, could not remain?
Such mocks of dreams do turn to deadly pain.

PAGE LINE

*To his love, whom he had kissed against her will*

Alas, madame, for stealing of a kiss
Have I so much your mind therein offended?
Or have I done so grievously amiss
That by no means it may not be amended?
Revenge you, then; the readiest way is this:
Another kiss my life it shall have ended.
For to my mouth the first my heart did suck;
The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck.

*The lover compareth his heart to the over-charged gonne*

The furious gonne, in his most raging ire,
When that the bowl is rammëd in too sore
And that the flame cannot part from the fire,
Cracks in sunder; and in the air do roar
The shivered pieces. So doth my desire,
Whose flame increaseth aye from more to more.
Which to let out I dare not look nor speak,
So inward force my heart doth all to-break.

*A description of such a one as he would love*

A face that should content me wondrous well
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold,
Of lively look all grief for to repel.
With right good grace so would I that it should
Speak without word, such words as none can tell.
The tress also should be of crispëd gold;
With wit, and these, perchance, I might be tried,
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

3a 22 *lever.* preferable.
3a 28 *me lusteth.* I desire.
3b 1 *season.* seize upon.
3b 22 *Wrethed.* Ault (*Elizabethan Lyrics*, p. 2) places a semicolon after "hinderance," and a comma after "ignorance." This punctuation gives better sense to "wrethed' (wreathed), but detracts from the effectiveness of the last three lines.
4a 14 *lin.* cease.
4a 31 *mew.* cage, place of confinement.
4b 11 *bordes.* jests, mockery.
5a 24 *grame.* sorrow.
5b 11 *denays.* denials.
6a 19 *sely.* harmless.
6a 30 *gonne.* gun.
7a 10 *jape.* joke, trifle.
7a 32 *steaming.* shining.
7b 10 *sely.* hapless, deserving of pity.
7b 27 *lust.* desire (without the specialized meaning which the word has now acquired).
8a 1 *hay.* net, snare.
8a 7 *affects.* passions, appetites (as opposed to reason).
9a 1 *soote.* sweet, fragrant.
9a 4 *make.* mate.
9a 6 *hung his old head on the pale.* The hart sheds its old horns in the spring.
9a 11 *minges.* produces by mixing. See N.E.D., under 'meng,' 2.
9a 15ff This sonnet, like numerous others by Surrey, Wyatt, and other Elizabethans, is an imitation of Petrarch. Wyatt imitates the same sonnet in "The long love that in my thought doth harber." Petrarch's sonnet begins, "Amor che nel pensier mio vive et regna"; in most editions of Petrarch it is numbered 140.
9b 3 *The western isle.* Ireland.

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 9b | 4 | *Chambar's cliffs.* the cliffs of Cambria, or Wales. |
| 10a | 29 | *agazed.* astounded, affrighted. |
| 10b | 7 | *tickell.* uncertain, inconstant. |
| 10b | 9 | *peason.* obsolete plural of "pea." |
| 10b | 11 | *not geason.* not extraordinary, no rarity. |
| 10b | 24 | *stithe.* anvil. |
| 10b | 32 | *unparfited.* unperfected. |
| 11a | 5 | *affect.* passion, appetite. |
| 11a | 31 | *delicate.* luxurious, dainty. |
| 11b | 1 | *whisted.* became silent. |
| 12a | 1 | *pight.* pitched his tent. |
| 13a | 1ff | Verses are from Tottel's *Miscellany.* |
| 13a | 15 | *in plight.* in good condition. |
| 14a | 3 | *saverly.* in a saving manner. Probably a word invented by Tusser to fill out his rhyme. |
| 14a | 6 | *lash . . . lashingly.* lavish or squander money lavishly. |
| 14b | 2 | *To keep thy touch.* to keep thy faith. |
| 15a | 3 | *noyer.* annoyer, harmer. |
| 15b | 10 | *shred pies.* mince-pies. |
| 16a | 25 | *sely.* poor, or, perhaps, harmless. |
| 16b | 20 | *fines.* fees paid by a tenant or vassal, under the feudal system, upon certain specified occasions. Cf. N. E. D. |
| 16b | 20 | *fermes.* rents, fixed charges. Often spelled "farms." |
| 16b | 27 | *dutchkin doublets.* A doublet was a close-fitting body-garment, of varying styles. "Dutchkin" implies (derogatively) "of the Dutch, or German, sort." |
| 16b | 27 | *jerkins jagged.* short coats, slashed for ornament. |
| 16b | 28 | *spangs.* spangles, small glittering ornaments. |
| 16b | 29 | *high-copt.* high-peaked. |
| 16b | 30 | *woe to men.* a punning phrase, implying both "woe to men" and "woe+men," i.e., women. Lyly uses the same phrase—see text, page 347a, line 29, of this volume. |
| 18a | 6 | *in gree to take.* to take favorably. |
| 18a | 16 | *put in ure.* put in practise. |
| 18a | 37 | *prest.* ready. |
| 18b | 24 | *brats.* meaning here simply "children," with no derogatory connotation. |
| 19a | 7 | *tapets.* figured cloth used as hangings, carpets, etc. Here used figuratively, meaning the leaves, grass, etc. |
| 19a | 10 | *soote.* sweet. |
| 19a | 24 | *Venus, etc.* This and the references following are to the movements of stars and constellations on the evening described. |
| 19b | 2 | *prest.* ready. |
| 19b | 8 | *Phaeton.* here used in the Homeric sense, to refer to the sun itself; not the more familiar Phaeton who let the horses of the sun-chariot run away with him. |
| 19b | 11 | *Erythius.* Eurytion, a shepherd of Greek mythology who guarded the red oxen of the west—i.e., the flaming clouds of the sunset. He was eventually killed by Heracles. |
| 19b | 29 | *leams.* gleams, rays of light. |
| 20a | 17 | *brast.* obsolete form of "burst." |
| 20a | 22 | *welkëd.* thered, faded. |
| 20b | 2 | *distrained.* distressed, oppressed. The verb meant originally "to press," "to squeeze," "to wring." |
| 20b | 11 | *dure.* endure. |
| 21a | 5 | *avale.* yield. |
| 21a | 15 | *stike.* Probably (cf. N. E. D.) "stike" is a misprint for "sike," a sigh; i.e., the poet's reference to sighing makes Sorrow redouble her weeping. |
| 21a | 19 | *bedrent.* soaked. |
| 21b | 5 | *sely.* unfortunate, miserable. |
| 22a | 16 | *swelth.* foul water. |
| 22a | 25 | *stent.* cease. |
| 23a | 7 | *feres.* comrades. |
| 23a | 33 | *Irus' poverty.* Irus, a beggar of Ithaca, is a character in *The Odyssey.* |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 23b | 32 | *pilled.* made bare of hair; i.e., bald. |
| 25a | 1 | *Macedo.* Alexander the Great, of Macedon. |
| 25a | 7 | *consul Paulus.* Lucius Paulus, who advised against the battle of Cannae, and perished in it. |
| 25a | 35 | *lin.* cease. |
| 25b | 6 | *prest.* ready. |
| 25b | 27 | *baign.* bath. |
| 26a | 2 | *gledes.* embers, live coals. |
| 26b | 27 | *pilled.* here meaning "torn." |
| 28a | title | *Amantium Irae, etc.* "Lovers' quarrels are love's renewal." Part of a passage from Terence's *Andria.* |
| 28a | 6 | *rated.* scolded. |
| 28a | 11 | *brat.* See note to p. 18b, l. 24. |
| 30a | 9 | *haggards.* wild female hawks. |
| 31a | 1ff | Poem is in *The Honorable Entertainment given to the Queen's Majesty,* 1591; also in *England's Helicon,* 1600. |
| 31a | 27ff | Poem is in *The Passionate Shepherd,* 1604. |
| 31b | 1 | *plies the box.* bends, or works his way through, the box hedge. Box is a small evergreen shrub. |
| 32a | 12ff | Poem is in *The Arbor of Amorous Devices,* 1593–4, and in *England's Helicon.* My text is that in *England's Helicon.* |
| 33a | 1ff | Poem is in W. Byrd's *Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Piety,* 1588. |
| 34a | argument | The introductory "Arguments," and the notes, all through *The Shepherds' Calendar,* are by "E. K." "E. K." was probably Edmund Kirke, a friend of Spenser's at Cambridge; for this identification, however, there is no direct proof. |
| 34a | 6 | *apayed.* contented, pleased. |
| 34a | 7 | *bestad.* For explanation of this and numerous other words in the eclogue, see E. K.'s notes at the end of the eclogue, in the text. |
| 34b | 9 | *mochell.* much. |
| 34b | 12 | *maple warre.* knot in maple wood. |
| 34b | 24 | *sike.* such. |
| 35a | 1 | *sicker.* sure. |
| 35a | 13 | *shrieve.* shrive. |
| 35a | 18 | *spill.* perish, go to ruin. |
| 35a | 25 | *saye.* a cloth resembling serge. |
| 35a | 32 | *seely.* poor, unfortunate. |
| 35a | 33 | *wood.* mad. |
| 35a | 37 | *roved.* looked, in the sense of "looked in various directions." |
| 36a | 11 | *y-shend.* disgrace. |
| 36b | 11 | *gastful.* dreadful. |
| 37a | 3 | *liefest.* dearest. |
| 37a | | *Perigot his Emblem: Vincenti gloria victi.* The conqueror has the right to glory over the conquered. |
| 37a | | *Willye's Emblem: Vinto non vitto.* Vanquished, not subdued. |
| 37a | | *Cuddie's Emblem: Felice chi può.* He is happy who can. |
| 38a | 13 | *portly.* dignified, stately. |
| 39a | 22 | *moly.* the herb given by Hermes to Odysseus as a charm against the spells of Circe; said to have a white flower but a black root. |
| 39a | 33 | *Lodwick.* Lodovic Briskett, friend of Spenser's in Ireland. |
| 39b | 13 | *Helice.* the constellation of the Great Bear. R. E. N. Dodge (Cambridge edition of Spenser) suggests that Spenser perhaps means the "Cynosure," or constellation of the Lesser Bear, in which the pole star is. |
| 40a | 12 | *silly.* poor, pitiable. |
| 40a | 17 | *achyve.* achieve. |
| 42a | 13 | *tead.* torch. |
| 42b | 1 | *Mulla.* the stream which supplied water to Spenser's home in Ireland, Kilcolman Castle. The stream is now called the Awbeg. See R. W. Church: *Spenser* (English Men of Letters Series), ch. 3. |
| 42b | 26 | *descant.* variation on a melody. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 42b | 32 | *make.* mate. |
| 43a | 38 | *crowd.* a Celtic musical instrument, with six strings. |
| 43b | 12 | *portly.* See note to p. 38a, l. 13. |
| 44a | 14 | *mazeful.* astonishing. |
| 45a | 6 | *With Barnaby the bright.* i.e., St. Barnabas' Day, June 11. |
| 45a | 9 | *When once the Crab behind his back he sees.* When the sun, in passing through the constellations of the zodiac, leaves the sign of the Crab behind—i.e., toward the end of July. |
| 45b | 31 | *the great Tirynthian groom.* Hercules, who served Eurystheus for twelve years, at Tiryns. |
| 45b | 32–3 | *as when he with thyself did lie,*<br>*And begot Majesty.* "thyself" referring to Night. Latona, a goddess of the night, was the mother of Jove's children, Apollo and Diana. |
| 45b | 43 | *the Pouke.* Puck. Cf. Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* |
| 46a | 36 | *The Latmian shepherd.* Endymion. |
| 47a | 34 | *feateously.* neatly. |
| 47b | 1 | *two swans.* the Lady Elizabeth and the Lady Katherine Somerset, daughters of the Earl of Worcester. |
| 48a | 2 | *old Peneus' waters.* Peneus, the chief river of Thessaly, which flows through the vale of Tempe. |
| 48b | 18ff | *those bricky towers, etc.* the Temple; originally the quarters of the Knights Templar; in Spenser's day (and since) occupied by the students of the Common Law. |
| 48b | 31 | *a noble peer.* the Earl of Essex, at whose house Spenser was staying on this occasion. |
| 49b | 5 | *Two gentle knights.* Henry Gilford and William Peter. |
| 50a | title | *Stella.* Penelope Devereux, to whom Sidney was betrothed at an early age (the betrothal being later broken, as it was made, by their respective parents), and who later married Lord Rich. |
| 50a | 15 | *dribbëd.* To drib is to shoot an arrow so that it misses the mark. Or perhaps (as Collier thinks) to shoot weakly, so that the arrow hits the mark as it falls rather than from in front. |
| 50b | 13ff | *Or with strange similes enrich each line, etc.* Sidney is referring to Lyly's style of writing in *Euphues;* q. v. |
| 50b | 22 | *bate.* debate, strife. |
| 52a | 12ff | *Of touch they are, etc.* Sidney is playing on various meanings of "touch"—1. touch, a hard black costly stone (referring to the black of Stella's eyes); 2. touch, i.e., touchstone; 3. touch as verb, meaning to affect; finally, in the last line of the sonnet, touch, meaning touchwood, or tinder, used with flint in obtaining fire. |
| 52b | 33 | *vert.* the heraldic term for green. |
| 53a | 6 | *gules.* the heraldic term for red. |
| 53b | 33 | *shrewd turns.* mischievous acts. |
| 54a | 1 | *shent.* blamed, scolded. |
| 55a | 23 | *Tantal's.* Tantalus's. |
| 55a | 34 | *rich.* Here, as in other sonnets of the cycle, Sidney plays with the name of Stella's husband, Lord Rich. |
| 56b | 6 | *diets.* Sidney uses the word in its meaning of "a national assembly or legislature." |
| 56b | 8 | *Orange-tree.* i.e., the house of Orange, rulers of the United Netherlands, and leaders in the Dutch revolt against Spain. |
| 56b | 10 | *my father.* Sidney's father, Sir Henry Sidney, was for some time governor of Ireland. |
| 56b | 11 | *weltering.* unstableness, political agitation. |
| 58a | 1ff | This sonnet, like the twenty-fourth, plays on the name of Stella's husband, Lord Rich. |
| 58a | 30 | *baiting-place.* stopping place for food. "Bait" was used in Elizabethan times as a general word for "feed"; present-day usage applies the word chiefly to the feeding of animals. |
| 60a | 5 | *miche.* play truant. |
| 61b | 13 | *pies.* magpies. |
| 64b | 3 | *Amphion's lyre.* Amphion, son of Zeus and Antiope, possessed a lyre given him by Hermes, which he could play with such magic skill as to make stones move. |
| 65b | 8 | *Aganippe well.* Aganippe was a nymph; the well in which she dwelt, at the foot of Mt. Helicon, was in classic times considered sacred to the Muses, and able to inspire those who drank water from it. |

PAGE LINE

65b 9 *Tempe.* a valley near Mt. Olympus, supposed to have been a favorite haunt of Apollo.

66a 2–3 *But only for this worthy knight durst prove, etc.* Sidney is evidently thinking of Edward's public acknowledgment of his secret marriage with Elizabeth Grey.

67a 31 *His who till death looked in a watery glass.* Narcissus.

67a 32 *hers whom nak'd the Trojan boy did see.* Venus; the "Trojan boy" is Paris, who gave Venus the golden apple.

67b 10 *Philip.* a favorite name for pet sparrows. Cf. John Skelton's poem, *Philip Sparrow.*

69a 20 *seeing jets.* jets that see, i.e., black eyes. For a fuller discussion of the wording of this line, see Grosart's edition of Sidney, Vol. 3, Longer Note g. I agree with Grosart that "seeing jets" gives better sense than the 2d Quarto reading, "seeming jet."

69a 23 *Models such be wood-globes of glistering skies.* i.e., models such as wooden globes representing the constellations in the heavens are of the heavens themselves.

69a 29 *cutted.* brief to rudeness; curt.

69a 31 *total.* concise, brief.

71a 25 *prest.* ready.

71b 9 *Galen's adoptive sons.* physicians.

71b 11 Sidney's spelling is *furre*, which makes a better rhyme than the modern spelling. But since *far* is clearer, I follow my usual practice of modernizing.

71b 23 *Aeol's youth.* the "wanton winds."

75a 30 *louts.* Grosart, in his edition of Sidney, defines "louts" as "obeisances." It seems to me far more likely that Sidney uses the word in its other meaning of "clownish, rude fellows," "fools"—referring to Stella's husband and his friends. Sidney uses the word in this sense, in *Arcadia*—see p. 372a, l. 42, of this volume.

75b 21 *trentals.* a service of thirty masses for a deceased person.

75b 41ff These two sonnets are placed by some editors (following Grosart) at the end of the Astrophel and Stella sonnets, numbered 109 and 110. There is, however, no justification for this in the earlier editions; and, more than that, it is very doubtful whether Sidney intended the series to close in this way. I therefore separate the two sonnets from the series.

79a 19 *prick-song.* See note to p. 286b, l. 14.

79a 32 *gittern* (spelled sometimes "cittern" or "cythern"). a musical instrument with metal strings, resembling in Elizabethan times a lute or a guitar. (The instrument has since changed its form—see any dictionary.)

79a 34 *Cross-gartered.* having the garters (at that time bands long enough to wind several times around the leg) crossed on the legs. For a familiar example of the use of the term, see Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Scene 5, Act 3, Scene 4, etc.

79b 35 *heydeguyes.* dances. The heydeguy was a particular dance popular at this time.

80a title *Chapter 17.* The chapter deals with Julius Caesar's invasions of Britain.

80a 6 *Brutons.* Britons; the spelling Bru- being adopted because of the old legend, accepted still quite commonly in Elizabethan times, that the Britons are descended from Brutus.

80a 8 *Albinests.* i.e., the inhabitants of Albion; the Britons.

80b 13 *Lud's false son.* Androgeus, Duke of Troynouant (cf. note below, to p. 81b, l. 2), nephew of Cassivelan. Androgeus helped Caesar in his invasions.

80b 27 *Cassivelanes.* followers of Cassivelan, or Cassibelaunus, ruler of the Britons.

81a 17ff *if Aeneas had not left, etc.* See Virgil's *Aeneid.*

81b 2 *Troynouant.* more commonly Trinovantum. The ancient name of London, according to the legendary chronicles. It means, of course, "new Troy."

81b 19 *bid the base.* made the challenge. The expression was originally used in connection with the game of "prisoner's base."

84a 19ff Poem is in *Scylla's Metamorphosis*, 1589.

84a 22 *teen.* ill-will, malice.

85a 6 *Like to the clear in highest sphere.* Schelling (*Elizabethan Lyrics*), following a suggestion of Kittredge, points out that Lodge is thinking of the outermost sphere of the universe in the old Ptolemaic cosmography, the empyrean or sphere of pure fire. "Clear" is used as a noun.

86a 1 *Oenone.* daughter of a river god, and wife of Paris, whom he deserted for Helen.

86b 12 *chopcherry.* a game (evidently played, on this occasion, indoors) consisting in the attempt to bite a cherry suspended by a string. A variant of this game, using an apple instead of a cherry, is still played in America at Halloween.

91a 5 *The palm and may.* "The palm" here refers probably to the willow or the yew, both of

PAGE LINE

which were used in religious and other festivals as substitutes for the true palm. "May" means blossoms of the hawthorn tree.

91a 14ff The two following poems are better understood if it is remembered that *Summer's Last Will and Testament* was written in 1592 or 1593, when the plague was making one of its periodic assaults on London.

91a 23 *term.* period during which law-courts are open.

92a 11 *kirtle.* skirt.

92b 21 *buskins.* half-boots.

93b 26 *thirling.* vibrating, thrilling.

93b 32 *wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race.* Ixion was, according to the ancient myth, the grandfather of the first Centaur. As punishment for ingratitude toward Jupiter, he was chained forever to a rolling wheel, in Hades; hence "wretched."

94a 30 *the lovely boy.* Cyparissus, whom, according to the classic story, Sylvanus loved, and who was turned into a cypress tree.

95b 17 *Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow.* Base metal will serve as good money when stamped with the proper die, so as to make it into coins.

96a 1 *tralucent cisterns.* transparent reservoirs (of tears).

98a 1 *Memnon's rock.* Memnon was son of Tithonus and Aurora. A rock statue near Thebes was once thought to be a statue of Memnon, and tradition says that it used to give forth a musical note when touched by the rays of the rising sun.

98a 3 *dun.* Some editors conjecture "dumb"—which, however, does not rhyme with "sun." Q. "done"?

99a 1ff Verses are in the Ἑκατομπαθία, *or Passionate Century of Love*, 1582; also (with minor variations) in *England's Helicon*, 1600.

100a 1ff Verses are in *A Posie of Gilloflowers*, 1580.

100b 9 *bombast.* stuffed.

103a 7 *touch.* touchstone.

103a 11 *Porte's . . . pen.* probably Philippe Desportes (1546–1606), a popular French writer of sonnets. This identification I owe to Professor R. E. N. Dodge, of the University of Wisconsin.

103a 13–14 See Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet 74, on p. 65 of this volume.

103b 2 *right.* used here in sense of "genuine."

103b 5 *well-tricked.* well-adorned.

103b 16 *Like me that lust.* Let those who wish like me.

104a 6 *Medea-like.* i.e., as Medea (the sorceress of classic story who loved Jason and helped him get the Golden Fleece) made a ram young again by boiling it.

104a 15 *muse.* wonder.

104b 29 *As how the pole to every place was reared.* See note to p. 465a, l. 46.

105b 15 *nice.* coy. "Nice" has numerous specific meanings in Elizabethan literature (see any good dictionary), but almost never the generalized, vague meaning it so commonly has in present-day parlance.

106b 1 *Tagus and Pactolus.* Tagus is a river in Spain; Pactolus, a small river of Lydia. Both are famous in classic story for the gold in their sands.

107a 37 *Dove and Darwin.* (Darwin=Derwent) rivers in Derbyshire.

107b 20 *A latter third of Dowsabel.* The "latter third" is Drayton himself, who in 1593 had published a ballad, in the meter of Chaucer's *Tale of Sir Thopas*, concerning Dowsabel and her shepherd lover. The ballad is in the eighth Eclogue of the 1593 edition of *Idea: The Shepherds' Garland.*

108b 3 *aulf.* an older form of "oaf," meaning here a changeling, or a deformed or idiot child.

108b 26 *emmets'.* ants'.

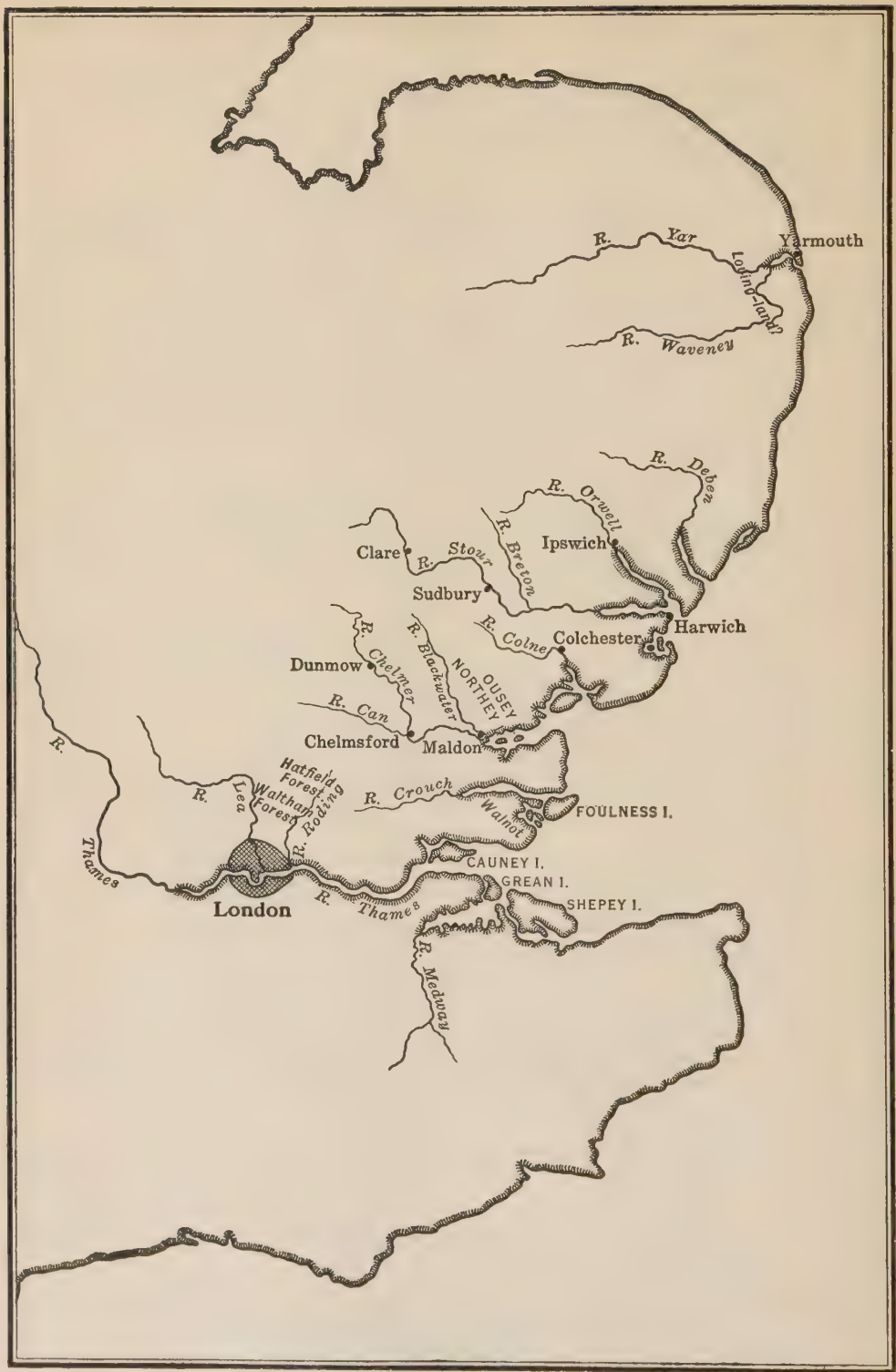
109a 29 *with a trice.* in an instant.

109a 31 *nice.* See note to p. 105b, l. 15.

109b 21 *The Tuscan poet.* Drayton seems to be thinking of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso;* though why Ariosto should be called "the Tuscan poet" is not clear. Perhaps Drayton confused Ariosto's native haunts with Dante's; or perhaps by "Tuscan" he meant simply "Italian."

109b 24 *Alcides in his fury.* Alcides is another name for Hercules, son of Alcaeus. Drayton is referring to his agonized fury after having put on a shirt steeped in the poisoned blood of Nessus.

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 109b | 25 | *Ajax Telamon.* Greek hero of the Trojan war, who was made insane by Athena and finally, in his mad fury, slew himself. |
| 110a | 20 | *moiled.* soiled, daubed with dirt. |
| 110b | 12 | *gravel.* perplex. |
| 110b | 37 | *lin.* stop. |
| 111b | 25 | *fern-seed.* Fern-seed was popularly supposed to make one invisible. Ferns, of course, have no true seeds. Either, then, the belief was that the seeds were invisible, so giving invisibility, or the dust-like asexual spores of the fern were taken for its seed. |
| 111b | 36 | *lunary.* a name applied to various herbs, usually herbs with supposed magical properties. |
| 111b | 37 | *molewarp.* obsolete form of mouldwarp, mole. |
| 112a | 9 | *the mandrake's dreadful groans.* The root of the mandrake plant was thought to resemble the human form, and was supposed to utter a horrible shriek or groan when pulled up from the ground. |
| 112a | 10 | *the lubrican's sad moans.* "Lubrican" is an obsolete variant of "leprechaun," a term applied to certain pigmy spirits in Irish folk-lore. They were fond, like ghosts, of moaning. |
| 112b | 39 | *pile.* point, or head (of a spear, arrow, lance, etc.). |
| 115b | 32 | *Illustrious Hakluyt.* The rhyme and meter give interesting evidence of the way Drayton pronounced Hakluyt's name. The name is sometimes spelled Hacklewit. |
| 115b | 44 | *King Harry.* Henry V. |
| 116b | 18 | *cloth-yard.* the yard by which cloth was measured; formerly one inch over the standard yard. The term was used chiefly in referring to the length of arrows, as here. |
| 117a | 9 | *St. Crispin's Day.* October 25. |
| 117a | 35 | *Pueriles.* i.e., a Latin primer. |
| 117b | 12 | *Mantuan.* Baptista Mantuanus (Battista Mantovanus) (1448–1516), whose Latin eclogues were widely used as a school-text in Elizabethan England. |
| 117b | 17 | *ballet.* Ballads on a multitude of subjects were on sale, usually in single "broadside" sheets, at nearly every street-corner in London. |
| 117b | 18 | *William Elderton.* (d. 1592?) one of the especially prolific writers of street-ballads, who habitually signed his ballads, "Finis, W. Elderton." |
| 117b | 34 | *Aganippe's brim.* See note to p. 65b, l. 8. |
| 118a | 1 | *Brian.* Sir Francis Bryan (d. 1550), who was an anonymous contributor to Tottel's *Miscellany*, was a friend of Wyatt and Surrey, and was well known as a poet, in his own day. |
| 118a | 24ff | *Lyly's writing then in use, etc.* Cf. the selection from Lyly's *Euphues*, in this volume. |
| 118b | 19 | *the Pierian spring.* a spring on Pieria (a mountain in the north of Thessaly), sacred to the Muses. |
| 119a | 15 | *Alexander.* Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling (1567?–1640). |
| 119a | 20 | *Drummond.* William Drummond (1585–1649). |
| 119a | 20 | *Menstry . . . Hawthornden.* Menstry was the home of Alexander; Hawthornden, the home of Drummond. |
| 119a | 24 | *the two Beaumonts . . . Browne.* Francis Beaumont (1584–1616) and John Beaumont (1583–1627); William Browne (1591–1643), author of *Brittania's Pastorals.* |
| 119b | title | *The Nineteenth Song.* In this song of the *Polyolbion* Drayton describes various rivers, towns, and islands in the county of Essex, and part of the county of Suffolk. The map on page 578 gives the location of the places he mentions in that region. |
| 120a | 7 | *wone.* dwell. |
| 121a | 20 | *Benge's batful side.* Hooper's note on this (*Complete Works of Drayton*, London, 1876) reads: "The fruitfullest Hundred of Essex. 'Denge I believe it should be.'—(MS note.)" |
| 122a | 9 | *The Cizic shells, or those on the Lucrinian coast.* Cizicum, a city of Bithynia, and Lake Lucrinus, in Campania (not far from Naples), were famous to the Romans for their oysters. |
| 122a | 11 | *tack.* peculiar flavor. |
| 122b | 2 | *That Medway for her life their skill could not out-go.* The River Medway, in the Eighteenth Song of the *Polyolbion*, gives a song in praise of the English warriors. |
| 122b | 17 | *In Severn's late tuned lay.* in the Fourth Song of the *Polyolbion.* Severn is, as a matter of fact, the judge rather than the singer of the song. |




Rivers, Towns, and Islands mentioned by Drayton in the Nineteenth Song of his *Polyolbion*

PAGE LINE

122b 18ff *great Arthur's acts . . . who Norway did invade, etc.* All the names and facts in this song concerning the English sea-voyagers Drayton took directly from Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffics, and Discoveries of the English Nation.* Except at the very last, Drayton even takes them up in the order Hakluyt does (Dudley, Preston, Summers, and Shirley, whom Drayton names last, Hakluyt includes before Candish); it is therefore easy to follow Drayton's borrowings from Hakluyt by simply looking through Hakluyt's table of contents. (Hakluyt is easily accessible, for example in the Everyman edition.) Drayton does not, needless to say, take up every voyager in Hakluyt, but picks those who seem to him most important.

122b 20 *Groneland.* Greenland.

124b 27 *Brazeel.* Brazil.

125a 2 *Forbosher.* more commonly spelled Frobisher.

125a 18 *Hoard.* Hakluyt spells the name Hore.

126a 13 *Hawkins.* See selection from the account of one of Hawkins' voyages, on pp. 450–464, of this volume.

126a 19 *Candish.* more commonly spelled Cavendish.

129a 31 *arks.* coffers, treasure-chests.

131b 18 *Shore's wife is graced, and passes for a saint.* The story of Jane Shore, mistress of Edward IV, was a favorite one of the time, and which re-telling of it Daniel refers to is uncertain—perhaps Churchyard's, in *The Mirror for Magistrates.*

131b 29ff *Although I know thy just lamenting Muse, etc.* Rosamond refers to Daniel's sonnets addressed to "Delia."

132b 33 *lyre.* So all editions. Q. liar?

133a 29 *Chastity's abator.* depriver of chastity (i.e., "that new-found shame," rouging).

134a 35 *conster.* construe.

138a 11 *girl.* used in Elizabethan times frequently as a term of depreciation or contempt.

138a 17 *drench.* used here in sense of "cause to drink." The fact that the word is used most frequently in referring to animals (as "to drench a horse") adds to the insulting tone of the queen's speech.

141a 4 *Rhene.* the River Rhine.

141a 21 *Charles Montjoy.* Charles Blount, Earl of Devonshire and Eighth Lord Mountjoy, famous as the lover and second husband of Penelope Rich, Sidney's "Stella." Daniel wrote a later poem in his honor, *A Funeral Poem upon the Death of the late noble Earl of Devonshire* (1606).

141b 9 *Fond.* foolish.

142a 28 *mystery.* used here in the sense of "craft," "profession."

142b 4 *humours.* The medieval theory of physiology was that the body contains four fluids or "humours"—blood, bile, phlegm, and black bile. An abnormal preponderance of one or another humour was thought the cause not only of many illnesses but also of abnormal temperaments. The four words for familiar types of personality—sanguine, choleric, phlegmatic, melancholic—were originally used to indicate the temperament resulting from an overplus of one or another of the four humours.

144a 21 *Free-denizons.* A "free-denizon" was one made free of the privileges of a society, club, or fellowship; i.e., here, a fully privileged expert.

144a 30–31 *Yet oft these monster-breeding mountains will*
*Bring forth small mice—.* a familiar allusion to indicate (as here) making a mighty effort for a very slight result. Horace (*Ars Poetica*, 139), taking the idea from a Greek proverb in Athenaeus, says: "Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus." "The mountains are in labor, a silly mouse is born."

144b 2 *fords.* wades into, sets forth on, the enterprise.

145a 7 *humourous.* full of whims and changes of impulse—i.e., full of humours. Cf. note to p. 142b, l. 4.

145b 22 *that wondrous trophy, etc.* Stonehenge.

146a 13 *Hengist and his Saxon treachery.* These legends and traditions are all part of the so-called "chronicle history," or legendary history, of England. See Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Kings of Britain* (*Historia Regum Brittaniae*), bk. 6, ch. 15, and bk. 8, chs. 10–13.

146b 12 *prescription.* right or title established by use—a legal term.

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 149b | 3 | *Isis' ass.* In various Roman festivals asses were used to carry the sacred images, and the custom was often referred to in satires against the priesthood. Daniel here, in speaking of "Isis' ass," is probably thinking of an episode in *Apuleius' Golden Ass* (translated by Wm. Adlington in 1566), bk. 8, chs. 26–30, where Lucius (who has been turned into an ass, and is eventually restored to his human shape by Isis) is beast of burden to some corrupt begging priests, who have him carry the image of "Siria" (Athar, the Syrian goddess) in their pseudo-religious processions. |
| 150a | 32 | *mysteries.* here used in sense of "religious rites open only to the initiated"—i.e., to the learned, or the clergy. |
| 150a | 34 | *Norman subtleties.* The phrase appears to refer to the Norman sophistication (i.e., of the court) as contrasted with the Anglo-Saxon simplicity of faith. |
| 150b | 21 | *close-kept Palladium.* In the citadel of Troy was supposed to have been an image of the goddess Pallas, on which the safety of the city depended. Hence the word comes to mean anything on which safety depends. |
| 150b | 35 | *lance too near.* i.e., make an incision for curing or relieving an infection, and cut too near a dangerous or vital spot. |
| 151b | 18 | *ensues.* used here transitively, in sense of "follows after." |
| 152a | 1 | *Plus ultra.* Still farther! |
| 152a | 2 | *the pillars.* Daniel is thinking of the Pillars of Hercules—the two hills on the opposite sides of the Straits of Gibraltar. |
| 152a | 23 | *bewrays.* exposes. |
| 152b | 22 | *Littleton.* perhaps John Lyttelton (d. 1601), a member of Parliament in 1585, who was implicated in the rebellion of the Earl of Essex. Cf. Thomas Birch's *Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, London, 1754, vol. 2, pp. 463, 495–6. |
| 158a | 11 | *bobs.* either tricks, or, more likely, taunts. |
| 158b | 13 | *brent.* burned. |
| 160a | 1ff | *Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.* Song is in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575 or earlier. |
| 160a | 15 | *crab.* crab-apple. |
| 160a | 27 | *trowl.* pass round. |
| 160b | title | *Maids and Widows.* Poem is printed in Collier's *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, London, 1848. |
| 160b | 9 | *grutch.* complain. |
| 160b | 14 | *seeld.* seldom. |
| 161a | 5ff | *Am I not in blessed case, etc.* Poem is in *The Trial of Treasure*, 1567. |
| 161a | 21 | *nobs.* dear, darling. Origin of term uncertain. |
| 161a | 21 | *coney.* rabbit. Used here, of course, as a term of endearment. |
| 161a | title | *Love me little, love me long.* Poem is printed in Collier's *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, 1848. |
| 161a | 40 | *touch.* touchstone. |
| 161b | 19 | *durance.* durability. |
| 161b | 34ff | *Fain would I have a pretty thing, etc.* Poem is in *A Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584. |
| 162a | 2 | *geason.* uncommon. |
| 162a | 11 | *mercers.* dealers in cloth. |
| 162a | 16 | *Cheap.* Cheapside, formerly a large open common in London, used as a market-place. |
| 162a | title | *A New Courtly Sonnet of the Lady Greensleeves.* Poem is in *A Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584. |
| 162b | 23 | *sendal.* a thin silk of excellent quality. |
| 163a | 2 | *aglets.* pendant ornaments—here attached to the laces of the garter. |
| 163b | title | *A Nosegay always Sweet.* Poem is in *A Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584. |
| 164b | 37ff | *While that the sun with his beams hot, etc.* Poem is in William Byrd's *Songs of Sundry Natures*, 1589. |
| 165a | 24ff | *Beauty, alas, where wast thou born? etc.* Poem is in *A Looking Glass for London and England*, 1594, a play written by Lodge and Greene in collaboration. |
| 165a | 37ff | *My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not, etc.* Poem is in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, and *England's Helicon*, 1600. My text is the version in *England's Helicon*, except for line 3, in which I follow Malone's emendation of the version in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The line in *England's Helicon* reads: "Love is denying, faith is defying." |
| 165b | 13 | *curtal.* with his tail cut short. |
| 165b | 31ff | *Brown is my love, but graceful, etc.* Poem is in *Musica Transalpina*, bk. 2, 1597. |

PAGE LINE

165b 37ff *Come, little babe, come, silly soul, etc.* Poem is in *The Arbor of Amorous Devices*, 1597.

166a 43ff *I saw my lady weep, etc.* Poem is in John Dowland's *Second Book of Songs or Airs*, 1600.

166b 15ff *Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers? etc.* Poem is in *Patient Grissill*, 1603, a play written by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, in collaboration. The poem is definitely in Dekker's manner, but cannot, I suppose, be proved his.

166b 25 *crispëd.* rippled.

166b 35ff *Golden slumbers kiss your eyes, etc.* Poem is in *Patient Grissill*, 1603, written by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton.

167a title *Phillida's Love-call to her Corydon.* Poem is in *England's Helicon*, 1600.

167a 18 *oaten.* made of the straw or stem of an oat.

167a 33 *say.* cloth resembling serge.

167b title *A Nymph's Disdain of Love.* Poem is in *England's Helicon*, 1600.

168a 14ff *Crabbed Age and Youth, etc.* Poem is in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599.

168a 34ff *Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle.* Poem is in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599.

168b 7 *She framed the love, and yet she foiled the framing.* She caused the love, and yet she frustrated the love she caused.

168b 11ff *The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale, etc.* Poem is in *Histriomastix*, 1610. For discussion of authorship, see R. Simpson: *The School of Shakespeare*, 1872.

168b 21ff *How should I your true love know, etc.* Poem quoted, in this form, by Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act 4, Scene 5.

168b 23 *cockle hat.* a hat with a cockle, or scallop-shell, stuck in it. Such shells were commonly worn by pilgrims returned from Palestine or other foreign shrines.

168b 24 *shoon.* obsolete plural of "shoe."

168b 30 *larded.* bedecked, garnished.

169a 1ff *Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day, etc.* Poem quoted in this form by Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act 4, Scene 5. This, it must be remembered, is Ophelia's version of the old song. She has softened whatever were the original oaths ("Ophelia: Indeed la! without an oath, I'll make an end on't.").

169a 6 *dupped.* opened.

169a 17ff *And will a' not come again? etc.* Poem quoted in this form by Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act 4, Scene 5.

169a title *Willow, willow, willow.* My text of this popular old song is the version printed in Percy's *Reliques*, 1765.

170b title *Phillida Flouts Me.* another very popular song, appearing in various versions. My text is in the main the version in *Wit Restored*, 1658 (reprinted in *Facetiae: Musarum Deliciae*, 1817 etc.); I have, however, followed in the following instances the version in *The Roxburghe Ballads* (Ballad Society edition, vol. 6, part 3): W. R. ramble berry; R. bramble-berries. W. R. cherry: R. cherries. W. R. maidens: R. maiden.

171a 14 *wrought with good Coventry.* embroidered with a kind of blue thread manufactured in the town of Coventry, Warwickshire.

171a 34 *wether's skin.* A wether is a ram. The original versions of the poem have "weaver's." Ritson first suggested "wether's."

171b 13ff *Absence, hear thou my protestation.* Poem is in Francis Davison's *A Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602. For a discussion as to the authorship of this poem, see Grierson's edition of Donne's poems, vol. 2, pp. cl. ff.

171b 37ff *Weep you no more, sad fountains, etc.* Poem is in John Dowland's *Third Book of Songs or Airs*, 1603.

172a 10ff *My love in her attire doth show her wit, etc.* Poem is in Francis Davison's *A Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602.

172a 18ff *Sister, awake! Close not your eyes, etc.* Poem is in Thomas Bateson's *First Set of English Madrigals*, 1604.

172a title *The Silver Swan.* Poem is in Orlando Gibbons's *Madrigals and Motets*, 1612.

172b 1ff *There is a lady sweet and kind, etc.* Poem is in Thomas Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds*, 1607.

172b 25ff *We be three poor mariners, etc.* Poem is in Thomas Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, 1609.

174a 26 *dive-dapper.* a small water-fowl.

174b 1 *jar.* conflict.

175b 20 *jennet.* a small Spanish horse.

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 176a | 33 | *bid the wind a base.* See note to p. 81b, l. 19. |
| 177a | 1 | *wistly.* attentively. |
| 178b | 18 | *lawn.* a very fine linen fabric. |
| 179b | 22 | *bate-breeding.* strife-breeding. |
| 180a | 8 | *Uncouple.* i.e., release the dogs for the hunt. |
| 180a | 17 | *musits.* gaps in the hedges. |
| 181a | 11 | *imposthumes.* abscesses. |
| 182a | 10 | *teen.* sorrow, pain. |
| 182a | 15 | *laund.* glade. |
| 182b | 3 | *coasteth.* approaches. |
| 184b | 29 | *Paphos.* a city on the coast of Cyprus, where Venus was said to have landed after she was born from the sea-foam. |
| 185b | 26 | *orts.* scraps, refuse. |
| 186b | 11 | *my old excuse.* excuse for my old age. |
| 188a | 27 | *transfix the flourish set on youth.* i.e., destroy the ornaments of youth. |
| 189a | 25 | *upon misprision growing.* coming from misapprehension. |
| 189a | 32 | *heavy Saturn.* Both the god Saturn (after Jove had usurped his throne) and the planet Saturn were types of coldness, heaviness, and melancholy. |
| 190a | 4 | *although his height be taken.* See note to p. 465a, l. 46. |
| 190b | 24 | *lady-smocks.* cuckoo-flowers (Cardamine pratensis, or Convolvulus sepium). |
| 190b | 25 | *cuckoo-buds.* Critics disagree as to what flower Shakespeare means, the buttercup, the cowslip, the marigold, etc. Shakespeare probably does not mean the cuckoo-flower, for that is only another name for the lady-smock. |
| 191a | 13 | *crabs.* crab-apples. |
| 191b | 9 | *Philomel.* the nightingale. |
| 191b | 38 | *the triple Hecate's team.* Hecate was in Greek myth a goddess of the moon and the night, and especially of the underworld and of magic. She was always represented as a three-fold goddess, and her statues have three faces. She drives a "team" in her capacity of moon-goddess. |
| 193a | 38 | *stuck all with yew.* adorned with yew fastened on the shroud. |
| 193b | 13 | *the old vice.* originally a character in the morality plays representing a vice. Since these parts gave opportunity for comic treatment, the "vice" developed eventually into a clown or comedian. |
| 193b | 31 | *swaggering.* blustering, quarreling. |
| 193b | 33 | *unto my beds.* probably meaning "to my bed-ridden old age." |
| 194a | 9 | *brinded.* brindled. |
| 194a | 11 | *Harpier.* probably means "Harpy." |
| 194a | 40 | *slab.* viscid, slimy. |
| 194a | 41 | *chauldron.* entrails. |
| 194b | 3 | *fats.* vats, wine-vessels. |
| 194b | 41 | *doxy.* wench. |
| 195a | 3 | *pugging.* meaning not certain; probably "thieving." |
| 195a | 13 | *Bugle bracelet.* Bugles are oblong or tube-shaped glass beads, usually black. |
| 195a | 15 | *quoifs.* coifs, close-fitting hoods or caps. |
| 195a | 17 | *poking-sticks.* rods used for stiffening the plaits of ruffs. |
| 195a | 25 | *whist.* silently. |
| 197a | 15 | *Gamma.* third letter of the Greek alphabet. |
| 197a | 23 | *Pygmei soldiers.* referring to the classic tale of the battle between the cranes and the pygmies. |
| 198b | 9 | *Cyprides.* Venus. |
| 198b | 20 | *gleby.* rich, fertile. |
| 199a | 15 | *Alexander.* Paris. |
| 201a | 23 | *feltred.* having matted wool. |
| 202a | 12 | *Tellus' womb.* Tellus was the personification of the earth, in Roman myth. |
| 203a | 26 | *brass-piled.* having a head, or point, of brass. |
| 204a | 16 | *taint.* touch—a term used in fencing. |
| 208a | 7 | *sod.* seethed, boiled. "Sod" is the obsolete past tense and past participle of "seethe." |
| 209a | 1ff | *My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love, etc.* This song, like Jonson's "Come, my Celia, let us prove"—(cf. text, p. 242a), is an imitation of Catullus's fifth ode. |

PAGE LINE

210b 34–35 *She vows that they shall lead*
*Apes in Avernus.* the traditional (to the Elizabethans) fate of old maids in the afterworld.

210b 39 *White Iope.* Bullen points out that Campion has in mind a passage of Propertius, II. 28:
"Sunt apud infernos, tot milia formosarum;
Pulchra sit in superis, si licet, une locis
Vobiscum est Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro,
Vobiscum Europe, nec proba Pasiphae."

211b 1ff *As by the streams of Babylon, etc.* Cf. the 137th Psalm.

211b 11 *Salem.* Jerusalem.

211b 31 *lash out.* See note to p. 14a, l. 6.

211b 33 *nappy.* foaming, heady, strong.

211b 36 *crabs.* crab-apples.

211b 43 *tutties.* nosegays.

212a 18 *Ros-mond.* the same Rosamond who is the subject of Daniel's poem *The Complaint of Rosamond.* See pp. 131ff of this volume.

214 title *John Donne.* For excellent and full explanatory and interpretative notes to these and the rest of Donne's poems, see H. J. C. Grierson's edition of Donne's *Poetical Works*, Oxford, 1912.

214a 2 *mandrake root.* The mandrake root was supposed to resemble the human figure.

215a 18 *Seven Sleepers' den.* The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, seven Christians fleeing the persecution of the Emperor Decius (249–251 A.D.), lay down to sleep in a cave outside the city. Soldiers, discovering them, blocked up the cave's entrance. The story goes that the seven slept for two hundred years unharmed, till the reign of Theodosius, when they woke, lived in honor a short while, and died all at the same instant.

215a 33 *Whatever dies was not mixed equally.* a medieval doctrine, which asserts that compound substances whose elements are equally mixed and the same in quality cannot be dissolved. Cf. Grierson's notes.

216a title *The Canonization.* This poem, it seems most probable, was written during the exasperating troubles which befell Donne on account of his marriage with Anne More. Cf. Edmund Gosse: *The Life and Letters of John Donne*, vol. 1, ch. 4 (especially pp. 117ff).

216a 26 *the plaguy bill.* the list of deaths posted at intervals during a time of plague.

216b 17 *Countries, towns, courts, etc.* Grierson first pointed out that "countries, towns, courts" are the objects of "drove," and that "beg" is imperative.

216b 34 *beyond an angel's art.* Donne held the theory that angels are unable to read men's thoughts. Cf. Grierson's notes.

218a 29 *non obstante.* lit. "notwithstanding," a legal phrase, used when a law is waived in a particular case.

218b 18 *anatomies.* bodies for dissection, cadavers.

218b 25 *the elixir.* the Elixir Vitae, a universal panacea and preserver of life. In this case, as nearly always, the main object of the alchemist's search. Usually identified also with the philosopher's stone, which transmutes base metals into gold.

219b title *A Valediction forbidding Mourning.* According to Izaak Walton, these verses Donne gave to his wife upon leaving her on a journey to the continent, in 1612.

219b 28 *trepidation of the spheres.* the precession of the equinoxes. See Chambers's notes to the Muses' Library edition of Donne.

219b 33 *elemented.* made up the elements of, composed.

220a 19 *subtle.* here used in sense of "delicate," "dainty."

221a 19 *concoction.* state of perfection brought about by alteration and, as it were, distilling out, of impurities.

221b 10 *spirits . . . souls.* Donne here makes a distinction (originally medieval) between spirits and souls. Spirits are, by this theory, a delicate, subtle part of the blood which act as a medium between body and soul.

221b 38 *adamant.* loadstone, magnetic metal.

222b title *Hymn to God, my God, in my Sickness.* According to Izaak Walton, Donne wrote this only eight days before his death.

223a 5 *per fretum febris.* through the straits of fever.

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 223a | 5 | *by these straits to die.* Donne's play on the word "straits" launches him—and his reader—into the whole world of Renaissance voyages into strange seas. |
| 223a | 8–9 | *west and east in all flat maps . . . are one.* i.e., since the earth is spherical. |
| 223a | 13 | *Anyan, Magellan, Gibraltar.* straits leading respectively to the Pacific, the east, and Jerusalem. Anyan was a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, theoretically supposed to exist. Behring Strait, discovered in 1728, was found to correspond fairly well to the theoretical Anyan. (W. L. Phelps in *Modern Language Notes*, vol. 14, p. 515.) |
| 223a | 15 | *Cham.* either a mistaken or a variant form of Ham, one of the three sons of Noah. |
| 223a | 15 | *Sem.* Shem, another of Noah's three sons. |
| 223a | title | *Upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's Crudities.* Coryat (1577–1617) was an eccentric traveler and writer. His *Crudities* was published in 1611. |
| 223a | 27 | *leavened.* in the sense of "puffed up." See Grierson's notes. |
| 223b | 11 | *lunatic.* meaning here (as Grierson points out) probably "whimsical," governed by the moon, which continually changes. |
| 223b | 16 | *Munster.* Sebastian Munster (1489–1552) in his *Cosmographia Universalis.* |
| 223b | 16 | *Gesner.* Conrad (von) Gesner (1516–1565) in his *Bibliotheca Universalis*, a catalogue or encyclopedia of writers. |
| 223b | 17 | *Gallo-Belgicus. Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus*, a journal of news started at Cologne in 1598. Cf. Grierson's notes on Donne's epigrams. |
| 223b | 20 | *Prester Jack.* Prester John was a legendary great Christian emperor and ruler over a vast country in Asia; the legend took form about the twelfth century. |
| 223b | 33 | *currans.* currants. |
| 224a | 2 | *Pandect.* originally a great collection of law decisions and writings of the ancient Roman jurists. Here, a book of universal knowledge. |
| 224a | 6 | *anatomies.* See note to p. 218b, l. 18. |
| 224a | 8 | *Portescues.* Meaning not certain. Perhaps a Portuguese coin, used for gambling. |
| 224b | 3 | *Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch?* The Dutch revolt against the power of Spain began in 1572, and the struggle was not decisively settled till England's defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. England always sympathized with the Dutch, and on a few occasions actively aided them; the most famous being the expedition of Leicester in 1585–1586, during which Sir Philip Sidney fell. |
| 224b | 11 | *limbecs.* alembics (apparatus for distillation). |
| 224b | 34 | *state-cloth.* a rich cloth arranged above and behind a throne, to form both a canopy and a background. |
| 224b | 36 | *her . . . who at Geneva's called Religion.* Calvinism. |
| 225b | 1 | *kings' blank-charters.* originally referring to a document made out to Richard II's agents with power to fill it out as they chose; i.e., here, power to do whatever the king pleases. |
| 225b | 6–7 | *a Philip or a Gregory, a Harry or a Martin.* Catholic and Protestant leaders. Philip II of Spain, one of the Pope Gregories (Gregory XIII or XIV?), Henry VIII of England, and Martin Luther. |
| 225b | title | *His Picture.* Donne served under the Earl of Essex in two naval expeditions against Spain, 1596 and 1597. This poem seems to have been written just before his departure on one of them—more probably the second, to the Azores. Cf. Edmund Gosse's *Life and Letters of John Donne*, vol. 1, pp. 45ff., 68–9. |
| 226b | title | *The Autumnal.* Composed in honor of Mrs. Magdalen Herbert, who in 1608 married a second time, becoming Lady Danvers. For a discussion of the probable date of composition, see Gosse's *Life and Letters of John Donne*, vol. 2, pp. 228ff. |
| 226b | 16 | *anachorit.* anchorite, hermit. |
| 226b | 25 | *underwood.* undergrowth. |
| 226b | 29 | *Xerxes' strange Lydian love, etc.* The reference is to a story told by Herodotus (VII, 31), of Xerxes' decking with gold ornaments a platane or plane tree which he found, on account of its beauty. |
| 227a | 8 | *antique.* Donne is thinking of the word as meaning both "very old" and "curious," "fantastic," "odd." |
| 227a | 11 | *lation.* the act of moving from one place to another. |
| 227a | title | *Elegy on the Death of Lady Markham.* Lady Markham died in 1609. |
| 227b | 1 | *limbec.* See note to p. 224b, l. 11. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 229a | title | *Virgidemiarum.* of harvests of rods (i.e., of blows). "Virgidemia" is used, for example, in this sense, by Plautus (*Rudens*, 3, 2, 22). |
| 229a | 7 | *margent.* commentary. |
| 229b | 6 | *Turkish Tamberlaine.* Hall is probably thinking of Marlowe's play *Tamburlaine.* |
| 229b | 11 | *huff-cap.* swaggering. The word was most commonly applied to liquor that huffs or raises the cap—i.e., heady, strong. |
| 229b | 17 | *swooping.* sweeping. |
| 229b | 17 | *side-robes.* long, loose robes. |
| 229b | 23 | *Corduban.* Seneca. |
| 229b | 33 | *russetings.* persons clothed in russet cloth; i.e., here meaning ignorant rustics. |
| 230a | 15 | *likerous.* lecherous, wanton. |
| 230a | 34 | *"Thwick thwack!" and "riffraff!" roars he out aloud.* Hall is unquestionably referring in this satire to Richard Stanyhurst's translation of the *Aeneid;* also, in general, to the numerous attempts to establish classical quantity as a basis for English versification. |
| 230b | 5 | *Dodonian oaks.* In Dodona, in ancient Epirus, was a grove of oaks in which was a famous oracle of Zeus. Hall is thinking of the Dodonian oaks more generally, as the oaks of ancient times. |
| 230b | 8 | *likerous.* here meaning "fond of choice food." |
| 230b | 10 | *scaled the storëd crab.* climbed the stored (cared-for, nursed) crab-apple tree. |
| 230b | 24 | *scape.* trick, evasion. |
| 231a | 6 | *Thetis.* a sea-goddess, mother of Achilles. |
| 231a | 12 | *rife to gone.* gone to frequently. |
| 232a | title | *In Lectores prorsus indignos.* Against utterly unworthy readers. |
| 232a | 7 | *puisne.* a young, or junior, lawyer. |
| 232a | 8 | *barmy-froth.* "Barm" is yeast formed on liquors when brewed. "Barmy-froth" then implies a person with a frothy wit, with the implication that the wit is a drunken one. |
| 232a | 12 | *occupant.* prostitute. |
| 232a | 20 | *cuz.* abbreviation for "cousin"; formerly used as a general term of familiar address. |
| 232a | 21 | *phantasma.* apparition, specter. |
| 232a | 21 | *coloss.* colossus, i.e., a giant-like or puffed-up image of a man. |
| 232a | 24 | *broking.* pandering, pimping. |
| 232a | 25 | *cytern.* See note to p. 79a, l. 32: gittern. |
| 232a | 25 | *jobernole.* blockhead. |
| 232a | 31 | *Cyprians.* The inhabitants of Cyprus were in ancient times famous for their worship of Aphrodite or Venus. Hence the word comes to mean "licentious person." |
| 232a | 31 | *Spanish blocks.* Spanish hats. |
| 232a | 32 | *granado-netherstocks.* stockings made of silk from Granada, Spain. |
| 232a | 34 | *blue-coats.* Blue coats were worn by servants and the lower orders of society. |
| 232b | 11 | *Priapus' gardens.* the brothels. |
| 232b | 37 | *Proface.* an expression of welcome from host to guest, meaning in general, "Much good may it do you." Nares (*Glossary to Shakespeare and his Contemporaries*) points out that the word comes from the Norman-French. |
| 233a | 6–7 | *span-new-come fry of inns a-court.* i.e., young and inexperienced lawyer. The "inns of court" (the Inner Temple, Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn) are the buildings belonging to the legal societies in London, which have the exclusive privilege of calling candidates to the bar. Those societies, in their organization, etc., resemble the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. |
| 233a | 12 | *Maia's.* Maia was the Roman goddess of spring. |
| 234b | 1 | *trowl.* pass round. |
| 235a | 1ff | *As it fell upon a day, etc.* Poem is in *England's Helicon*, 1600. |
| 235a | 10 | *thorn.* thorn-tree, probably here meaning hawthorn-tree. |
| 235b | 9 | *King Pandion.* a legendary king of Athens. |
| 237a | 4 | *sauncing bell.* "Sanctus bell," used (in Elizabethan England) to call people to church. |
| 237b | title | *Reply to Marlowe's Passionate Shepherd to his Love.* For Marlowe's poem, see p. 92a of this volume. |
| 237b | 7 | *Philomel.* the nightingale. |

PAGE LINE

237b title *Sir Walter Raleigh's Pilgrimage.* The poem was in all probability written in 1603, when Raleigh was under sentence of execution. He was reprieved the day before that set for the execution. (He finally was executed October 29, 1618. The two poems, *Sir Walter Raleigh the Night before his Death*, and *Sir W. Raleigh on the Snuff of a Candle, etc.*—see text—were probably written at this later date.)

237b 25 *scallop-shell.* commonly worn by pilgrims returned from foreign shrines. Cf. note to p. 168b, l. 23.

238a 15 *suckets.* succades, candied fruit.

240a 23ff *Marble, weep, for thou dost cover, etc.* The initial letters of each line, taken in succession, spell "Margaret Ratcliffe."

240b 17 *lose all father.* lose all fatherly emotions.

241a 22 *puisnees'.* See note to p. 232a, l. 7.

241b 4 *sallet.* salad.

241b 30 *Pooly.* Polly—i.e., parrot.

241b title *A Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel.* i.e., a member of the company of child-actors called the Children of the Chapel Royal.

242a 11 *Parcae.* the Fates.

242a 33ff *Come, my Celia, let us prove, etc.* The ideas for this and the following song Jonson took directly from the fifth and seventh odes of Catullus.

243a 1ff *Drink to me only with thine eyes, etc.* The ideas for this, Jonson's most famous lyric, he found in several different passages of the letters of Philostratus, the Sophist.

243b 28 *elixir.* See note to p. 218b, l. 25.

243b 41 *Luxury.* "lasciviousness." Here meaning, of course, "lascivious man."

247a 39 *to say over every purl.* "Purl" means "frill," or "plait." "Say over" probably is used here in sense of "try on," or possibly "examine."

247b 40 *brake.* rack (the instrument of torture).

249a 15 *him of Cordova dead.* Seneca.

249b 21 *Aonian springs.* The well of Aganippe, in Aonia. See note to p. 65b, l. 8.

249b 22 *Thespia.* a town on the slopes of Mt. Helicon—sacred to the Muses.

249b 23 *Clarius'.* Apollo's.

249b 26 *pies.* magpies.

250a 3 *Japhet's line.* Prometheus, who stole fire from (according to one form of the myth) the sun, for mortals, was the son of the Titan Japetus. Whalley first pointed out what Jonson is here referring to.

250b 12 *cesure.* caesura.

250b 30 *thy loose wife.* Venus.

250b 32 *closed in horn.* referring to the ancient tradition that a cuckold (in this case Vulcan) grew horns on his forehead. All Elizabethans were extremely, and to the twentieth century mind incomprehensibly, fond of making jokes about the horns of the cuckold. Jonson also puns on the idea that Vulcan (or fire) is often enclosed in horn; the sides of old lanterns (lanthorns) being often formed of transparent plates of horn.

251a 11–12 *Amadis de Gaul, the Esplandians, Arthurs, Palmerins, etc.* characters in medieval romances. Cf. later in this same poem. For other unfavorable opinions concerning medieval romance, see in Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, p. 315b of this volume.

251a 18 *eteostics.* The more common term is "chronogram": a phrase or sentence in which certain letters express by their numerical values (the letters having numerical values are those used in writing Roman numerals—I, V, X, L, C, M) a date. For examples, see N. E. D.

251a 18 *flams.* fanciful compositions, conceits. Jonson is referring to the atrocious fashion, especially prevalent in Jacobean and Caroline verse, of writing poems the lines of which would form various objects, as they were arranged on the printed page.

251a 21 *acrostichs and telestichs on jump names.* An acrostich is a short poem in which the initial letters of the lines, taken in order, form a word or words (see, for example, Jonson's own poem on Margaret Ratcliffe). A telestich is a short poem in which the final letters of the lines similarly form a word or words. Acrosticks and telesticks on jump names would be, then, poems in which the first and last letters of the lines form the same names.

251b 2 *Talmud.* a book embodying the civil and canonical laws of the Jews.

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 251b | 2 | *Alcoran.* the Koran, sacred book of the Mohammedans. |
| 251b | 3 | *the Legend.* the *Golden Legend*, a popular medieval collection of lives of the saints, etc. |
| 251b | 6 | *Tristrams, Lancelots, Turpins, and the Peers . . . mad Rolands . . . sweet Olivers.* Tristram and Lancelot are, of course, knights of the Arthurian story. Turpin, the Peers, Roland, and Oliver are characters in the old French Song of Roland. |
| 251b | 8 | *Merlin's marvels, and his Cabal's loss.* Cabal, or Caval, is mentioned in the Mabinogion, the story of Kilhwch and Olwen, in one place as Sefwlch's dog, in another place as Arthur's dog. Nennius (*Of the Wonders of Britain*) also mentions him. Where Jonson found an account of Cabal's loss, or found him directly connected with Merlin, I am unable to say. |
| 251b | 9 | *Rosy-cross.* The Rosicrucians were supposedly members of a secret society originating in the fifteenth century, which developed many mysterious and occult theories of magic, alchemy, astrology, etc. Rosicrucian pseudo-knowledge has kept reappearing in print at numerous periods of time, even up to the present. The original book describing the order (*Fama Fraternitatis*, 1614) is generally supposed to have been a burlesque rather than a serious book. |
| 251b | 10 | *Their seals, etc.* various appurtenances of Rosicrucianism. "Hermetic" means "related to Hermes Trismegistus," the name under which many Alexandrian philosophical writings went—writings which the Rosicrucians have made much use of. |
| 251b | 13 | *Lungs.* "Lungs" were the boys employed by alchemists to blow their fires. |
| 251b | 14 | *Nicolas' Pasquils, etc.* Nicholas Breton (1545?–1626?) in a number of his works used the pen-name of "Pasquil." |
| 251b | 16 | *Captain Pamphlet's horse and foot, etc.* probably referring to the army of controversial religious pamphlets of the time. |
| 251b | 18 | *The weekly Courants, with Paul's seal.* "Paul's seal" means probably the seal of the gossipers who promenaded in that popular meeting-place of London idlers, St. Paul's Cathedral. |
| 251b | 19 | *the prophet Ball.* Osborne (*Traditional Memoirs of James I*, sect. 38) tells of a tailor named Ball, a Puritan, who made wagers that James I would eventually be elected Pope; and Cunningham (edition of Jonson's *Works*, 1816) thinks this may be Jonson's "prophet." |
| 251b | 26–27 | *the old Venusine . . . the Stagirite.* Horace and Aristotle. |
| 251b | 36–37 | *besides the succors spent*<br>*Which noble Carew, Cotton, Selden lent.* Perhaps MSS lent Jonson by these writers. |
| 252a | 19 | *'Squire of the squibs.* Squibs are much like the "firecrackers" used commonly in the United States on the fourth of July. A 'squire of the squibs, then, means probably a man in charge of fireworks for pageants. |
| 252a | 24 | *the watermen.* the boatmen of the Thames, who rowed or sculled passengers across or up and down the river; at this time a favorite means of getting from one part of London to another. |
| 252a | 26 | *made a Vulcan of a sheaf of reeds.* i.e., made a bonfire to heat pitch for stopping leaks in the boats. |
| 252a | 32 | *the Globe.* the Globe theater, on the bankside (of Thames), which burned down on June 29, 1613. |
| 252a | 34 | *marish.* marsh. |
| 252b | 3 | *the Brethren.* perhaps the Puritans. |
| 252b | 4 | *stews.* brothels. The term originally referred to public hot-air or vapor baths. Such baths commonly developed into brothels, hence the word itself changed its meaning accordingly. |
| 252b | 6 | *Winchestrian goose.* The "Winchester goose" was a name applied to a venereal disease, buboes. The term is said to have arisen from the fact that in the sixteenth century the stews (see preceding note) of Southwark were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester. Cf. Century Dictionary. |
| 252b | 11 | *Paris-garden.* a bear-garden (i.e., place for bear-baiting, pitting a bear against dogs) at the Bankside in Southwark. |
| 252b | 12 | *Kate Arden.* a woman (obviously of questionable reputation) whom Jonson mentions also in his 133d Epigram. |
| 252b | 17 | *Fortune . . . scaped not his justice.* Jonson seems to be playing on the name of the Fortune theater, which burned in 1621. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 252b | 19 | *that idol of the Revels.* perhaps the figure of Dame Fortune which stood before the Fortune theater. See Cunningham's edition of Jonson's works. |
| 252b | 20 | *Whitehall.* Whitehall Palace, across the site of which the modern thoroughfare of Whitehall passes. The palace was nearly destroyed by fire in 1615. Only the banqueting hall was rebuilt. |
| 252b | 33 | *the Rolls.* "This alludes to a fire which took place in the Six Clerks' Office; but I cannot specify the date of it." (Cunningham's edition of Jonson's works, 1816.) Nor can the present editor. |
| 253a | 22 | *Paul's steeple.* The spire of the old St. Paul's cathedral was struck by lightning in 1561, and a fire started in the building, but was checked. The spire was never rebuilt. The whole cathedral was practically destroyed in the great fire of 1666; the present St. Paul's was begun in 1675 and finished in 1710. |
| 253a | 23–24 | *fireworks had at Ephesus or Alexandria.* At Ephesus, the burning of the temple of Diana, 262 A.D. At Alexandria, the famous burning of the royal library, 640 A.D. |
| 253a | 28 | *Bilboa.* The swords made in Bilbao, Spain (called Bilboa by the English) were so famous for their excellence that a common noun "bilbo" was regularly used to mean a sword from there. Cf. Drayton's *Ode to the Cambro-Britons*, p. 116b of this volume. |
| 253a | 4 | *Bess Broughton's.* Bess evidently was a colleague of Kate Arden's. Cf. note to p. 252b, l. 12. |
| 253b | 36 | *Valteline.* a region in the northern part of Italy. All the events mentioned by Jonson in the lines following are the news of the day—i.e., of about 1623–1624, the last two or three years of James I's reign. |
| 253b | 37 | *the States' ships.* i.e., of the United Provinces of the Netherlands. The Spanish West India fleet returned to Spain in 1624. Whether the States' ships did find the fleet and attack it, I am not sure—I think not, from the silence of historians. |
| 254a | 1 | *the dispensation.* the dispensation from the Pope to permit the "match from Spain"—the marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain. The negotiations for the match finally came to nothing, because the two countries could not agree concerning the restoration of the Palatinate. |
| 254a | 10 | *Brunsfield and Mansfield.* The Count of Mansfeld and the Duke of Brunswick were active at this time, with their armies, in the attempts to restore the Palatinate. |
| 254a | 16 | *the motions.* puppet-shows. |
| 254a | 18 | *Christmas clay.* referring to Christmas-boxes, usually made of earthen-ware, in which apprentices, servants, etc., collected their Christmas gratuities. Jonson also is thinking of the ease with which his "animated porcelain" is broken in fortune or reputation. |
| 256b | 34 | *Pericles.* the story which is best known from Shakespeare's (if it be all Shakespeare's) play, *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.* Jonson may even have had this play in mind, as it was exceedingly popular and may so have become, to his mind, stale. |
| 256b | 35 | *the shrieve's crusts.* Baskets were placed outside prisons, in which to receive charitable offerings for the prisoners. These baskets were called "the sheriff's (or shrieve's) baskets," and their contents labelled accordingly. |
| 257a | 2 | *plush and velvet-men.* i.e., men clad in plush and velvet. |
| 257a | 12 | *Alcaic.* Alcaeus was a Greek lyric poet, whose work survives only in fragments; the alcaic strophe, much used by his admirer and imitator, Horace, was named after him. |
| 257a | 30 | *Charles his chariot 'bove his Wain.* "Charles's Wain" was the constellation composed of the seven bright stars in Ursa Major. Jonson is here, of course, playing upon the two applications of "Charles"—i.e., to Charles's Wain, and to Charles I of England. |
| 257b | 6 | *little Martin.* the devil in the form of a huge he-goat. (Cf. Cunningham's notes in his edition of Jonson's works, 1816.) |
| 258a | title | *Rules for the Tavern Academy.* This translation, by a later hand, of Jonson's Latin was first printed in Whalley's edition of Jonson's works, 1756, and has become more or less traditional, so is included here. |
| 258a | 8 | *shot.* reckoning. |
| 258b | 7 | *stum.* grape-juice the fermentation of which has been checked by some ingredient mixed with it. (Cf. Century Dictionary.) |
| 259a | 3 | *Lapithites.* an ancient race of men in Thessaly. The reference is to the account, in the *Odyssey* (bk. 21), of their fight with the Centaurs at the feast in honor of the marriage between Pirotheus and Hippodamia. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 259b | 8 | *skinkers.* tapsters, bar-tenders. |
| 263a | title | *Translation of Castiglione's The Courtier.* The translation was published in 1561. |
| 263a | 28–29 | *having no more male, and without mother.* i.e., Federico had no more male children, and Guidobaldo was without a mother. |
| 263a | 32–33 | *towardness.* aptness. |
| 263b | 23 | *stomach.* spirit. The present-day colloquial use of "guts" is in the same sense. |
| 264a | 42 | *feat.* skilful, ingenious. |
| 264a | 51 | *fell into purposes.* "Purposes" was a conversational game of some sort, probably dealing with subjects or words chosen at random, to be discoursed about. |
| 265a | 20 | *incontinently.* at once, immediately. |
| 265a | 46 | *malpertness.* impudence. |
| 267a | 16 | *whist.* silent. |
| 267b | 50 | *Stesichorus.* a Greek poet, said to have been struck blind after writing a poem attacking Helen, and to have recovered his sight upon writing a recantation of his attack. |
| 268a | 11 | *palmisters.* those who practise palmistry. Hoby uses the word in a vague sense. |
| 268a | 41–42 | *the lowermost sign.* i.e., of the zodiac. |
| 269b | 5 | *unshamefastness.* immodesty. |
| 270a | 49 | *furnitures.* ornaments, trappings. |
| 272a | 25 | *wood.* mad. |
| 272b | 49 | *flush.* More usual word is "fledge"; fit to fly, having the feathers fully developed. |
| 273a | 31 | *right.* true. |
| 276b | 13 | *starter.* unreliable person. |
| 277a | title | *The Acts and Monuments of the Church.* First published, in Latin, 1559, in English, 1563. |
| 277a | title | *the Lady Jane.* Lady Jane Grey, great-granddaughter of Henry VII, who was a principal party in the plot to bring the crown into the Dudley family, at the death of Edward VI, and was executed February 12, 1554. |
| 277b | 2 | *frows.* a wig of frizzed hair worn by women of the time. |
| 277b | 3 | *paste.* a kind of ornamental head-dress worn by women; perhaps with a pasteboard foundation. |
| 277b | title | *John Bradford.* chaplain to Edward VI, who was imprisoned and executed during the reign of Mary, in 1555. |
| 278b | 28 | *Bishop Ferrar.* Robert Ferrar, Bishop of St. David's (d. 1555). |
| 279a | 6 | *him that lay with him.* i.e., his room-mate in the prison. |
| 279a | 54 | *shifted himself.* changed his undergarment. To "shift" means literally, "to transfer." |
| 280a | 37 | *faced with foins.* trimmed with the fur of the beech-marten, an animal resembling a weasel. |
| 280a | 41 | *slippers.* implying, as usually at this time, any sort of shoes meant primarily for indoor wear. |
| 280b | 6 | *Bocardo.* the former north gate of Oxford; the room above the gate was used as a prison. |
| 281a | 6–7 | *Oecolampadians.* followers of John Oecolampadius (1482–1531), German reformer, associated with Zwingli and Calvin. |
| 281a | 7 | *Zuinglians.* followers of Ulrich Zwingli (1484–1531), Swiss reformer, associated with Oecolampadius and Calvin. |
| 281b | 26 | *points.* laces with tags at the ends. |
| 282b | 45 | *bill.* obsolete form of pike, used at first by infantry, and later only by guards and watchmen. |
| 284a | title | *Toxophilus.* first published in 1545. |
| 284b | 39 | *gaming.* gambling—i.e., betting on the outcome of a shooting match. |
| 285b | 23–24 | *plucketh down a side.* pulls down the score of the side he happens to be on in a contest. |
| 286b | 14 | *plain-song and prick-song.* Plain-song was singing of simple melodies in unison, and usually by ear. Prick-song was contrapuntal music—part-singing. |
| 288a | 8 | *dribber.* one who shoots wide of the mark. |
| 288a | 19 | *pith.* life, vigor. |
| 288a | 29–30 | *both the marks.* Targets for archery contests were set up in pairs, facing each other, each archer shooting an equal number of arrows at each target; thus any advantage from the wind was equalized. |
| 289a | title | *The Schoolmaster.* first published 1570. |
| 289b | 24 | *shrewd touches.* mischievous tricks. |
| 289b | 24 | *curst.* vicious. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 289b | 26 | *lewd.* ignorant, bungling. |
| 289b | 27–28 | *the best schoolmaster of our time.* Nicholas Udall. |
| 290b | 20 | *you did teach the queen.* Ascham was Elizabeth's tutor before she became queen, from 1548 to 1550, and again from her accession to the throne to his death. |
| 291a | 14 | *Westminster Hall can bear some witness.* Ascham was in financial difficulties at this time partly because of debts which he contracted on behalf of his wife's mother. |
| 291a | 41 | *the goodness of one.* Sir William Cecil. |
| 292b | 12–13 | *the three concordances.* the three grammatical agreements—number, gender, and person. |
| 294a | 20 | *proprium.* literal statement. |
| 294a | 21 | *translatum.* figurative statement. |
| 294a | 22 | *synonyma.* synonyms. |
| 294a | 23 | *diversa.* distinctions. |
| 294a | 24 | *contraria.* contraries, words or phrases of opposite meanings. |
| 294b | 51 | *fond.* foolish. |
| 296a | 10–11 | *book of shooting.* i.e., *Toxophilus.* |
| 296a | 19 | *staffish.* stubborn. |
| 296a | 25 | *over-thwartly.* across the grain. |
| 296b | 14 | *lewd.* ignorant, bungling. |
| 296b | 27 | *sad-natured.* steady-natured, or perhaps sober-natured. |
| 297b | 45 | *weerish.* sickly-looking. |
| 298a | 45 | *Usus me genuit, etc.* The line is from a fragment of Afranius in Aulus Gellius, 13. 8. |
| 298b | 29 | *painful.* painstaking. |
| 298b | 47 | *gravelled.* stuck fast (as a team is stopped by running into loose gravel). |
| 299a | 5 | *hardly.* with difficulty. |
| 299a | 10–11 | *fond shamefastness.* foolish shyness. |
| 300a | 36 | *leesing.* losing. |
| 300b | 33 | *lewd.* unlettered. |
| 300b | 51 | *popinjays.* parrots. |
| 301a | 37 | *Lady Jane Grey.* See text of Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, p. 277 of this volume; also note to p. 277a, title. |
| 301b | 16 | *bobs.* meaning here "blows." |
| 301b | 51 | *picking.* stealing. |
| 302a | 40 | *namely.* especially. Used in this sense consistently in Ascham. |
| 302b | 40 | *girls.* See note to p. 138a, l. 11. |
| 302b | 49 | *lust.* desire (without any specialized meaning such as the word has in modern parlance). |
| 303b | 47 | *babish.* babyish. |
| 304a | 7 | *frayed.* frightened. |
| 304a | 22 | *where the swing goeth.* where one's impulse leads one. |
| 304a | 47 | *rishe.* rush—used in sense of "something of no value," "trifle." |
| 304a | 51 | *Smithfield ruffian.* Smithfield (a section of London) was at this time chiefly made up of markets for cattle and horses. |
| 304b | 2 | *rin.* ring—or, possibly, run. |
| 304b | 34ff | *Getae and Davi, etc.* servants, characters in the comedies of Plautus and Terence. |
| 305a | 53–54 | *the curious searching of Nativities.* "curious" here being used in sense of "inquisitive." "Nativities," or horoscopes, are representations of the positions of stars at the moment of an individual's birth; from which astrologers believed many facts concerning the individual's future life could be predicted. |
| 306a | 26 | *lust.* See note to p. 302b, l. 49. |
| 307a | 9 | *Vidam.* title of one rank of feudal nobles in France. |
| 307a | 54 | *bankrouts.* bankruptcies. |
| 307b | 25–26 | *ancient in inn of court.* one of the orders of seniority in the Inns of Court and Chancery (for Inns of Court, see note to p. 233a, ll. 6–7). The ancients were the oldest barristers. |
| 308a | 6 | *stews.* See note to p. 252b, l. 4. |
| 308a | 13 | *rascal.* young, or otherwise inferior, deer. |
| 308b | 42–43 | *my book of the cockpit.* a book which, so far as is known, Ascham never wrote. |
| 309a | 12 | *chargeable.* costly. |
| 309a | 44 | *trimly.* used here in sense of "excellently." |

PAGE LINE

309b 5 *Sir Thomas Hoby.* Selections from Hoby's translation of Castiglione will be found on pp. 263ff of this volume.

310a 36 *a common proverb of Birching-lane.* Ascham's allusion is unknown, though there have been vague speculations about it. See *Notes and Queries* (London), Second Series, vol. 1, p. 254.

311a 32ff *Sive per contentionem, etc.* This is not the Latin of the Vulgate, which has: "Dum omni modo sive per occasionem, sive per veritatem, Christus annuncietur." (Paul's *Epistle to the Philippians*, ch. 1, verse 18.) The King James translation is: "Notwithstanding, every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached."

312b 22ff *Alcinous . . . Cyclops . . . Calypso, etc.* all referring to adventures of Ulysses told in the *Odyssey*.

313b 42ff *This people, etc.* Jeremiah, 4.22.

315b 32 *fond.* foolish.

317a 27ff *to place themselves there where, etc.* i.e., in Germany.

317a 33–34 *in one city.* i.e., Venice.

317a 41 *pantocle.* More common form is "pantofle," slipper.

317b 27 *stews.* See note to p. 252b, l. 4.

318a 31 *Guelf or Ghibeline.* The Guelfs and the Ghibelines were the two main political parties in medieval Italy.

319 title *John Lyly.* For fuller explanatory and interpretative notes to *Euphues*, see R. W. Bond's edition of Lyly's *Complete Works*, London, 1902. *Euphues* was first published in 1578; *Euphues and his England*, in 1580.

319a 10–11 *haberdasher's shop.* Only in the United States is "haberdasher" confined in meaning to a dealer in men's furnishings. Lyly is thinking of the less specialized meaning of the word—a dealer in any sort of small wares, especially trimmings for clothing.

319b 7 *current.* genuine, of sterling quality; or, perhaps, accepted by common usage.

320a 3 *brack.* flaw; usually, as here, a flaw in cloth.

320a 20 *gloses.* flattering speeches. Probably Lyly is thinking of Cicero's flowers of rhetoric—but he thinks even more of the fact that "gloses" is in assonance with "-glorious."

320a 24 *teenest.* keenest, sharpest.

320a 42 *imp.* meaning here simply "youth" or "boy," with no diabolical connotations.

320b 8 *sconce.* head, brain.

320b 20 *Damocles.* Damocles was a Syracusan, a flattering courtier of the elder Dionysius. The story of the lesson Dionysius taught him concerning a monarch's happiness, by having a sword suspended over Damocles' head by a hair, is well known. Lyly seems to use him chiefly because his name is in alliterative assonance with Damon.

321a 4 *brute.* here meaning "brave man"; the use coming from "Brute" meaning "Briton." Cf. note to p. 80a, l. 6.

321a 17 *Milo.* Greek athlete, who in early life gradually accustomed himself to carrying heavier and heavier burdens by carrying a calf a certain distance each day, while the calf grew larger and heavier as it grew older, and who, the story goes, eventually carried a four-year-old bullock on his shoulders for forty yards.

321a 34 *knots.* flower-beds laid out in figures.

321b 48 *visard.* mask.

322a 1 *pikes.* points—i.e., rocks.

322a 3 *Syrtes . . . Semphlagades.* Syrtes is the Gulf of Sidra, on the north coast of Africa, dangerous on account of its quicksands. The Symplegades are mentioned in the story of the Argonauts as two movable rocky islands in the Black Sea near the Bosphorus. How Euphues could "sink into" them is not clear; perhaps Lyly mixed them in his mind with Syrtes.

322a 22 *crased.* here used in its obsolete sense of "shattered," "broken."

322a 37 *Colliquintida.* The "bitter apple," the pulp of which is used as a strong purgative.

322a 39 *mole.* discolored spot—in this case, of course, a rust-spot.

322b 36 *Timon.* Timon of Athens. Cf. Shakespeare's play of that title. Cf. also Plutarch's *Life of Marcus Antonius*.

322b 47–48 *perfumes doth, etc.* Most of these curious and dubious facts concerning natural history Lyly took from the elder Pliny's *Historia Naturalium*. For detailed accounts of the specific sources, see Bond's notes in his edition of Lyly's works. I shall, for the most part, pass them over without specific annotations.

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 323a | 11 | *haggardness.* wild hawk's nature. A "haggard" is a wild hawk. |
| 323a | 41–42 | *the stone Abeston.* a suppositious iron-colored stone found in the mountains of Arcadia—and in Pliny. Cf. Bond's notes. |
| 323b | 13 | *untoward.* perverse. |
| 324a | 30–31 | *the crystal toucheth the toad, etc.* From Pliny, *Hist. Natural*, xxxvii, 15. The toad was universally regarded as venomous. |
| 324b | 11 | *quatted.* glutted, sated. |
| 324b | 14 | *huddles.* sour old men. |
| 324b | 32 | *the camelion.* The usual tradition concerning the chamelion (in Pliny and elsewhere) was that it lives on air. Lyly varies the tradition—whether with previous precedent, the present editor does not know. |
| 325a | . 7 | *ban.* meaning also "curse." |
| 325a | 17 | *geason.* extraordinary. |
| 325a | 44 | *the cammock.* crooked stick of wood for use as a staff or in various sorts of building and cabinet work. |
| 325b | 30 | *stand so on their pantuffles.* stand so much on their dignity, or self-sufficiency. A "pantuffle" or "pantofle" is a slipper, but the word was applied to any sort of shoe used chiefly indoors; many such shoes had very thick soles of cork, wood, etc.—hence the expression here. |
| 326a | 19 | *fleeting.* fickleness, inconstancy. |
| 326a | 36 | *fere.* companion. |
| 326b | 37ff | *Damon to his Pythias, etc.* Damon and Pythias are the most famous pair of friends in classical history. Pythias being condemned to death, Damon gave himself as a pledge, that his friend might go to another city to settle his family affairs; and Pythias returned to redeem his friend's pledge, whereupon both brothers were pardoned.<br>*Pylades . . . Orestes.* another famous pair of friends in Greek tradition. Pylades helped Orestes avenge his father's death.<br>*Titus . . . Gysippus.* two friends who are the subject of the story in the 8th novel of the 10th day in Boccaccio's *Decameron.* Gysippus gives his fiancée to Titus because Titus has fallen in love with her.<br>*Theseus . . . Pyrothus.* Pyrothus helped Theseus in many of his exploits, and finally perished when he attempted, with Theseus' aid, to carry off Proserpina from the lower world.<br>*Scipio . . . Laelius.* Laelius was a friend of Scipio Africanus, who fought under Scipio in nearly all his campaigns. |
| 327b | 18 | *niceness.* coyness. |
| 328b | 11–12 | *the foul toad, etc.* Cf. the famous passage in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, Act 2, Scene 1. The belief was almost universal in the middle ages. It is surprisingly not in Pliny. Cf. Bond's notes. |
| 328b | 38 | *a sweet panther.* The old tradition (going back to Pliny) is that the panther has such a sweet smell (usually the story specifies, a sweet breath) that he allures other animals to him, and then makes them his prey. |
| 329a | 22 | *the black ox tread on their foot.* an Elizabethan proverb, to indicate the advance of age or misfortune. |
| 329a | 46 | *overthwartness.* perversity. |
| 329b | 5 | *pretence.* intention. |
| 330a | 43 | *starter.* inconstant person, "rolling stone." |
| 330b | 8–9 | *crased . . . cracked.* Here "crase" is evidently used in the sense of "cracked slightly," and "cracked" in the sense of "broken apart." |
| 330b | 16 | *fleeting.* fickleness, inconstancy. |
| 330b | 54 | *his wonderful property.* evidently the emerald's beautiful color. |
| 331b | 13 | *cookemate.* chief friend, most intimate friend; often spelled "cockmate." |
| 331b | 51–52 | *claw of a bitter.* A "claw" means (among other things) the short stem at the base of a flower. "Claw of a bitter," very probably, means some bitter plant the dried flowers of which (like cloves) are used as a spice or medicine. |
| 332b | 20 | *caul.* used probably in the obsolete generalized meaning of "membrane"—here a membrane covering the eye. |
| 332b | 21–22 | *Did not Giges, etc.* Candaules, king of Lydia, showed his queen naked to Giges—unknown to the queen; when she heard of the fact, she called Giges to her and ordered |

him, on pain of death, to slay her husband. Giges did so, married the queen, and became king.

333a 37 *tainted.* treated with liniment, or any other medicinal application.
333a 46 *cullisses.* strong, nourishing broths or soups.
333a 48 *conserves.* medicinal preparations of flowers, leaves, or roots, preserved with sugar.
333b 5 *the harp the fleet dolphin.* a familiar old classic tradition. Found in Pliny, xi. 50.
334a 22 *glose.* deceitful speech.
334b 7 *swallow a gudgeon.* swallow the bait, be fooled. A gudgeon is a small European fresh-water fish much used for bait.
335a 1–2 *pinch courtesy.* stand on ceremony, be over-punctilious.
335a 9 *rounding.* whispering.
335b 25 *sterve.* die.
335b 26 *bavin.* a bundle of brushwood, bound with one band, and used for a hot, quick fire.
335b 42 *sleek-stone.* a smooth stone used for smoothing and polishing cloth, etc. Where Lyly obtained the curious tradition about it is not certain.
335b 48 *Pygmalion retaineth his old form.* Lyly is, it seems probable, thinking of Pygmalion's constancy in love of the image he made. But the whole reference seems vague and unsatisfactory.
336a 1 *touch.* touchstone.
336a 32 *haggard.* See note to p. 323a, l. 11.
336b 22–23 *The crocodile, etc.* The crocodile's tears are famous; many of the Elizabethan voyagers gravely report having heard of them. For a possible origin of the legend, see Bond's notes.
336b 30 (*though I lead apes in hell.*) See note to p. 210b, ll. 34–35.
337a 16 *hares in Athon.* Mount Athos is in Macedonia.
337a 17 *bees in Hybla.* Hybla (a town in Sicily) was famous to the classic poets for its honey—also was famous to the Elizabethans. Cf. Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Act 1, Scene 2.
337a 45 *Phillis . . . Demophon.* Phillis, daughter of the king of Thrace, was betrothed to Demophon, son of Theseus. Demophon did not come to marry Phillis when he agreed to, and Phillis, thinking herself deserted, killed herself, Demophon arriving too late to save her life.
337a 46–47 *Dido . . . Aeneas.* See Virgil's *Aeneid.*
337a 49 *Ariadne . . . Theseus.* Ariadne helped Theseus kill the Minotaur and escape from the Labyrinth, at Crete, and then escaped with him. On the island of Naxos Theseus deserted Ariadne.
337a 50–51 *Medea . . . Jason.* Medea helped Jason obtain the Golden Fleece and fled with him to Greece. Jason deserted her for a younger woman, whereupon Medea murdered her two children and then procured Jason's young wife's death by sending her a poisoned garment.
337a 51 *starter.* wanderer.
337b 20 *rockat.* a plant which Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, x. 83) says has the property of stirring up sexual desire.
337b 22 *the leaf Cress.* a cooling plant, therefore one which, Lyly supposes, allays sexual desire.
338a 11–12 *the whole herd of deer stand at the gaze, etc.* perhaps a legend of Lyly's own, derived from the deer's known fondness for apples.
338a 13–14 *the dolphin by the sound of music, etc.* See note to p. 333b, l. 5.
338a 42 *owches.* necklaces or brooches.
338a 43 *lear and caddis.* Lear is tape for the edges of a fabric. Caddis is worsted binding, used for garters, etc.
338b 27–28 *change your copy.* change your behavior.
339a 16 *silly.* simple.
339b 2 *the pure civet.* a substance of a strong, musky odor, derived from the civet cat, and used in perfumery.
339b 13 *stale.* decoy.
340b 10 *Portingale.* Portuguese.
341b 38–39 *on the parson's side.* i.e., in connection with his plans for the wedding.
342a 8 *hobby.* a small falcon.
342a 18ff *Mirha . . . Biblis . . . Phaedra.* These delightful classical lovers are described in Ovid's *Ars Amat.* i. 283–5, and 511.

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 342b | 5 | *cavilling.* sophistry, quibbling. |
| 342b | 9 | *Synon.* The Greek who, by fraud, persuaded the Trojans to take the wooden horse into Troy, and so brought about the destruction of Troy. |
| 342b | 36 | *the island Scyrum.* an island in the Aegean sea. |
| 342b | 38 | *the widow of Lesbos.* Lesbos is also an island in the Aegean. Where Lyly gets his story of the Lesbian widow is uncertain. |
| 343b | 11 | *glazeworm.* glow-worm. |
| 344a | 22ff | *how valiantly Ajax, etc.* In the contest for the armor of Achilles, Ajax was bested by Ulysses—a defeat which caused his death, described by Homer and by later poets as occurring after a period of insanity. Cf. note to p. 109b, l. 25. |
| 344a | 25 | *crake.* croak. |
| 344a | 32 | *puttock.* a word referring to various birds of prey; here probably to the kite. |
| 344a | 47 | *held fast.* i.e., held the hawk. |
| 344a | 48 | *descant.* the art of singing part-songs. Cf. also note to p. 286b, l. 14. |
| 344b | 7ff | *Did not Jupiter, etc.* Alcmena, Leda, Io, and Danae were all earthly maidens visited by Jupiter in his various amours. Lyly seems to confuse Io with Europa—Io was changed to a heifer by outraged Juno, but it was Europa whom Jupiter changed himself into a bull to win. |
| 344b | 11ff | *Did not Neptune . . . Did not Apollo, etc.* Neptune and Apollo, like Jupiter, had numerous love affairs with mortal maidens. All these transformations of Jupiter, Neptune, and Apollo are mentioned in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 6.103ff—from which Lyly very likely took them bodily. |
| 344b | 20 | *changing his copy.* See note to p. 338b, ll. 27–28. |
| 344b | 32 | *treacle.* a medicine formerly used more or less as a sovereign cure-all. |
| 344b | 32 | *fet.* fetched. |
| 345a | 31 | *gleek.* gibe, mocking speech. |
| 345a | 32–33 | *missed the cushion.* a common phrase of the time, meaning "missed the mark." |
| 345a | 51 | *frump.* snub—but "frump" is so effective in itself that it is a shame even to define it. |
| 346a | 35–36 | *the blacksmith with his polt foot.* Vulcan. |
| 346b | 36 | *Lais.* a celebrated Greek prostitute. |
| 346b | 38 | *Pasiphae.* wife of Minos, king of Crete. Both Minos and Pasiphae were of divine parentage. Neptune, to punish Minos for not keeping a vow made to him, caused Pasiphae to have a passion for a bull, as a result of which she came the mother of the Minotaur. Cf. note to p. 337a, l. 49. |
| 346b | 40 | *Mirha.* See note to p. 342a, ll. 18ff. |
| 347a | 35 | *corasives.* corrosives. |
| 347b | 18 | *treacle.* See note to p. 344b, l. 32. |
| 348a | 44 | *Danaus.* Danaus, king of Libya, had fifty daughters, his brother Aegyptus fifty sons. The sons of Aegyptus tried to obtain Danaus' kingdom, but later came to Danaus (who had fled to Argos) and wanted to marry his daughters. He consented, but ordered each daughter to slay her husband on the wedding night. Hypermnestra spared her husband Lynceus. Danaus was angry, but later relented. |
| 348b | 39 | *cockney.* a cockered, or too tenderly brought up, child. |
| 349a | 26 | *fatteth.* fatteneth; i.e., to the master's eye the horse seems fatter than to the eyes of others. |
| 349b | 32 | *Arachne.* Arachne, a mortal girl, was so proud of her weaving that she boasted she should rival Athena in the art. Athena proved her superiority, and then turned Arachne into a spider. |
| 350a | 1 | *quirks.* conceits. |
| 350a | 29 | *junkets.* sweetmeats. |
| 350a | 41 | *clout.* piece of cloth. |
| 350a | 53 | *sleek-stone.* See note to p. 335b, l. 42. |
| 350b | 2 | *caddis.* worsted band. |
| 350b | 32 | *lawn.* a very fine linen or cotton fabric with an open texture. |
| 351a | 5 | *plights.* pleats. |
| 351b | 37–38 | *the old courtier, his love taste of Saturn.* Lyly is thinking both of Saturn, the father of the gods, deprived of his power by Jupiter, and also of the planet Saturn, the most remote planet known to the ancients, and regarded by them as a cold, dry planet. |
| 352a | title | *The School of Abuse.* First published 1579. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 353a | 13 | *Colloquintida.* See note to p. 322a, l. 37. |
| 353a | 21 | *Virgil, etc.* referring to the pseudo-Virgilian poem, *Culex.* Spenser made a free paraphrase of it under the title of *Virgil's Gnat.* |
| 353a | 21–22 | *Ovid . . . flea.* probably referring to the gad-fly that Juno sends to pursue Io over the earth. Cf. Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* bk. I. |
| 353a | 39 | *jets.* goes about, trips along. |
| 353a | 41 | *Davus.* Both Plautus and Terence, in their comedies, use the name Davus for various rascally slaves. |
| 353a | 45 | *Epaeus' horse.* the celebrated "Trojan horse," built by Epaeus. See text of this volume, p. 11b. |
| 353b | 39 | *labors with mountains to bring forth mice.* See note to p. 144a, ll. 30–31. |
| 353b | 53 | *curst.* hateful. |
| 354b | 45 | *bile.* boil. |
| 355a | 15 | *rig.* ransack. |
| 355b | 8 | *simple road.* easily navigable, sheltered piece of water where a ship can anchor in safety. |
| 355b | 14–15 | *the wicked Nessus.* a Centaur, who, according to classic legend, being shot by Hercules with a poisoned arrow, gave some of his own poisoned blood to Hercules' wife as a love-potion; Hercules' wife smeared it on a robe and gave the robe to Hercules, thus causing his death. |
| 356a | title | *Arcadia.* First published 1590. Numerous early editions. |
| 356b | 2 | *haberdasher's shop.* See note to p. 319a, ll. 10–11. |
| 356b | 21 | *pastor.* herdsman, shepherd. |
| 356b | 37 | *ensign.* standard-bearer. Sidney uses the word, of course, humorously. |
| 358b | 17 | *stickled.* stopped. |
| 359a | 42 | *make.* mate. |
| 360b–361a | 54–1 | *their wrong-caused sorrow.* referring to the old legend of Philomela, daughter of King Pandion of Athens, who was tragically wronged by her sister's husband, and, after she and her sister had accomplished a bloody revenge, was turned into a nightingale. |
| 361a | 43 | *helots.* originally, in classic story, inhabitants of Helos, who were reduced to slavery by the Lacedemonians, and whose name became used to designate slaves in general. |
| 361b | 5 | *wanting.* lacking. |
| 363a | 51 | *Omphale, Iole.* both women loved by Hercules. |
| 363b | 16–17 | *bearing show of one being in deed, etc.* i.e., seeming to be a picture of a maiden who really existed, nevertheless was lovelier than even the ideal imagination of a painter could conceive. |
| 365a | 31 | *like goddess Iris faced.* Iris was goddess of the rainbow. |
| 365a | 32 | *god Vulcan's pace.* Vulcan, god of fire, broke his leg in falling from heaven upon the island of Lemnos; and from that time was lame in one foot. |
| 365a | 33 | *god Momus' grace.* Momus was the Greek evil spirit of reproaches, mockery, etc. |
| 365a | 36 | *crapal-stone.* more commonly spelled "crapaud-stone"; a precious stone formerly believed to develop in the head of a toad. Cf. note to p. 328b, ll. 11–12. |
| 370a | 47 | *cumber.* hindrance; i.e., if Pyrocles had revealed his plans to Musidorus, Musidorus would have been grieved and Pyrocles hindered in carrying the plans out. |
| 370b | 39 | *pantable.* pantofle, slipper. |
| 372a | 22 | *righter.* more directly. |
| 373a | 54 | *ridings.* lanes for horseback riding. |
| 374b | 50 | *pensils.* more commonly spelled "pencels"; pennons, banners carried by knights on their spears. |
| 375b | title | *The Defence of Poesy* (in the earliest editions called *An Apology for Poetry*). First published 1595. For excellent full explanatory and interpretative notes to *The Defence,* including the sources of all Sidney's classical quotations and references, see A. S. Cook's edition of *The Defence of Poesy,* Boston, 1890. |
| 375b | 38 | *Edward Wotton.* elder half-brother of the better known Sir Henry Wotton. One of Sidney's best friends. |
| 375b | 39 | *the Emperor's court.* Maximilian II (1527–1576), holy Roman emperor. |
| 376a | 13 | *pedanteria.* an example of pedantry. |
| 376b | 4ff | *the hedge-hog . . . the vipers.* Sidney may have found the hedgehog in various books (see Cook's notes). The vipers he found in Pliny's *Historia Naturalium,* xi. 62. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 377a | 22 | *stale.* obsolete past tense of "steal." |
| 377b | 25 | *sortes Virgilianae.* Virgil was used, as the Bible frequently has been, to obtain fitting advice in various emergencies by turning at random to some sentence in the book. |
| 377b | 29 | *Albinus.* a Roman governor of Britain, 192–197 A.D. The line quoted is from the *Aeneid*, 2.314. |
| 377b | 37 | *carmina.* verses. |
| 378a | 12 | *prosopopoeias.* personifications. |
| 378b | 40ff | *Theagenes, etc.* Theagenes is a character in Heliodorus; cf. note to p. 380a, l. 27. Pylades was friend to Orestes. Cf. note to p. 326b, ll. 37ff. *Orlando*—or Roland, the famous hero of the Charlemagne legend, celebrated by countless poets, including Ariosto in his *Orlando Furioso*. *Xenophon's Cyrus;* in his *Cyropedia.* |
| 379a | 52 | *Emanuel Tremellius . . . Franciscus Junius.* 1510–1580, and 1545–1602, respectively. Protestant scholars associated with each other in editing the Bible. |
| 379b | 35 | *Lucretia.* the Roman matron who killed herself after her rape by Tarquin. See selection from Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece*, p. 185 of this volume. |
| 380a | 27 | *Heliodorus.* lived in Thessaly in the third century, A.D. He was one of the late Greek writers of romances, who influenced Sidney's writings (especially *Arcadia*) not a little. The story Sidney refers to is Heliodorus' *Aethiopica.* |
| 380a | 51 | *anatomies.* analyses. |
| 381b | 2–3 | *Poictiers and Agincourt.* See text and notes to Drayton's *Ode to the Cambro-Britons;* pp. 115ff, of this volume. |
| 382b | 23 | *Nisus and Euryalus.* in the *Aeneid*, bk. 9. Nisus died in revenging his friend Euryalus. |
| 382b | 26 | *Oedipus.* in Sophocles' play, *Oedipus Rex.* |
| 382b | 27–28 | *Agamemnon . . . Atreus.* in Aeschylus' play, *Agamemnon.* |
| 382b | 29 | *Theban brothers.* Eteocles and Polynices; in Aeschylus' play, *The Seven against Thebes.* |
| 382b | 30 | *Medea.* in Euripides' play, *Medea.* Cf. note to p. 337a, ll. 50–51. |
| 383a | 3–4 | *Mediocribus esse, etc.* quoted (slightly inaccurately) from Horace: *Ars Poetica*, 372–3. |
| 383a | 8–9 | *moral commonplaces.* "Commonplaces" here does not have its present-day derogatory connotation, but means simply "pithy quotations from famous writers." |
| 383b | 20 | *Dares Phrygius.* Sidney, together with all medieval and Renaissance thinkers, thought of Dares Phrygius as an accurate historian; he was supposed to have been a priest of Vulcan who witnessed the siege of Troy. His writings have been proved to be later forgeries. |
| 383b | 38 | *Q. Curtius.* a Roman historian who wrote the history of Alexander; only part of which now exists. |
| 384b | 12ff | *Miltiades, etc.* all figures of Greek and Roman history. |
| 384b | 23 | *Caesar's own words.* quoted by Suetonius, in *Julius Caesar*, 77. Cf. Cook's notes, to his edition of *The Defence.* |
| 385a | 10 | *As Aristotle saith.* in his *Ethics.* |
| 385a | 39 | *Hoc opus, etc.* Virgil's *Aeneid*, 6.129. |
| 385a | 51 | *margent.* Cf. note to p. 229a, l. 7. |
| 385b | 28 | *as Aristotle saith.* in his *Poetics.* |
| 385b | 33 | *Amadis de Gaule.* a medieval metrical romance. |
| 385b | 43–44 | *Fugientem, etc. Aeneid*, 12.645–6. |
| 385b | 50 | *Boethius.* died about 525 A.D.; wrote *The Consolation of Philosophy.* |
| 386b | 33 | *Sannazzaro.* (1458–1530) Italian poet; writer of the *Arcadia.* Sidney was influenced by him in Sidney's own *Arcadia.* |
| 386b | 47–50 | *Meliboeus . . . Tityrus.* shepherds' names, in Virgil's *Eclogues* and other pastoral writings. |
| 386b | 53 | *pretty tales of wolves and sheep.* Sidney perhaps is thinking of Spenser's *Shepherds' Calendar*, eclogue for September. |
| 387a | 8–9 | *Haec memini, etc.* Virgil's *Eclogues*, 7.69–70. |
| 387a | 25 | *Omne vafer, etc.* Cook notes that this is condensed from a couplet in Persius' *Satires*, 1.116–117. |
| 387a | 30 | *circum, etc.* also from the couplet of Persius referred to in preceding note. |
| 387a | 34 | *Est Ulubris.* a modification of Horace's *Epistles*, 1.11.30. |
| 387b | 15ff | *Demea, etc.* characters in Terence's Latin comedies. |
| 387b | 26 | *in pistrinum.* Sidney is referring to the punishment for slaves frequently referred to in Plautus and Terence. Cf. Cook's notes, in his edition of *The Defence.* |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 387b | 44–45 | *qui sceptra, etc.* from Seneca's *Oedipus*, 705–6. |
| 387b | 48 | *Alexander Pheraeus.* Greek ruler, described by Plutarch in his *Lives* (*Life of Pelopidas*). Cf. Cook's notes. |
| 388a | 24 | *Percy and Douglas.* some earlier version of a familiar Scottish popular ballad. |
| 388a | 27 | *crowder.* player on a crowd. For "crowd," see note to p. 43a, line 38. |
| 388a | 32 | *Hungary.* Sidney visited Hungary in 1573. |
| 388b | 10 | *Turnus.* in the *Aeneid. Tydeus.* in the *Iliad. Rinaldo.* in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso.* |
| 388b | 50 | *Melius Chrysippo, etc.* Horace, *Epist.* 1. 2. 4. Chrysippus and Crantor were distinguished philosophers. |
| 389b | 16 | *Ovid's verse.* Sidney, as Cook points out, has changed Ovid's wording. Ovid (*Ars Amat.* 2.662) has: "Et lateat vitium proximitate boni." |
| 389b | 19 | *Agrippa.* Cornelius Agrippa (1486–1535), German humanist scholar. |
| 389b | 20 | *Erasmus.* Desiderius Erasmus (1466?–1536), who wrote *Moriae Encomium* (*The Praise of Folly*). |
| 389b | 42 | *Scaliger.* in his *Poetics*. |
| 390a | 34 | *Percontatorem, etc.* from Horace, *Epist.* 1.18.69. |
| 390a | 35 | *Dum sibi, etc.* from Ovid, *Remedies of Love*, 686. |
| 391b | 43 | *Judith killing Holofernes.* from the book of Judith, in the *Apocrypha.* |
| 392a | 6 | *rampire.* rampart, wall of defence. |
| 392a | 36–37 | *certain Goths, of whom it is written, etc.* The story is told in various histories. Cf. Cook's notes. |
| 392b | 9–10 | *the quiddity of ens, etc.* i.e., the language of technical philosophy. |
| 393b | 15–16 | *Saint Paul himself sets a watchword upon philosophy, etc. Colossians*, 2.8. |
| 393b | 46–48 | *Qua authoritate, etc.* Scaliger's *Poetics*, 5.a. 1. |
| 394a | 31–32 | *Socrates, whom Apollo confirmed to be the only wise man.* i.e., the oracle at Delphi gave an answer to this effect, to one of Socrates' friends. See Plato's *Apology*. |
| 394b | 24 | *Musa, etc.* Virgil's *Aeneid*, 1.12. |
| 394b | 28 | *Adrian.* Roman emperor, 76–138 A.D. |
| 394b | 28 | *Sophocles.* a general of the Athenian army, as well as a tragic poet. |
| 394b | 28 | *Germanicus.* (15 B.C.–19 A.D.) adopted son of the emperor Tiberius, warrior and also poet. |
| 394b | 31 | *Robert, king of Sicily.* Robert II of Anjou (1275–1343). |
| 394b | 32 | *Francis of France.* Francis I (1494–1547). |
| 394b | 32 | *King James of Scotland.* probably James I (1394–1437)—as Cook points out. |
| 394b | 33 | *Bembus.* the Pietro Bembo who is one of the speakers in Castiglione's *Courtier*. Cf notes to the selection from *The Courtier*, in this volume. |
| 394b | 33 | *Bibiena.* (1470–1520). |
| 394b | 35 | *Beza.* Biblical scholar (1519–1605). |
| 394b | 35 | *Melancthon.* (1497–1560). |
| 394b | 36 | *Fracastorius.* (1483–1553). |
| 394b | 36 | *Scaliger.* (1484–1558). Cf. note to p. 389b, l. 42. |
| 394b | 37 | *Pontanus.* (1426–1503). Italian scholar. |
| 394b | 37 | *Muretus.* (1526–1585). French scholar. |
| 394b | 38 | *George Buchanan.* (1506–1582). a Scotch writer. |
| 394b | 40 | *that Hospital of France.* Michel de l'Hospital (1504–1573), Chancellor of France. |
| 395a | 11–12 | *troubled in the net with Mars.* Vulcan, Venus' husband, suspected her infidelity with Mars, devised an iron net, and caught and exposed Venus and Mars in each other's arms. |
| 395a | 32 | *Queis, etc.* Sidney's variation of Juvenal's *Satires*, 14.34–5. |
| 395b | 15–16 | *a Daedalus to guide him.* Daedalus was the mythical inventor who made for himself and his son, Icarus, wings, in order that they might escape from confinement. Icarus flew too high (i.e., disregarded Daedalus' guidance), the sun melted the wax in the wings, and he fell into the ocean. |
| 395b | 33 | *Quicquid, etc.* a variation of Ovid, *Tristia*, 4.10.26. |
| 395b | 48–49 | *The Shepherds' Calendar.* Spenser's, of course. |
| 396a | 4ff | *Theocritus . . . Virgil . . . Sannazzaro.* Theocritus' *Idylls*, Virgil's *Eclogues*, Sannazzaro's *Piscatory Eclogues*. For Sannazzaro, cf. also note to p. 386b, l. 33. |
| 396a | 20 | *Gorboduc.* called usually the earliest English tragedy. Published first in 1565. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 396b | 5 | *traverses.* changes of fortune; or, perhaps, difficulties, obstacles. |
| 396b | 35–36 | *Pacolet's horse.* a winged horse belonging to a dwarf, Pacolet, a character in the old French romance of *Valentine and Orson.* |
| 396b | 40 | *as Horace said.* in his *Satires,* 1.3.6. |
| 396b | 44 | *story of young Polydorus.* i.e., Euripides' play, *Hecuba.* |
| 397a | 21 | *Apuleius.* of the second century, A.D., author of *Metamorphoses,* always referred to as "Apuleius' Golden Ass." |
| 397b | 42–43 | *Nil habet, etc.* from Juvenal's *Satires,* 3.152–3. |
| 397b | 45 | *Thraso.* character in Terence's *Eunuch.* |
| 398b | 8 | *Nizolian paper-books.* Nizolius, or Nizzoli (1498–1566), Italian lexicographer, published a lexicon or thesaurus of Ciceronian phrases. Sidney refers, then, to collections of Cicero's or Demosthenes' phrases similar to that of Nizolius. |
| 398b | 21–22 | *Vivit et vincit, etc.* Cook points out that Sidney is apparently quoting from memory, and supplies in the text of his edition of *The Defence* the true reading of Cicero (Catiline 1.2.): "Vivit. Vivit? Immo vero etiam in senatum venit." |
| 398b | 30 | *Similiter cadences.* Cook points out that this is "a partial Anglicization of Quintilian's cadentia similiter." (Quint. 9.4.42.) |
| 398b | 43–44 | *certain printed discourses.* Sidney is evidently thinking of Lyly's *Euphues,* or other books in that style. |
| 400a | 38 | *Clauserus.* Conrad Clauser (1520?–1611), German scholar. Cornutus was a stoic of the time of Nero. |
| 400b | 4 | *Landin.* Landino (1424–1504), Italian scholar. |
| 400b | 16 | *Libertino patre natus.* Horace, *Satires,* 1.6.6. |
| 400b | 18 | *Si quid, etc.* Virgil's *Aeneid,* 9.446. |
| 400b | 22 | *dull-making cataract of Nilus.* Cook quotes Cicero's *Vision of Scipio* (*Somnium Scipionis*) to the effect that the people living near a great cataract of the Nile become deaf from the noise. |
| 400b | 23 | *planet-like music.* i.e., like the music of the spheres. |
| 400b | 27–28 | *mome.* fool. *Momus.* classical personification of satire. |
| 400b | 29–30 | *ass's ears of Midas.* the familiar story of Midas, whose ears Apollo changed to ass's ears because Midas preferred Pan to Apollo as a flute-player. |
| 400b | 31 | *Bubonax.* Cook suggests the word is a mistake for Bupalus, in Pliny's *Historia Naturalium,* 36.4. Cf. Cook's notes. |
| 401a | title | *A View of the State of Ireland.* Not published until 1633, but written in 1596. |
| 401b | 29 | *lewd.* worthless, vile. |
| 403a | title | *A Report about the Truth of the Fight, etc.* Published anonymously in 1591; included, as by Raleigh, in the enlarged edition of Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations,* 1598–1600. |
| 403a | title | *Açores.* same as Azores. |
| 403a | 24 | *advisoes.* See note to p. 484a, l. 11. |
| 403b | 12 | *Cales.* Calais. |
| 404b | 5 | *roomaging.* disordering, disarranging. |
| 405a | 1 | *sprang their luff.* brought their ship's head closer to the wind. |
| 407b | 14 | *unroomaged.* the cargo not properly arranged. |
| 409a | 33 | *runagate.* renegade. |
| 409b | 29–30 | *The Spanish Cruelties.* De las Cases lived 1474–1566. The tract Raleigh refers to is *Brevisima Relacion de la Destruycion de las Indias occidentales;* written 1542, published about 1552. |
| 411a | title | *A Notable Discovery of Cosenage.* First published 1591. |
| 411a | 30–31 | *russet . . . frieze.* materials commonly used by country folk for clothing. |
| 412a | 14 | *ferret-claw.* The meaning is plain if one keeps in mind the nature and habits of the ferret. |
| 412a | 41–42 | *quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum.* Who, unless he is weak-minded, refuses gold when it is presented to him? |
| 412b | 42 | *pair.* pack. |
| 413a | 35 | *coat-card.* "face-card," playing card bearing a "coated" (clothed) figure, king, queen, or jack. |
| 413a | 49 | *five is up.* i.e., five cuts shall finish the game; equivalent to the present-day phrase, "three out of five." |
| 413b | 33 | *cope.* a hooded cloak used by ecclesiastics. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 414a | 44ff | *primero, primo vasto, etc.* various card-games. For primero, see dictionaries. |
| 414b | 11 | *prick.* choose, pick out. |
| 414b | 19–20 | *chopping.* exchanging. |
| 414b | 39 | *vie and revie.* wager and re-wager. The process corresponds closely to raising the bet and "seeing," in the modern game of poker. |
| 415a | 44 | *humour.* See note to p. 142b, l. 4. |
| 415b | title | *A Groats-worth of Wit, etc.* First published in 1592. |
| 415b | title | *prevent.* avoid. |
| 417b | 5 | *oil of angels.* a common phrase of the time, usually implying money given as a bribe. An "angel" was a gold coin of the period. |
| 417b | 14 | *habit.* costume, garb. |
| 417b | 26 | *ordinary.* well known. |
| 417b | 38 | *let.* hindrance. |
| 417b | 49 | *copes-mates.* companions. |
| 418b | 47 | *miss.* mistaken way. |
| 419a | 1 | *at six or seven.* The more common form is "at sixes and sevens." |
| 421 | title | *Pierce Penniless, etc.* First published in 1592. For fuller notes on Nashe, see R. B. McKerrow's edition of Nashe's works, London, 1904–1908. |
| 421 | 7 | *Saturnists.* cold, dull persons. Cf. note to p. 189a, l. 32. |
| 421 | 11 | *Beza or Marlorat.* Théodore Bèze (1519–1605), and Augustin Marlorat (1506–1561), French Protestant scholars and theologians. |
| 421 | 14 | *Rosamond.* Daniel's poem (published 1592). Cf. text, pp. 131ff of this volume. |
| 421 | margin | *our sectuaries.* the dissenting Puritan clergy. |
| 421 | 15 | *dunstical.* duncical, stupid. |
| 421 | 17 | *baffuld.* disgraced (by being insulted in broadside street ballads). |
| 421 | 26 | *Silver-tongued Smith.* Henry Smith (1550?–1591), a Puritan clergyman. |
| 422 | margin | *chronigraphers.* chronographers, chroniclers. |
| 422 | 39–40 | *caret tempus, etc.* Nashe most probably is referring to someone in the University (perhaps his familiar enemy, Gabriel Harvey), who had perpetrated this blundering Latin sentence and became notorious for having done so. This suggestion I owe to Professor I. M. Linforth of the University of California. |
| 423 | 3 | *aqua-fortis.* nitric acid. |
| 423 | 11 | *his Mastership's mouth.* Nashe is referring to Gabriel Harvey, Fellow at Cambridge, friend of Spenser's, and opponent of Nashe's in a notorious literary squabble. See any account of Nashe's life. |
| 423 | 17 | *babound.* baboon. |
| 424 | 12 | *collian.* or cullian; base fellow, rascal. |
| 425 | 5 | *the sign of the smock.* i.e., a brothel. |
| 425 | 27–28 | *pantaloon, a whore, and a zany.* type characters in the Italian commedia dell' arte (allowing for Nashe's bias against the woman); pantaloon being a foolish old man, and the zany a servant. |
| 426a | title | *The Unfortunate Traveler.* First published 1594. |
| 426a | 5–6 | *Tournay and Térouanne.* taken by Henry VIII on an expedition into France in 1513. |
| 426a | 14–15 | *Coelum petimus stultitia.* Horace's *Odes*, 1.3.38. |
| 426a | 21 | *Jane Tross.* evidently a well-known woman of the town at the time. |
| 426a | 23 | *black jacks.* vessels, of waxed leather coated outside with tar or pitch, used for holding liquor. |
| 426a | 24 | *county palatine.* burlesque use of the title of Count Palatine. |
| 426a | 26 | *rashers of the coals.* slices of broiled bacon. |
| 426a | 27 | *red herring cobs.* heads of red herrings. Cf. N. E. D. |
| 426a | 27 | *Paulo majora canamus.* Virgil, *Eclogues*, 4.1. |
| 426a | 33 | *the oath of the pantofle.* evidently a practical joke customary in initiation of pages into the association of their fellows; the neophyte taking oath upon an old shoe. R. B. McKerrow in his notes to Nashe's works points out that a similar custom prevailed at Cambridge. |
| 426b | 25 | *ivy bush.* an ivy bush was one recognized sign of a tavern that sold wine. |
| 427a | 13 | *shift of the seventeens.* slang term for a complicated fabrication or lie; perhaps alluding to a difficult step in the cinquepace (a dance of the time) called "the trick of seventeen." Cf. N. E. D. under "cinquepace." |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 427a | 30 | *way.* or wey, a standard of dry-goods weight; at this time about 250 pounds in the case of cheese. |
| 427a | 30 | *great.* in gross, wholesale. |
| 427a | 39 | *doit.* Dutch coin worth about half a cent. |
| 427a | 40 | *dandiprat.* English coin worth three cents. |
| 427a | 40–41 | *half sous.* worth about a cent. |
| 427a | 41 | *denier.* worth, about this time, a fifth of a cent. |
| 428a | 11 | *hugger mugger.* secrecy. |
| 428b | 13 | *Epimenides.* a legendary Cretan, who is said to have gone in search of his father's sheep, lain down in a cave, and slept for 57 (according to another legend, 40) years. |
| 428b | 37 | *snudge.* miser, niggardly person. |
| 429a | 1–2 | *the hunter pursuing the beaver, etc.* This curious bit of zoölogical legend comes from Pliny the elder's *Historia Naturalium*, 8.47. |
| 429a | 16 | *dole.* distribution. The word is usually used of stingy distribution. Probably Nashe, then, uses it ironically. Or perhaps it is a misprint for "deal." |
| 429a | 17 | *scuppets.* shovels; probably, here, trench-shovels. |
| 429a | 20 | *provant.* rations, food. |
| 429a | 46 | *bolted out.* found out (by sifting the evidence). |
| 429a | 50 | *tentoes.* The meaning is clear if the two syllables are separated. |
| 429b | 28 | *queristers.* choristers. |
| 430a | 16 | *Geraldine.* For all these paragraphs concerning Geraldine, cf. Surrey's sonnets (some of which are on pp. 9–10 of this volume). Nashe probably did not know a very great deal more about Surrey's personality than anyone who is familiar with Surrey's verse knows. |
| 430a | 38 | *tithing.* granting. |
| 431a | 5 | *nice.* used here in sense of "squeamish." Cf. note to p. 105b, l. 15. |
| 431a | 16–17 | *Erasmus . . . Sir Thomas More.* The meeting Nashe describes is, of course, wholly imaginary. |
| 431b | 9 | *pickerdevant.* peaked, or "Van Dyke" beard. This style of beard was very fashionable at the time, as portraits of Elizabethan gentlemen will make apparent. |
| 431b | 11 | *ruthful.* lamentable. |
| 431b | 30–31 | *Dum iuga, etc.* a phrase from Virgil's *Eclogues*, 5.76. The context is as follows:<br>"Dum iuga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,<br>Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadae,<br>Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt."<br><br>"While the boar loves the mountain, while the fish the rivers,<br>While the bees feed on thyme, and the cicadas on dew,<br>Always these honors, and thy name and praises, shall remain." |
| 431b | 36 | *gibridge.* gibberish. |
| 432a | 18–19 | *like a Saracen.* Possibly Nashe is thinking of the paintings or images of Saracens' heads used commonly then for inn-signs, etc. |
| 432a | 21 | *knit.* ? This may be a misprint; but of what, it is hard to say. |
| 432a | 26 | *liquored.* dressed with oil or grease. |
| 432a | 30 | *broccing duble.* duble, or double, beer is beer of double strength—i.e., the oration was a drunken one. "Broccing" may imply "stinking" (from "brock" meaning a badger; cf. N. E. D.), or perhaps a rare use of "brock," meaning "to speak broken language." McKerrow (edition of Nashe's works) suggests "broking" ("pandering," hence "rascally"), but this seems to me less likely to be Nashe's meaning. |
| 432a | 32–33 | *ideo nobilis quasi no bilis.* a typically mixed Latin-and-English Nashean (or Vanderhulkian) pun. The duke is nobilis (noble) because he has no "bilis," no bile in him. |
| 432b | 2 | *fisgigging.* running about, gadding. |
| 432b | 3 | *firking flantado amfibologies.* jigging, flaunting ambiguities. |
| 432b | 10–11 | *squitter-books.* scribblers—i.e., those who squitter, or squirt, ink into books. |
| 432b | 11 | *clout.* patch. |
| 432b | 23 | *Lubeck liquor.* liquor from Lubeck, a town in northern Germany, famous for its strong beer. |
| 433a | 2 | *Acolastus.* A Latin comedy, by Fullonius, written 1529. |
| 433a | 33 | *Carolstadius.* Andreas Rudolf Bodenstein, of Carlstadt (1480–1541), often known as |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| | | Carlstadt, Karolstadt, or Carolstadius; German reformer, associated with Luther at Wittenberg. |
| 433a | 34 | *scolded level coil.* had a noisy dispute, the disputants being evenly matched. |
| 433a | 42–43 | *Quae supra, etc.* That which is above us is nothing to us. Cf. also text, p. 325a, l. 27. |
| 433b | 18 | *thripped.* snapped (referring to the well-known act of making a noise with the thumb and forefinger). |
| 433b | 35ff | *they count him excellent eloquent who stealeth not whole phrases but whole pages out of Tully.* Cf. in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, p. 537b of this volume. |
| 433b | 47 | *Nizolius.* See note to p. 398b, l. 8. |
| 434a | 1 | *tarras.* terrace; here meaning platform. |
| 434a | 12–13 | *Cornelius Agrippa.* See note to p. 389b, l. 19. |
| 435a | title | *The Gentle Craft.* Published 1597. |
| 435a | title | *St. Hugh.* The legend of St. Hugh and St. Winifred appears to have been invented by Deloney, on the basis of at least two stories in Caxton's *Golden Legend.* There was a St. Winifred, from whom Deloney's St. Winifred comes directly; but no similar St. Hugh. Cf. F. O. Mann's notes in his edition of Deloney's works. |
| 436a | 49 | *hind.* peasant, rustic. |
| 438a | 39 | *the stone carchaedonis.* a brilliant precious stone from Carthage. Described by the elder Pliny, *Hist. Natural*, 37.104; often confused with chalcedony, another precious stone. |
| 440a | 54 | *lawn.* See note to p. 178b, l. 18. |
| 441b | 41 | *mugwort.* a common British plant, Artemisia vulgaris. |
| 441b | 51 | *Mother Bumby.* a familiar name applied to a witch. See, for example, John Lyly's play *Mother Bombie*, produced before 1594. Perhaps Deloney took the name direct from Lyly, but it is more likely that both took it from common usage. |
| 442b | 17–18 | *as long as we can see him fight with the dragon, etc.* The shoemakers refer to the ancient traditional mumming play of *St. George and the Dragon.* The tradition lasted well up into the nineteenth century, in country districts of England. Thomas Hardy gives a well-known account of such a performance, in *The Return of the Native.* |
| 442b | 25 | *bear his part in a three-man's song.* sing in a part-song for three male voices. See the three-man's songs from Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday*, p. 234 of this volume. |
| 442b | 30 | *colt.* fool, ignorant youngster. |
| 442b | 31 | *viva voce.* by word of mouth. Deloney means evidently "aloud in chorus." |
| 443a | title | *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity.* The first four books were published in 1594. |
| 443a | 6 | *regiment.* meaning here is "government." |
| 443a | 7 | *lets.* obstacles. |
| 443a | 42 | *nice.* See note to p. 105b, l. 15. |
| 443a | 42 | *humour.* See note to p. 142b, l. 4. |
| 444b | 49 | *proper.* i.e., partaking of that Person's own nature. |
| 445a | 16–17 | *Mercurius Trismegistus.* See note to p. 251b, l. 10. |
| 446a | 11 | *card.* probably means, here, "chart"; possibly "compass." Cf. N. E. D. |
| 447b | 23 | *volubility.* here has the meaning of "state of rotating." |
| 450a | title | *Sir John Hawkins's Second Voyage, etc.* Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations* was first published 1589; enlarged, 1598–1600. |
| 450a | title | *Lubeck.* a town of northern Germany. |
| 450b | 15 | *put roomer.* headed out to the open sea. |
| 450b | 19 | *Galicia.* province in northwestern Spain. |
| 450b | 40 | *strike the mizzen.* lower the mizzen (hindmost sail of a three-masted vessel). |
| 451a | 41 | *went roomer.* kept out to the open sea. |
| 451b | 9 | *pretended.* purposed. |
| 451b | 11 | *bases.* small light cannon. |
| 451b | 14 | *targets.* small shields. |
| 451b | 40 | *trimmed.* set in the proper position. |
| 452a | 4 | *suckets.* succades; candied fruit. |
| 452a | 4 | *raisons of the sun.* sun-dried grapes. |
| 452a | 13–14 | *his nature is, etc.* The "Gentleman in the Voyage" obtained this information, probably, directly or indirectly from the elder Pliny's *Hist. Natural*, 10.83. |
| 452b | 5 | *piked.* peaked. |
| 452b | 45 | *pargoes.* porgos, porgies; refers to several varieties of fishes; probably here to Sparus pagrus, found in Mediterranean and Atlantic waters. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 453a | 24 | *Cape de Buena Esperança.* Cape of Good Hope. |
| 453b | 11 | *pretence.* purpose. |
| 453b | 53 | *pretended.* purposed. |
| 453b | 54 | *Idols.* the Bissagos Islands (?). The general route of the voyage is easy to follow (i.e., to the Canaries, down the coast of Africa to Sierra Leone, and then across to the West Indies and Florida), but most of the names of specific places are no longer in use. |
| 454a | 18 | *pompions.* pumpkins. |
| 454a | 18 | *fry.* fish-roe. |
| 454a | 39–40 | *pinketh a jerkin.* cuts the edge of the jerkin (jacket) into scallops. |
| 454b | 35 | *overthwart.* running crossways. |
| 454b | 46 | *lover.* more often spelled "louver." a turret-like erection, used on the roof of medieval buildings, having openings on the side to let out smoke or let in light. |
| 455a | 44 | *evets.* efts, small lizards. |
| 455b | 39 | *licorous.* greedy. |
| 456b | 4 | *the ordinary breeze.* the trade-wind. For a discussion of "breeze" in this sense, see J. L. Lowes: *The Road to Xanadu,* pp. 128–9. |
| 457b | 3 | *pines.* evidently the fruit of the piñon, or American nut-pine. Cf. note to p. 481b, l. 27. |
| 458a | 24 | *gossapine.* gossampine, a shrub (Bombax pentandrum) which produces a cotton-like fiber. |
| 458b | 28 | *toll.* entice. |
| 460b | 36 | *incontinent.* immediately. |
| 461b | 15 | *sodden.* boiled. |
| 462a | 15 | *storax liquida.* a kind of fragrant balsam, used in perfumery. |
| 462b | 37–38 | *unicorns' horns.* Arber (*English Garner*) suggests that these may have been bears' claws. The present editor might add his guess: perhaps alligators' teeth. |
| 463b | 10 | *fisgig.* a kind of harpoon. |
| 463b | 47 | *herne.* heron. |
| 463b | 49 | *egript.* egret, a species of white heron. |
| 463b | 51 | *hearneshaw.* young heron. |
| 463b | 53 | *estridge.* ostrich. |
| 464a | 1–3 | *the pelican which is figured to be the lovingest bird that is.* a familiar belief of the day, which the writer obviously does not report from his own observation. |
| 464b | 13 | *so far shot.* so far on our way. |
| 464b | title | *The Third Voyage of William Barents. Purchas His Pilgrims* was published in 1625. *Northward to the kingdoms of Cathaia and China.* i.e., an attempt to find a north-east passage to the orient. |
| 465a | 43 | *The Vlie.* the "Vlie-ström," opening between the Zuider Zee and the North Sea. |
| 465a | 46 | *cross-staff.* This and the astrolabium were instruments (now obsolete) for determining latitude. For the methods of using them, see Encyclopedia Brittanica or New International Encyclopedia, under "Navigation." The "height of the pole" is equivalent to the latitude. |
| 465b | 10 | *the great rundle.* the great circle of the sun's periphery. |
| 465b | 27 | *Wey-gates.* Vaigach (Waigatz, Waigat) Strait, between Nova Zembla and the mainland of Russia. |
| 466b | 21 | *Bear Island.* half way between Spitzbergen and the coast of Norway. |
| 467a | 4 | *scute.* flat-bottomed boat. |
| 467a | 46 | *Weiringen.* or Wieringen; an island in the Vlie-ström. Cf. note above, to p. 465a, l. 43. |
| 467b | 33 | *Lomsbay.* This I cannot identify—it was obviously a bay on the south-west coast of Nove Zembla. |
| 467b | 37 | *lesien.* lugsail (?). |
| 467b | 40–41 | *the point of the Admiral's land.* Admiralty Peninsula, about two-thirds of the way up the west coast of Nova Zembla. |
| 468a | 2 | *the Ice Haven.* a short way down the east coast of Nova Zembla below Cape Mauritius. They have now, then, sailed round the north end of Nova Zembla. |
| 468a | 48–49 | *straits of Mergates.* the "Wey-gates," or Vaigach Strait again—misspelled either by De Veer, Purchas, or Purchas's printer. |
| 468b | 8–9 | *point of Desire.* probably Cape Mauritius. |
| 468b | 10 | *Wergats.* still the Vaigach Straits. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 469a | 47 | *clift.* meaning here a cleft. For a suggestive discussion of the different uses of "clift," "cliff," and "cleft," see J. L. Lowes: *The Road to Xanadu*, pp. 143ff and notes to those pages. |
| 470a | 23 | *Tartaria, Muscovia.* eastern and western Russia. |
| 470b | 4 | *great piece.* cannon. |
| 470b | 14 | *after steven.* timber forming the stern of the ship. |
| 470b | 29 | *may-pole.* a curious use of the term, evidently to indicate a flag-pole. |
| 471b | 33 | *wine-pipe.* a pipe, in this sense, was a large cask. |
| 472b | 17–18 | *the chest with linen.* i.e., some of the cargo they carried for the purpose of trade with the people of Cathaia and China. Cf. p. 464b, title. |
| 472b | 53 | *shards.* fragments, usually of earthenware; perhaps here sticks of wood. |
| 474a | 12 | *the Rens.* the reins or kidneys—i.e., the constellation Libra (the Balance), which is the sign of the zodiac governing the reins. The first suggestion for this identification I owe to Dr. A. L. Stevenson of the University of California. |
| 475b | 17 | *the "three kings."* the Magi, whose arrival in Bethlehem (or, according to some traditions, whose first sight of the star) is commemorated by the festival of Twelfth Night. |
| 475b | 24–25 | *made tickets.* either a mock election (the gunner winning it), or a lottery of some sort. |
| 477b | 15 | *sod.* boiled. |
| 479a | 45 | *dry-fats.* large boxes or cases, to hold dry goods. |
| 479a | 48 | *runlets.* more often spelled rundlets; small barrels, usually holding about eighteen gallons. |
| 479b | 22–23 | *St. Laurence Bay, or Sconce Point.* evidently a bay on Vaigach Island, between Nova Zembla and the mainland. In sailing from the Ice Haven in their open boats, the party went round Nova Zembla to the north, down the west coast, then across to Russia, then west along the north coast of Russia, across the opening to the White Sea, and so to the River Kola. |
| 479b | 25 | *lodgies.* Anglicized Russian term for small boats. |
| 479b | 43–44 | *mischuyt.* biscuit (?). |
| 480a | 3 | *river of Coola.* spelled on all modern maps Kola. A river in Lapland. |
| 480b | 6 | *Mase.* spelled now Maas (or Meuse). |
| 480b | 19 | *Prince Maurice.* Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange, head of the armed forces of the Netherlands. |
| 480b | title | *Sir Francis Drake Revived.* First published in 1626. |
| 480b | 30 | *Cimaroons.* a Spanish term, applied to the fugitive negro slaves on the isthmus of Panama who banded together and revolted against the Spaniards. |
| 481b | 9 | *lover hole.* hole in the roof to let smoke out. Cf. note to p. 454, l. 46. |
| 481b | 17–18 | *artificial.* skilful. The word "artificial" did not usually have to the Elizabethans the derogatory sense it has to the twentieth century. |
| 481b | 26 | *mammeas.* usually spelled now "mameys." A tropical fruit. |
| 481b | 26 | *guayvas.* guavas. |
| 481b | 27 | *pinos.* fruit of the American nut-pine, or piñon. |
| 482a | 14 | *Nombre de Dios.* a Spanish settlement on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus; by various authorities placed in various places—usually either at the mouth of the Chagres River or on the Bay of San Blas. |
| 483a | 10 | *South Atlantic.* i.e., the Pacific Ocean. |
| 483a | 41 | *champion country.* level open country. |
| 483b | 48 | *recuas.* Spanish term, meaning "a drove of beasts of burden"—i.e., a pack train. |
| 484a | 11 | *adviso.* usually spelled "aviso"; a Spanish term meaning "advice-boat," swift vessel for carrying despatches. |
| 484b | 44 | *aqua vitae.* spirits—the expression was applied to any fiery liquors such as brandy, whiskey, etc. |
| 486a | 12 | *quoits.* ring-shaped flattened pieces. |
| 486a | 44 | *Rio Francisco.* a small river near Nombre de Dios. |
| 486a | 53 | *Cabecas.* evidently some small islands off the coast not far from Nombre de Dios. |
| 488b | 17 | *Racha.* or Raca; a word occurring nowhere else in the Bible. Usually explained as a term of contempt, more or less equivalent to "thou fool" in the next sentence. |
| 488b | 35–36 | *advoutry.* adultery. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 497a | title | *Translation of The Dial of Princes.* Published 1557. |
| 498a | 45 | *shamefast.* modest. |
| 499a | title | *Translation of Plutarch's Lives.* First published 1579. |
| 499b | 28 | *cithern.* See note to p. 79a, l. 32. |
| 500a | 28 | *slents.* sly hits or sarcasm. |
| 500a | 32 | *passing.* surpassing. |
| 500a | 50 | *Troglodytes.* cave-dwellers—here referring to certain tribes living on the shores of the Red Sea. |
| 505b | 27 | *aspic.* asp. |
| 507a | title | *Paradoxes and Problems.* Published 1633, but written in Donne's youth. As has been already stated in the preface, this selection from Donne includes only his early prose. His great prose works, his sermons, *Devotions*, etc., belong to a later period. |
| 507a | 25 | *cosen.* cheat. |
| 507b | 3–4 | *in his own forehead.* Donne is referring to the horns of the cuckold. Cf. note to p. 250b, l. 32. |
| 507b | 30 | *nice.* discriminating. |
| 508b | 21ff | *To say that it is all from all, etc.* These arguments are typical examples of the metaphysical reasoning Donne always loved. The belief that our souls come direct from God, not from our parents, is the common belief of the middle ages, by which epoch Donne's philosophy was deeply influenced. |
| 509b | 3 | *Quid facit Canius tuus? etc.* What is your Canius doing? He's laughing. A variation of Martial's epigrams, 3.20.21:<br>"Vis scire quid agat Canius tuus? Ridet."<br>For this identification I am indebted to Professor I. M. Linforth, of the University of California. |
| 510a | 7 | *It needs not perspicuousness.* i.e., it cannot be because the sermons need clarity. Donne plays on the word "plain." |
| 510a | 9 | *sem-brief-accents . . . crotchets.* The notation of the older music consisted commonly of: 1. large, 2. long, 3. breve, 4. semi-breve, 5. minim, 6. crotchet, or greater semi-minim, 7. quaver, or lesser semi-minim, or croma, 8. semi-quaver, or semi-croma. In modern notation the semi-breve is equivalent to a whole note. Donne is playing upon these technical terms; "to use sem-brief-accents" implies, then, both the musical notation and "to be half-way brief." "Have crotchets enough" refers to the short musical note, the crotchet, and also to the other meaning of the word, "whimsical or perverse notion." |
| 510b | 33–34 | *the mayor and aldermen of London in Richard the Third.* See the well-known scene in Shakespeare's play, *Richard III*, Act 3, Scene 7. |
| 510b | 39–40 | *scapingly.* evasively. |
| 512a | title | *Essays or Counsels, etc.* First published 1597, added to and enlarged in 1612, and 1625. My text is from the 1625 edition. For full explanatory notes to the essays, see, for example, M. A. Scott's edition (*The Modern Students' Library*). |
| 512a | 1 | *"What is Truth?" said jesting Pilate.* John 18.38. |
| 512a | 6–7 | *the sects of philosophers of that kind.* The skeptic schools of philosophy in Greece. |
| 512a | 39 | *One of the Fathers.* St. Augustine. |
| 512b | 23 | *The poet that beautified the sect, etc.* Lucretius. The passage Bacon quotes is from the second book of *De Rerum Natura.* |
| 513a | 20ff | *It being foretold, etc.* in Luke 18.8. |
| 513a | 33 | *mortification.* subduing the flesh. |
| 513a | 42–43 | *by him that spake only as a philosopher, etc.* Seneca. |
| 513a | 47 | *blacks.* black clothing; or, perhaps, hired mourners at a funeral. |
| 513b | 9 | *we read, etc.* The story is told by Plutarch (life of Otho), and by Suetonius (*Lives of the Twelve Caesars*). |
| 513b | 38ff | *saith he, etc.* Juvenal, *Satires*, 10.358–359. |
| 514a | 13–14 | *Extinctus amabitur idem.* from Horace's *Epistles*, 2.1.14. |
| 514a | 23–24 | *Salomon . . . saith, etc.* Proverbs 19.11. |
| 514b | 19 | *Pertinax.* Emperor of Rome, murdered 193 A.D. |
| 516b | 6 | *round.* perfect, thoroughly accomplished. |
| 517a | 24 | *as was said of Ulysses.* by Plutarch—who took the idea from Cicero. See M. A. Scott's notes, Modern Students' Library edition. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 517b | 10 | *Marcus Antonius.* Cf. the selection from North's Plutarch, pp. 499ff of this volume. |
| 518a | 1 | *he that preferred Helena.* Paris. |
| 518a | 44–45 | *Cum non sis, etc.* Cicero's letters, 7.3. |
| 518b | 19–20 | *Illi mors gravis, etc.* Seneca's *Thyestes*, 401–403. |
| 518b | 35ff | *Et conversus Deus, etc.* Bacon's Latin for *Genesis*, 1.31. |
| 520b | 16 | *Legend . . . Talmud . . . Alcoran.* See notes to p. 251b, ll. 2 and 3. |
| 520b | 24 | *second causes.* In philosophy (the uses of the terms going back to Aristotle) the first cause is the purpose or end for which anything is created; hence the first cause has been commonly identified with the Creator of the universe. Second causes are the forces or agencies by which a thing or a result is directly produced. |
| 522a | 28–29 | *a new primum mobile, that ravisheth all the spheres of government.* In Ptolemaic cosmology the primum mobile, outermost of the spheres of the terrestrial universe, whirls all the inner spheres (sun, moon, planets, and fixed stars) round the earth from east to west once in twenty-four hours; whereas the proper motion of the heavenly bodies (as seen in their changes of position as the seasons progress) is west to east. Cf. note to p. 85a, l. 6. |
| 522a | 37–38 | *eccentrics and epicycles, etc.* all terms of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. |
| 522b | 21 | *shrewd.* mischievous. |
| 522b | 40 | *eccentric.* has its literal meaning, here, of "not having the same center." |
| 523a | 3 | *set a bias upon their bowl.* term from the sport of bowling; meaning putting a weight on one part of the bowling ball which deflects its course. |
| 523b | 26 | *sarza.* sarsaparilla. |
| 523b | 28 | *castoreum.* a bitter liquid secreted by the beaver. |
| 524b–525a | 54–1 | *the alchymists . . . their stone.* the "philosopher's stone." See note to p. 218b, l. 25. |
| 526b | 21 | *leese.* lose. |
| 527a | 1 | *artichokes of Hierusalem.* a perennial sunflower native to America (Helianthus tuberosus), which has a tuber used sometimes as a vegetable; not related to the true artichoke. |
| 527a | 36 | *bay-salt.* salt obtained from the ocean by evaporation. |
| 527a | 44 | *moil.* labor, toil. |
| 527b | 21 | *marish.* marshy. |
| 527b | 48 | *commiserable.* deserving of pity. |
| 528a | 37 | *oes.* small round spangles for ornamenting clothing. |
| 529a | 6–7 | *pulchrorum autumnus pulcher.* quoted from Euripides by Plutarch at the beginning of his life of Alcibiades. |
| 529a | 30ff | For comments on these different flowers and plants, see M. A. Scott's notes to the Modern Students' Library edition of Bacon's essays. |
| 530b | 32 | *welts.* narrow borders. |
| 532a | 28 | *proining.* pruning. |
| 532a | 51 | *flashy.* i.e., tasteless—as anyone knows who has drunk even boiled water. |
| 532b | 11 | *Abeunt studia in mores.* From Ovid's *Heroides*, 15.83. |
| 532b | 12 | *stond.* hindrance. |
| 532b | title | *The Proficience and Advancement of Learning, etc.* Published 1605. For full explanatory notes to *The Advancement of Learning*, see W. A. Wright's edition (Oxford, 1891), or A. S. Cook's edition (Boston, 1904). |
| 534b | 40 | *continent.* thing which contains. |
| 536a | 28 | *second causes.* See note to p. 520b, l. 24. |
| 537b | 3 | *copie.* fullness, richness. |
| 537b | 44 | *the first letter of a patent or limned book.* Formal documents and other MS books in the Middle Ages were often "illuminated" or decorated. Illumination of the first letter of the MS was especially frequent, and elaborate. |
| 537b | 47 | *Pygmalion's frenzy.* Pygmalion, king of Cyprus, was in classic legend said to have fallen in love with an ivory statue of a maiden, which he himself made. |
| 538b | 7 | *vermiculate.* worm-like. |
| 538b | 12 | *schoolmen.* the scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages. |
| 539a | 35 | *digladiation.* wrangling, disputation. |
| 539a | 36 | *moment.* importance. |
| 539b | 27 | *Percontatorem fugito, etc.* from Horace's *Epistles*, 1.18.69. |
| 540a | 43 | *natural magic.* wonderful works performed through knowledge of secret natural causes. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 541a | 29–30 | *the advice of the prophet.* Jeremiah (6.16). |
| 542b | 9–10 | *Qui respiciunt, etc.* from Aristotle's *On Generation and Corruption*, 1.2. J. L. Stocks's translation of the passage (from the original Greek) is as follows: "Those whom devotion to abstract discussions has rendered unobservant of the facts are too ready to dogmatize on the basis of a few observations." |
| 543a | 47 | *Declinat cursus, etc.* from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 10.667. |
| 543b | 23–24 | *Pictoribus atque poetis, etc.* from Horace's *De Art. Poet.* 9. |
| 544a | 45 | *the Seven.* the traditional seven wise men of Greece: Solon, Thales, Pittacus, Bias, Chelon, Cleobulus, Periander. |
| 544b | 20ff | *Illam Terra parens, etc.* from Virgil's *Aeneid*, 4.178. |
| 546a | 10 | *the contemplative planet.* Saturn. See text, p. 543a, ll. 34–35. |
| 547a | title | *Translation of Montaigne's Essays.* Published 1603. |
| 548a | 2 | *a loof-off.* at a distance. |
| 549b | 24 | *Cymon . . . Themistocles.* mentioned in this general connection by Plutarch in his *Morals* ("Concerning such whom divine justice is slow to punish"). |
| 551a | 36–37 | *enfeoffed.* Word literally means "invested with a fief," i.e., income from land rents. Here it is used figuratively, meaning entrenched firmly enough in the lesson so that he will receive the rewards from it. |
| 551a | 45 | *concoct.* digest. "Boil and concoct" were frequently used together, in this general sense. Cf. N. E. D. |
| 551b | 10 | *squire.* square. |
| 552a | 16 | *pilchers.* robbers. |
| 553a | 9 | *tender fondness.* "Tender" is not tautological, for Florio uses "fondness" in the now obsolete sense of "foolishness." |
| 554a | 46 | *his noble manners.* i.e., the child's, not Carneades'. Elizabethan and seventeenth century writers were often prone to use pronouns ambiguously, as any student of the King James Bible knows. |
| 555a | 40–41 | *niceness and quaintness.* fastidiousness and affectation. |
| 558b | 5–6 | *leech of empiric.* untrained physician depending only on experience; i.e., quack doctor. |
| 558b | 49ff | For other similarly unfavorable comments concerning the medieval romances, cf. Ascham's *Schoolmaster* (p. 315b of this volume), and Jonson's *Execration upon Vulcan* (p. 251 of this volume). |
| 561a | title | *The Gull's Hornbook.* Published 1609. For fuller notes, see J. Nott's edition (London, 1812), and R. B. McKerrow's (London, 1902, 1905). |
| 561a | 9 | *factors.* managers. |
| 561a | 14 | *chapmen.* merchants. |
| 561a | 17–18 | *groundling and gallery-commoner.* those buying places in the pit or the gallery of the theater. |
| 561a | 23 | *templer.* lawyer. Cf. note to p. 233a, ll. 6–7. |
| 561a | 30 | *momus.* censurer. |
| 561b | 9–10 | *under the state of Cambyses. King Cambyses* was a tragedy by Thomas Preston, 1570. Its bombast was a favorite butt of ridicule during Elizabethan times. Compare, for example, Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Part I*, Act 2, Scene 4. |
| 561b | 20–21 | *the Persian lock.* a long curl or "love-lock," evidently. See R. B. McKerrow's notes. |
| 561b | 41 | *Fleet-Street gentleman.* The Fleet Prison chapel was frequently used for marriage ceremonies—especially for clandestine marriages; so much so that clandestine marriages were sometimes called "Fleet-Street marriages." |
| 561b | 44 | *We Three.* referring to the old joke of giving a person a picture of two fools, inscribed "We Three Loggerheads be." See R. B. McKerrow's notes. The same sort of practical joke persists today, when one person hands another a mirror telling him it is a picture of a monkey. |
| 562a | 11 | *the boys.* the boy-actors. |
| 562a | 18–19 | *dawcock.* jack-daw; i.e., foolish prattler. |
| 562a | 47 | *teston.* a coin worth about twelve cents. |
| 562b | 1 | *bastome.* bastinado. |
| 562b | 9 | *Inn-a-Court man.* See note to p. 233a, ll. 6–7. |
| 562b | 12 | *lin.* cease. |
| 562b | 14 | *morris.* morris-dance. |

| PAGE | LINE | |
|---|---|---|
| 562b | 15 | *heap Pelion upon Ossa.* Pelion and Ossa were the names of two mountains in Greece, said to have been piled together by the Titans in their attempts to capture and destroy Olympus. The phrase "to heap Pelion upon Ossa" has, of course, become a proverb. |
| 562b | 41 | *shoulder-clapping.* referring probably to the heavy hand of the law, arresting one for debt. |
| 562b | 42 | *cockatrice.* mistress, prostitute. |
| 563a | 17 | *the third sound.* i.e., of the trumpets announcing the beginning of the performance. |
| 563a | 18 | *skills.* matters. |
| 563b | 14–15 | *Arcadian and Euphuized gentlewomen.* an interesting bit of testimony as to the influence of Sidney's *Arcadia* and Lyly's *Euphues* on their own times. |
| 563b | 30 | *quat.* pimple; here meaning, ironically, "a youngster." |
| 563b | 34 | *cipers.* cypress. |
| 563b | 49 | *drawers.* tapsters. |
| 564a | 37 | *neat.* pure, unadulterated. |
| 564a | 51 | *like a captain putting up dead pays.* The early editions have "dear." Nott first suggested "dead"—i.e., the captain collects (fraudulently) pay for dead soldiers. |
| 565a | 8 | *ivy bush.* See note to p. 426b, l. 25. |
| 565a | 13 | *the shot.* the reckoning. |
| 565b | 27 | *blue cases.* See note to p. 232a, l. 34. |
| 565b | 39 | *link.* torch made of tow and pitch. |
| 565b | 39–40 | *Ignis Fatuus.* Will-o'-the wisp; referring, of course, to the boy carrying the torch. |
| 566a | 13 | *pikes.* the weapons of the watch. |
| 566a | 34 | *spur-ryals.* gold coins of the time, worth a little over three dollars and a half. |
| 566a | 54 | *Perinado.* seemingly synonymous with "ingle," q.v. Cf. McKerrow's notes. |
| 566a | 54 | *ingle.* a boy the object of pederastic love. |
| 566b | 50 | *quack-salver.* quack doctor. |

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF VERSE


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Absence, hear thou my protestation | 171 |
| Adieu, farewell, earth's bliss | 91 |
| A face that should content me wonders well | 6 |
| After long storms' and tempests' sad assay | 40 |
| After many scorns like these | 245 |
| After so long a race as I have run | 41 |
| Ah, bed! the field where joy's peace some do see | 70 |
| Ah, sweet Content! where is thy mild abode? | 156 |
| Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing | 88 |
| Alas, have I not pain enough, my friend | 53 |
| Alas, madame, for stealing of a kiss | 6 |
| Alas, my lord, my haste was all too hot | 16 |
| Alas, my love, ye do me wrong | 162 |
| Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there | 189 |
| Alas, whence came this change of looks? If I | 68 |
| Am not I in blessëd case | 161 |
| And do I see some cause a hope to feed | 64 |
| And why to me this? thou lame lord of fire! | 250 |
| And will a' not come again? | 169 |
| And wilt thou leave me thus? | 5 |
| An evil spirit your beauty haunts me still | 103 |
| A nosegay, lacking flowers fresh | 163 |
| Another scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes | 230 |
| A poor soul sat sighing under a sicamore tree | 169 |
| Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers? | 166 |
| As by the streams of Babylon | 211 |
| As good to write as for to lie and groan | 58 |
| As it fell upon a day | 235 |
| As late abroad asleep I lay | 100 |
| As other men, so I myself do muse | 104 |
| As the fund of our pleasure, let each pay his shot | 258 |
| A strife is grown between Virtue and Love | 61 |
| As virtuous men pass mildly away | 219 |
| As you came from the holy land | 238 |
| Author of light, revive my dying sprite | 211 |
| Autumn hath all the summer's fruitful treasure | 91 |
| Away with these self-loving lads | 77 |
| Back and side go bare, go bare | 160 |
| Batter my heart, three-personed God; for you | 222 |
| Bear bravely up, my Muse, the way thou went'st before | 119 |
| Beauty, alas, where wast thou born | 165 |
| Beauty sat bathing by a spring | 155 |
| Because I breathe not love to everyone | 61 |
| Because I oft in dark abstracted guise | 55 |
| Behold him, priests, and though he stink of sweat | 16 |
| Be your words made, good sir, of Indian ware | 69 |
| Blame not my lute, for he must sound | 5 |
| Blow, blow, thou winter wind! | 192 |
| Brave infant of Saguntum, clear | 254 |
| Brittle beauty, that nature made so frail | 10 |
| Brown is my love, but graceful | 165 |
| By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted | 96 |
| Calm was the day, and through the trembling air | 47 |
| Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night | 129 |
| Charis, guess, and do not miss | 246 |
| Charis one day in discourse | 247 |
| Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain | 234 |
| Come away, come away, death | 193 |
| Come, leave the loathëd stage | 256 |
| Come, let me write. And to what end? To ease | 57 |
| Come, little babe, come, silly soul | 165 |
| Come live with me and be my love [Marlowe] | 92 |
| Come live with me and be my love [Donne] | 219 |
| Come, my Celia, let us prove | 242 |
| Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace | 58 |
| Come, thou monarch of the vine | 194 |
| Come unto these yellow sands | 195 |
| Coming to kiss her lips (such grace I found) | 40 |
| Consider this small dust here in the glass | 248 |
| Corydon, arise, my Corydon! | 167 |
| Cowards may fear to die; but courage stout | 239 |
| Crabbëd Age and Youth | 168 |
| Cupid and my Campaspe played | 79 |
| Cupid, because thou shin'st in Stella's eyes | 52 |
| Dear love, for nothing less than thee | 216 |
| Dear, why make you more of a dog than me? | 62 |
| Dear, why should you command me to my rest | 104 |
| Desire, though thou my old companion art | 65 |
| Dian, that fain would cheer her friend the Night | 70 |
| Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly | 102 |
| Divers doth use, as I have heard and know | 4 |
| Donne, the delight of Phoebus and each Muse | 240 |
| Doubt there hath been, when with his golden chain | 62 |
| Drink to me only with thine eyes | 243 |

PAGE

Envious wits, what hath been mine offence . 72
Even as the sun with purple-colored face . . 173
Even such is time, that takes in trust . . . 239

Fain would I have a pretty thing . . . . 161
Fair and fair, and twice so fair . . . . . 86
Fair eyes, sweet lips, dear heart, that foolish I . . . . . 59
Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle . . 168
Fair is my love when her fair golden hairs . 41
Fair stood the wind for France . . . . . 115
False hope prolongs my ever certain grief . . 128
Farewell, Love, and all thy laws forever . . 3
Farewell! Thou art too dear for my possessing . . . . . 189
Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy . . . . . 240
Fear no more the heat o' the sun . . . . 194
Fie, foolish earth, think you the heaven wants glory . . . . . 77
Fie, Satire, fie! Shall each mechanic slave . . 232
Fie, school of Patience! Fie! Your lesson is . 61
Fire, fire, fire, fire! . . . . . 212
Fly, fly, my friends! I have my death's wound, fly! . . . . . 54
Fly to her heart, hover about her heart . . 157
Follow a shadow, it still flies you . . . . 242
Fond man, Musophilus, that thus dost spend 141
Forget not yet the tried intent . . . . . 5
For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love . . . . . 216
For his mind I do not care . . . . . 248
For I have lovëd long, I crave reward . . . 157
For Love's sake, kiss me once again . . . 246
For my first twenty years, since yesterday . 219
For that indeed is no true monarchy . . . 78
Fortune smiles, cry holiday! . . . . . 234
Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty king . . . . . 40
From depth of dole wherein my soul doth dwell . . . . . 17
From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race . 9
From you have I been absent in the spring . 189
Full fathom five thy father lies . . . . . 195
Full many a glorious morning have I seen . 187

Give beauty all her right . . . . . 212
Give me my scallop-shell of quiet . . . . 237
Give pardon, blessëd soul, to my bold cries . 102
Go and catch a falling star . . . . . 214
Golden slumbers kiss your eyes . . . . . 166
Good and great God! can I not think of thee . 244
Good brother Philip, I have borne you long . 67
Good husband and huswife now chiefly be glad . . . . . 15
Good we must love, and must hate ill . . 217
Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way . . . . . 105
Go, soul, the body's guest . . . . . 239
Great wrong I do, I can it not deny . . . 39

PAGE

Greensleeves was all my joy . . . . . 162
Grief, find the words; for thou hast made my brain . . . . . 69

Happy ye leaves! whenas those lily hands . . 37
Hark, all you ladies that do sleep . . . . 210
Hark, hark! The lark at heaven's gate sings . 194
Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance . . . . . 58
Here lies, to each her parents' ruth . . . . 240
Here take my picture. Though I bid farewell . . . . . 225
He that of such a height hath built his mind . 129
"Hey, down a down!" did Dian sing . . . 167
High way, since you my chief Parnassus be . 67
His golden locks time hath to silver turned . 86
His mother dear Cupid offended late . . . 53
Hope, art thou true, or dost thou flatter me? . 64
Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air . . 86
How many paltry, foolish, painted things . 105
How should I your true love know . . . . 168

I am a little world made cunningly . . . . 222
I am gone, sir . . . . . 193
I beheld her on a day . . . . . 245
I burn, yet am I cold; I am a-cold, yet burn . 156
I can love both fair and brown . . . . . 214
I cannot eat but little meat . . . . . 160
I care not for these ladies . . . . . 209
I cursed thee oft, I pity now thy case . . . 59
If all the world and love were young . . . 237
If ever I marry, I'll marry a maid . . . . 160
I find no peace, and all my war is done . . 3
I first adventure, with fool-hardy might . . 229
I first informed them that we were to fly . . 206
If Jove himself be subject unto Love . . . 99
If poisonous minerals, and if that tree . . . 222
If she be made of white and red . . . . 190
If women could be fair, and yet not fond . . 30
If yet I have not all thy love . . . . . 215
I hear some say, "This man is not in love." . 104
I loathe that I did love . . . . . 13
I long to talk with some old lover's ghost . 217
I might—unhappy word—oh me, I might . 57
In a grove most rich of shade . . . . . 73
I never drank of Aganippe well . . . . 65
In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept . . . . . 28
In highest way of heaven the sun did ride . 54
In martial sports I had my cunning tried . . 61
In nature apt to like, when I did see . . 53
I now think Love is rather deaf than blind . 248
In the merry month of May . . . . . 31
Into these loves who but for passion looks . 103
In truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind . 52
I on my horse, and Love on me, doth try . 60
I pray thee leave, love me no more . . . 105
I saw my lady weep . . . . . 166
I see the house—my heart thyself contain! . 68

PAGE

I sing the Civil Wars, tumultuous broils . . 140
It fell upon a holly eve . . . . . 35
It is most true that eyes are formed to serve 51
It shall be said I died for Coelia! . . . . 158
It was a lover and his lass . . . . . 192
I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I . . 215

Jack and Joan they think no ill . . . . . 211

Kind pity chokes my spleen; brave scorn forbids . . . . . 224
Kiss me, sweet. The wary lover . . . . 242

Late tired with woe, even ready for to pine . 63
Lawn as white as driven snow . . . . . 195
Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust . . . . . 76
Let dainty wits cry on the Sisters nine . . 50
Let it not your wonder move . . . . . 244
Let me not to the marriage of true minds . 189
Let not one spark of filthy lustful fire . . . 41
Let others sing of knights and paladins . . 129
Let those who are in favor with their stars . . 187
Like an adventurous sea-farer am I . . . 104
Like as a huntsman, after weary chase . . 40
Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide . 39
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore . . . . . 188
Like Memnon's rock, touched with the rising sun . . . . . 98
Like some weak lords neighbored by mighty kings . . . . . 56
Like to the clear in highest sphere . . . . 85
Like to these unmeasurable mountains . . 3
Long while I sought to what I might compare 38
Look, Delia, how we esteem the half blown rose . . . . . 128
Love, any devil else but you . . . . . 218
Love, born in Greece, of late fled from his native place . . . . . 51
Love, by sure proof I may call thee unkind . 63
Love guards the roses of thy lips . . . . 84
Love in my bosom like a bee . . . . . 84
Love, I repent me that I thought . . . . 98
Love is a sickness full of woes . . . . . 129
Love me little, love me long . . . . . 161
Love still a boy, and oft a wanton, is . . . 65
Love, that doth reign and live within my thought . . . . . 9
Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show . . . . . 50
Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are . 240

Madame, withouten many words . . . . 4
Man is the world, and death the ocean . . 227
Many there be excelling in this kind . . . 103
Marble, weep, for thou dost cover . . . . 240
Mark but this flea, and mark in this . . . 214
Martial, the things for to attain . . . . 11
Men call you fair, and you do credit it. . . 41

PAGE

Men that are safe and sure in all they do . 253
Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night . 185
More than most fair, full of the living fire . 38
Morpheus, the lively son of deadly Sleep . 56
Most true that I must fair Fidessa love . . 157
Muses, I oft invoked your holy aid . . . . 61
My cares draw on mine everlasting night . . 128
My dearly lovëd friend, how oft have we . . 117
My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not . . 165
My galley chargëd with forgetfulness . . 3
My love in her attire doth show her wit . . 172
My lute, awake! Perform the last . . . . 4
My mind to me a kingdom is . . . . . 33
My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun . 190
My mother's maids, when they did sew and spin . . . . . 6
My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell . . . . . 58
My Muse may well grudge at my heavenly joy . . . . . 64
My prime of youth is but a frost of cares . . 83
My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love . . 209
My true love hath my heart, and I have his . 75
My words I know do well set forth my mind 59

Nature's lay idiot, I taught thee to love . . 226
Near to the silver Trent . . . . . 106
NEMO ASYMBOLUS, NISI UMBRA, HUC VENITO . . . . . 257
Never love unless you can . . . . . 213
Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore . . . . . 211
Noblest Charis, you that are . . . . . 246
No longer mourn for me when I am dead . 188
No more be grieved at that which thou hast done . . . . . 187
No more, my dear, no more these counsels try 63
North winds send hail, south winds bring rain . . . . . 14
No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace . . . . . 226
Not at the first sight, nor with a dribbëd shot . . . . . 50
Not marble, nor the gilded monuments . . 188
Not to know vice at all, and keep true state 243
Now that of absence the most irksome night 68
Now the hungry lion roars . . . . . 191
Now thou hast loved me one whole day . . 215
Now winter nights enlarge . . . . . 212
Nymph of the garden where all beauties be . 67

O eyes, which do the spheres of beauty move 59
Of all the kings that ever here did reign . . 65
Oft with true sighs, oft with uncallëd tears . . 63
Of your trouble, Ben, to ease me . . . . 247
O grammar-rules, oh now your virtues show 63
Oh absent presence! Stella is not here . . 72
O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear! 71
Oh Fate, oh fault, oh curse, child of my bliss! . 69

| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Oh how the pleasant airs of true love be | 66 |
| Oh joy too high for my low style to show! | 64 |
| Oh tears! no tears, but rain from Beauty's skies | 71 |
| Oh the month of May, the merry month of May | 234 |
| Oh, to what height will love of greatness drive | 223 |
| Oh wearisome condition of humanity! | 77 |
| Oh! what a pain is love! | 170 |
| Old Chaucer doth of Thopas tell | 107 |
| O kiss, which doth those ruddy gems impart | 67 |
| O mistress mine, where are you roaming? | 193 |
| On a hill there grows a flower | 32 |
| On Cupid's bow how are my heart-strings bent | 54 |
| One day as I unwarily did gaze | 38 |
| One day I wrote her name upon the strand | 40 |
| On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood | 92 |
| Only joy, now here you are | 73 |
| O thou which to search out the secret parts | 228 |
| Out from the horror of infernal deeps | 131 |
| Out, traitor Absence, dar'st thou counsel me | 68 |
| Over hill, over dale | 191 |
| Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day | 236 |
| Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed | 79 |
| Pardon, goddess of the night | 192 |
| Pardon mine ears, both I and they do pray | 60 |
| Phoebus was judge between Jove, Mars, and Love | 52 |
| Pinch him, pinch him black and blue | 79 |
| Queen and huntress, chaste and fair | 256 |
| Queen Virtue's court, which some call Stella's face | 52 |
| Reason, in faith thou art well served, that still | 52 |
| Rhyme, the rack of finest wits | 250 |
| Rich fools there be whose base and filthy heart | 55 |
| Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread | 75 |
| Rose-cheeked Laura, come | 213 |
| Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's desire | 38 |
| See the chariot at hand here of Love | 245 |
| Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? | 186 |
| She comes, and straight therewith her shining twins do move | 66 |
| Shepherd, what's love, I pray thee tell? | 237 |
| Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more | 192 |
| Since I am coming to that holy room | 222 |
| Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part | 105 |
| Sing lullaby, as women do | 17 |
| Sing to Apollo, god of day | 79 |
| Sister, awake! Close not your eyes | 172 |
| Sitting by a river side | 88 |
| Some lovers speak, when they their Muses entertain | 51 |
| Some say Love | 89 |
| Some that have deeper digged love's mine than I | 218 |
| Soul's joy, bend not those morning stars from me | 60 |
| Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king | 91 |
| Stella is sick, and in that sick-bed lies | 71 |
| Stella oft sees the very face of woe | 59 |
| Stella, since thou so right a princess art | 72 |
| Stella, the fullness of my thoughts of thee | 60 |
| Stella, the only planet of my light | 64 |
| Stella, think not that I by verse seek fame | 68 |
| Stella, whence doth this new assault arise | 57 |
| Stella, while now, by Honor's cruel might | 69 |
| Still to be neat, still to be dressed | 256 |
| Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content | 88 |
| Sweetest love, I do not go | 217 |
| Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere | 39 |
| Sweet kiss, thy sweets I fain would sweetly indite | 66 |
| Sweet-swelling lip, well mayst thou swell in pride | 67 |
| Take, oh, take those lips away | 194 |
| Tears, vows, and prayers win the hardest heart | 128 |
| Tell me, Perigot, what shall be the game | 34 |
| Tell me where is fancy bred | 192 |
| That time of year thou mayst in me behold | 189 |
| The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness | 55 |
| The earth, late choked with showers | 84 |
| The furious gonne, in his raging ire | 6 |
| The long love that in my thought doth harber | 3 |
| The love which me so cruelly tormenteth | 39 |
| The man of life upright | 210 |
| The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale | 168 |
| The oftener seen, the more I lust | 29 |
| The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad | 257 |
| There is a lady sweet and kind | 172 |
| There is a garden in her face | 213 |
| The rolling wheel, that runneth often round | 39 |
| The silver swan, who living had no note | 172 |
| The skies gan scowl, o'ercast with misty clouds | 17 |
| The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings | 9 |
| The sovereign beauty which I do admire | 37 |
| The sun hath twice brought forth the tender green | 9 |
| The wisest scholar of the wight most wise | 55 |
| The world's a bubble, and the life of man | 196 |
| The wrathful winter, 'proaching on apace | 19 |
| They whisted all, with fixëd face attent | 11 |
| This conqueror of Gallia found | 80 |
| This figure that thou here see'st put | 248 |
| This night, while sleep begins with heavy wings | 58 |

PAGE

Those looks, whose beams be joy, whose motion is delight . . . . . 66
Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white . . 209
Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare . . . . . 75
Though dusty wits dare scorn astrology . . 55
Thought, with good cause thou likest so well the night . . . . . 70
Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay? . . . . . 221
Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed . . . 194
Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air . . 212
Time was, and that was termed the time of gold . . . . . 230
Tired with all these, for restful death I cry . . 188
To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name 248
To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day . . . 169
Tonight, grave sir, both my poor house and I 241
To shine in silk, and glister all in gold . . . 159
To take thy calling thankfully, and shun the path to beggary . . . . . 14
Twenty journeys would I make . . . . . 161
Two loves I have of comfort and despair . 190

Under the greenwood tree . . . . . 192
Unhappy sight, and hath she vanished by . 72
Unstable dream, according to the place . . 4

Virtue, alas, now let me take some rest . . 50
Vouchsafe to grace these rude unpolished rhymes . . . . . 103

We be three poor mariners . . . . . 172
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee . 89
Weep with me, all you that read . . . . 241
Weep you no more, sad fountains . . . . 171
Welcome all who lead or follow . . . . . 259
Were I as base as is the lowly plain . . . 159
What bird so sings, yet so does wail? . . . 79
What, have I thus betrayed my liberty? . . 60
What is the fair, to whom so long I plead? (*Echo*) *Lead* . . . . . 158
What may words say, or what may words not say . . . . . 57
What shall he have that killed the deer? . . 192
What shepherd can express . . . . . 30
What should I say . . . . . 8
Whenas the rye reach to the chin . . . . 86
When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead . 219
When daffodils begin to peer . . . . . 194
When daisies pied and violets blue . . . . 190
When every least commander's will best soldiers had obeyed . . . . . 197
When far-spent Night persuades each mortal eye . . . . . 70
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow . 186
When icicles hang by the wall . . . . . 191
When I do count the clock that tells the time . . . . . 186

PAGE

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced . . . . . 188
When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes . . . . . 187
When in the chronicle of wasted time . . . 189
When I was forced from Stella ever dear . . 68
When men shall find thy flower, thy glory pass 128
When my abode's prefixëd time is spent . . 39
When my good angel guides me to the place . 62
When my grave is broke up again . . . . 220
When my love swears that she is made of truth . . . . . 190
When Nature made her chief work, Stella's eyes . . . . . 51
When Sorrow, using mine own fire's might . . 72
When that I was and a little tiny boy . . . 193
When the god of merry love . . . . . 210
When thou must home to shades of underground . . . . . 210
When to her lute Corinna sings . . . . . 209
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought . 187
When women knew no woe . . . . . 167
Where be those roses gone which sweetened so our eyes? . . . . . 71
Where dost thou careless lie . . . . . 249
Where, like a pillow on a bed . . . . . 220
Where the bee sucks, there suck I . . . . 195
Whether the Turkish new moon minded be . 56
While that the sun with his beams hot . . 164
Whilst thus my pen strives to eternize thee . 104
Who can live in heart so glad . . . . . 31
Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm . 220
Who hath his fancy pleasëd . . . . . 76
Who is it that this dark night . . . . . 74
Who is Silvia? What is she . . . . . 191
Who shall doubt, Donne, whether I a poet be 241
Who will in fairest book of Nature know . . 65
Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun . . 222
With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies! . . . . . 56
With some pot-fury, ravished from their wit . 229
With what sharp checks I in myself am shent . . . . . 54
Woe having made, with many fights, his own . 62
Wouldst thou hear what man can say . . 242
Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest . . . . . 10

Ye learnëd sisters, which have oftentimes . . 41
Ye little birds that sit and sing . . . . . 236
Yet sighs, dear sighs, indeed true friends you are . . . . . 69
Ye wasteful woods, bear witness of my woe . 36
You brave heroic minds . . . . . 115
Your words, my friend, right healthful caustics, blame . . . . . 54
You spotted snakes with double tongue . . 191
You that do search for every purling spring . 53
You that with Allegory's curious frame . . 56

# INDEX OF AUTHORS

*"Uncertain" = attributed to author, but questionable.*


PAGE

Anonymous . . 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172
Ascham, Roger (1515–1568) . . . . 284–318
Bacon, Sir Francis (1561–1626) . 196, 512–546
[Barents, William (d. 1597), account of his voyage] . . . . . 464–480
Barnes, Barnaby (1569?–1609) . . . . . 156
Barnfield, Richard (1574–1627) . . . . . 235
Uncertain, 165
[Bible, translations of] . . . . . 488–496
Breton, Nicholas (1545?–1626?) . . . . 31–32
Uncertain, 165–166
Brooke, Sir Fulke Greville, Lord. See under Greville
Campion, Thomas (1567?–1619) . . . 209–213
Chapman, George (1559?–1634) . . . 197–208
Constable, Henry (1562–1613) . . . . . 102
Daniel, Samuel (1562–1619) . . . . 128–154
Dekker, Thomas (1570?–1641?) . . 234, 561–567
Uncertain, 166–167
Deloney, Thomas (1543?–1607?) . . . 435–442
DeVeer, Gerat (*fl.* 1596) . . . . . 464–480
DeVere, Edward, Earl of Oxford. See under Oxford.
Donne, John (1573–1631) . . 214–228, 507–511
Uncertain, 171
Dorset, Thomas Sackville, Earl of. See under Sackville.
[Drake, Sir Francis (1545–1595), account of his voyage] . . . . . 480–487
Drayton, Michael (1563–1631) . . . 103–127
Dyer, Sir Edward (1540?–1607) . . . . . 33
Edwards, Richard (1523?–1566) . . . . . 28
Fletcher, Giles (the elder) (1549?–1611) . . 98
Florio, John (1553?–1625) . . . . . 547–560
Foxe, John (1516–1587) . . . . . 277–283
Gascoigne, George (1525?–1577) . . . . 16–18
Gifford, Humfrey (*fl.* 1580) . . . . 100–101
Googe, Barnabe (1540–1594) . . . . . 29
Gosson, Stephen (1555–1624) . . . . 352–355
Greene, Robert (1560?–1592) . . 88–90, 411–420
Uncertain, 165
Greville, Sir Fulke, Lord Brooke (1554–1628) . . . . . 77–78
Griffin, Bartholomew (*fl.* 1596) . . . . . 157

PAGE

Hakluyt, Richard (editor) (1553–1616) 450–464
Hall, Joseph (1574–1656) . . . . . 229–231
[Hawkins, Sir John (1532–1595), account of his voyage] . . . . . 450–464
Heywood, Thomas (1575?–1650?) . . . . 236
Hoby, Sir Thomas (1530–1566) . . 263–276
Hooker, Richard (1554?–1600) . . . 443–449
Howard, Henry, Earl of Surrey. See under Surrey.
Hunnis, William (d. 1597) . . Uncertain, 163–164
Jonson, Ben (1573?–1637) . . . . . 240–259
Lodge, Thomas (1558?–1625) . . . . 84–85
Uncertain, 165
Lyly, John (1554?–1606) . . . . 79, 319–351
Marlowe, Christopher (1564–1593) . . . 92–97
Marston, John (1575?–1634) . . . . 232–233
Uncertain, 168
Munday, Anthony (1553–1633) . . . . . 155
Nashe, Thomas (1567–1601) . . 91, 421–434
North, Sir Thomas (1535?–1601?) . . 497–506
Oxford, Edward DeVere, Earl of (1550–1604) . . . . . 30
Peele, George (1558?–1597?) . . . . . 86–87
Percy, William (1575–1648) . . . . . 158
Purchas, Samuel (editor) (1575–1626). 464–480
Raleigh, Sir Walter (1552?–1618) . . 237–239, 403–410
Sackville, Thomas, Earl of Dorset (1536–1608) . . . . . 19–27
Shakespeare, William (1564–1616) . . 173–195
Uncertain, 168, 169
Sidney, Sir Philip (1554–1586) 50–76, 356–400
Spenser, Edmund (1552?–1599) 34–49, 401–402
Stevenson, William (d. 1575) . Uncertain, 160
Still, John (1543?–1608) . . . Uncertain, 160
Surrey, Henry Howard, Earl of (1517?–1547) . . . . . 9–12
Sylvester, Joshua (1563–1618) . . . . . 159
Tichborne, Chidiock (1558?–1586) . . . . 83
Tusser, Thomas (1524?–1580) . . . . 14–15
Vaux, Thomas, Lord (1510–1556) . . . . 13
Voyagers, The . . . . . 450–487
Warner, William (1558?–1609) . . . . 80–82
Watson, Thomas (1557?–1592) . . . . . 99
Wyatt, Sir Thomas (1503?–1542) . . . . 3–8

This book may be kept

**FOURTEEN DAYS**

A fine of ONE CENT will be charged for each day the book is kept over time.

21
4 00 net

# Reference Library
## Berkshire School
Sheffield, Mass.

1. All pupils in the school are entitled to use the library and to draw books.

2. Reference books, such as encyclopaedias and dictionaries, are to be used only in the library.

3. Reserved books may be borrowed for one period, or at the close of school, and should be returned before the first class the following school day.

4. All other books may be retained for two weeks.

5. Two cents a day is charged for each book kept overtime.

6. Injury to books beyond reasonable wear and all losses shall be paid for.

7. No books may be taken from the library without being charged.